MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE

RALPH NEVILL

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BY

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"THE MERRY PAST," ETC. ETC.

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MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE

I

VICTORIAN DAYS

EVERY age—every decade—has its own peculiar atmosphere, for the most part very dimly realized by those who live in it.

The atmosphere of the easy-going Victorian Era differed very materially from that of to-day, not merely because the war has disorganized everything and everybody, but because existence was then strongly permeated by customs and traditions which have totally vanished.

The West End, and in particular Mayfair, was still supreme in politics. The aristocracy, whilst their privileges had been curtailed, continued to enjoy great power in social matters, and though no longer as wealthy as in former days, for the most part were not obliged to go into the City or into trade.

Queen Victoria, leading a decorous, dull, and more or less secluded life, enjoyed a position to which no parallel at present exists.

Highly respected at home and abroad, her influence, in an unobtrusive but effective way, extended far beyond the confines of the British Empire, and was an imperceptible though stable guarantee of peace.

For a period up to 1865 England was incontestably the greatest Power in Europe and in the World. The consolidation of the United States and the establishment of the German Empire in some slight degree impaired this supremacy, but up to the very end of her

reign the old Queen enjoyed an unequalled share of authority.

In old age it was difficult to realize that her little unobtrusive, though dignified, figure had been associated with countless scenes of pomp and pageantry, including a coronation which had been quite theatrical.

According to the account given in the *Morning Post*, in the finest theatre in the world it would have been difficult to have arranged anything capable of producing the same effect.

The Westminster boys hailed the Queen with noisy shouts of "Regina Victoria." *The Times*, which devoted thirty-three columns to the ceremony, stated that a more murderous scream of recognition was never before heard by civilized ears.

The newspapers on this occasion outdid all previous efforts in publication, an evening paper called the *Sun* even publishing a special Coronation number, price sixpence, printed in gold.

The modern *Sun*, it is curious to note, was the only evening paper to appear on the day of the Queen's funeral.

In those days the attitude of the West End towards the Press was not always friendly. Mayfair had a dread of its doings getting into the papers.

The editor of the *Observer*, Mr Dowling, wishing to take a view of the procession from the roof of Apsley House, having applied to the Duke of Wellington for permission, received the following reply :—

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter signed Vincent Dowling. The Duke has no knowledge of the writer, neither is he interested in any way in the *Observer* newspaper.

"Apsley House is not a public building, but the Duke's private residence, and he declines to allow any stranger to go upon the roof."

On the other hand, the *Globe* announced that one noble

lord had been detected advertising an order of admission, which had been presented to him, for sale.

The ticket was stopped, and the twenty-five guineas paid for it had to be refunded.

When the Prince of Wales grew to man's estate the attitude of Society towards the Press considerably softened. Unequalled at saying and doing the right thing, he smoothed away many social asperities, while his beautiful young wife, who as Queen Alexandra happily still survives, won all hearts from her marriage day.

The wedding at Windsor, on 10th March 1863, was a very fine affair. Queen Victoria was very anxious that an old shoe should be thrown at the pair at their departure, and the Lord Chamberlain accordingly furnished himself with a beautiful white satin slipper, presented for the occasion by the Duchess of Brabant. Alas, when the hour arrived his courage failed him and no slipper was thrown.

Even amid the wedding festivities the memory of her beloved consort seems to have taken the first place in the Queen's mind, for, dressed in deep mourning,[1] she was photographed gazing at Prince Albert's bust, the newly-wedded couple, seemingly rather embarrassed, standing close by.

Queen Victoria, by all accounts, had not a very great sense of humour, nevertheless she has been credited with making a joke. On the birth of the Prince of Wales, it is said the bulletin ran: "Her Majesty and the Prince are perfectly well." When this was shown to the Queen by Prince Albert, previous to its publication, she said with a laugh: "My dear, this will never do." "Why not?" asked the Prince. "Because," replied the Queen, "it conveys the idea that you were confined also." Prince Albert was a little dumbfounded, but the bulletin was altered to: "Her Majesty and the infant Prince are perfectly well."

[1] See frontispiece.

On the occasion of an heir to the throne being born, it was the custom to fire guns at the Tower and in the Park, and it being suggested that the Park guns should not fire lest the noise should disturb Her Majesty, the latter said : " Oh ! no, let them fire : I should like to hear them." As she showed on many occasions, Queen Victoria did not suffer from nerves.

Most royalties have a peculiar kind of naïve simplicity, from which the Empress of India was not entirely exempt.

Speaking of Cecil Rhodes, who had just paid a visit to Windsor, she said : " People declare he is not polite to women ; all I can say is, he wasn't rude to me."

Great formality prevailed at Victorian Court entertainments, at which, according to a certain section of the Press, Art, Science, and Literature were scarcely allowed adequate representation.

Describing a ball at Buckingham Palace in 1858 a critic said : " Peering attentively through the glitter and glare of the scene, we can discern among the gay throng ministers of state, members of parliament, a few men of science—very few—a painter or two—not more, certainly —and we were going to say some literary men, but the only persons of that class we can detect are Lord Macaulay, looking very cross and bored ; Disraeli, very pale and flaccid, with his sword between his legs ; and Sir Bulwer Lytton, admiring his diamond buckles and trying to remember the names and geographical position of the colonies which he governs. Of course he can't. No, the Queen does not invite literary men. There is a painter, though—Sir Edwin Landseer ; he has been up this morning making a sketch of the Princess Alice's new puppy, and now he has his reward. The M.C. gives him shrivelled wall-flowers to dance with at the further end. Here is a sight ! Lord Palmerston, Lord John, Mr Disraeli, Mr Walpole, and the Duke of Malakoff all talking together in a corner. The *posse* breaks up presently, and the pudgy little Duke strolls up towards

royalty. Lord Palmerston takes a seat, Lord John sidles out into an ante-room to go home, and the Tory colleagues are left talking until the next quadrille, when Mr Disraeli takes out Mrs Walpole, and Mr Walpole does the like by Mrs Disraeli. The Queen retires soon after supper, and the dancing goes on with a little more spirit."

Though the Court cannot be said to have been very intellectual or artistic, from a moral point of view it was absolutely above suspicion.

To foreigners it seemed really miraculous that, in a country which was governed by a Queen, and one who had inherited the crown at an early age, there had never been any question of Court or other intrigues which influenced the conduct of public affairs. This may have been merely by accident, or partly owing to the coldness of the blood which runs in the veins of English women. Nevertheless, the latter had been vivacious enough in the olden times, when the ladies of Whitehall made history in as shameless a manner as any of their sex had done in the Tuileries or at Versailles. Whatever the cause, it had been reserved for the nineteenth century to create a Woman's Court, which excluded all love-intrigues, female interference, quarrels and corruption.

In France such a thing would have been impossible, consequently the Queen of England and her entourage were always something of a puzzle to the French, who did not understand how such a state of affairs could exist.

Queen Victoria adequately reflected the average English attitude towards music and art.

Obvious sentiment strongly appealed to her, and, frankly indifferent to the dædalian discords of the Wagnerian school, above all things she liked a good tune.

Hearing, on one occasion, the band of the Royal Horse Guards playing a medley on the terrace at Windsor, she was so much pleased with a certain tune as to com-

mand a repetition, at the same time expressing a wish to know its name.

Only after some hesitation did the official whom she entrusted with this investigation pluck up courage coyly to murmur, " Come where the booze is cheaper." This was a music-hall ditty of the day sung by that admirable comedian Mr Charles Coborn, who gained such popularity with the " Man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo."

The personality of the Queen did not seem one likely to be associated with either imagination or romance, nevertheless both dignified her last farewell to her favourite Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, as he lay in his grave.

She had parted from him at Windsor on December 10th, 1880, when he had driven all the way from Windsor to his home at Hughenden.

Four days after his funeral in April 1881, as Mr Buckle in his admirable " Life of Disraeli " describes, the Queen made a pilgrimage to Hughenden churchyard, following exactly the same route, while even taking care to tread in the path by which the great statesman's body had been borne to the grave. She had the vault re-opened in order in person to lay a wreath upon the coffin within.

The monument in Hughenden Church, placed there, as its inscription runs, " to the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, by his grateful Sovereign and friend Victoria R.I.,—Kings love him that speaketh right," remains as an enduring memorial of Royal love and esteem.

The Queen was exceedingly tenacious of her privileges, none of which she ever forgot.

In the 'nineties, for instance, she created quite a sensation amongst the riders in Rotten Row by driving down the Ride—a privilege which the English Sovereign shares with the Duchess of St Albans, whose husband is hereditary Grand Falconer.

By that time the Row was already a less patrician

resort than it had been in the days when the Iron Duke was to be seen riding at a slow pace, his top hat pushed back that the white hair on his temples might have the benefit of the breeze, his head bent forward, the keenness of the eyes half-dimmed, his cheeks sunken, wrinkles round his mouth, his aquiline nose bony and protruding —there was, however, always a look of dignity about the aged figure which well became the victor of Waterloo.

When the old Duke went out driving he did so in an open carriage composed of two gigs, one behind the other, the rear gig being attached to the fore gig by a hook and staple like a gun-carriage. His Grace in this way only had a coachman and no footman. The fashionable bachelor's vehicle at that time was a cabriolet, with a high-stepping horse, and a very small tiger hanging on behind.

The aristocracy then had only family chariots or coaches with steps to let down from inside, and it was universal to have a footman, and often two, standing on a board at the back. Physicians used to drive about in chariots, and Dr Locock, afterwards Sir Charles, was the first to dispense with a second man, his plan being to use a very high Victoria with a solid apron, which he could throw open and by one fixed step reach the pavement.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the hackney carriages which plied for hire were generally superannuated family coaches with steps to let down, drawn by a pair of horses, and the fare 1s. a mile. The only hack cabs were like a modern gig with a hood, on very high wheels, and on the right-hand side outside the gig body was a very small square ledge on which the driver sat. Accidents with these cabs were very frequent, from the horses falling, collisions, and other casualties. The fares were 8d. a mile, an arrangement giving rise to constant altercations when settling the fare. Hansom cabs were first brought out about 1840, and were called Patent Safety. They soon became very popular.

Most of the old school being firmly imbued with the idea that England was going to the dogs, new inventions failed to arouse their enthusiasm and a number declined to make use of them. An opponent of railways said: "I used to consider a journey as an agreeable relaxation. Instead of being treated like a parcel, as I am now, and trundled into a carriage, and driven along willy-nilly at whatever pace and to whatever place they choose to take me, I could go eight or ten miles an hour along excellent roads, stay at excellent inns, could stop when convenient, and sleep whenever I chose."

In hackney coaches and cabs it was universal to have an armful of straw in the well. Thackeray remarks on the distress of an otherwise smart bachelor entering a room with a straw sticking to his shoe.

To-day such an idea appears absurd and even snobbish, but the whole mental outlook as regards social matters was then peculiar. A certain section of the aristocracy, for instance, considered itself as being almost of different clay from ordinary mortals.

Certain great ladies lived in a sort of stately isolation from the outer world which produced a superb complacency of an astounding kind.

"There may be better-looking women than myself," said a beautiful Duchess of Portland. "All I can say is I have never seen them."

The unique advantages formerly enjoyed by the upper class sometimes engendered a mental attitude of a curious kind. The Duchess of Devonshire and other great beauties of the eighteenth century, it has been aptly said, regarded Dr Johnson and other very gifted men of non-aristocratic birth much as they might have done highly intelligent Newfoundland dogs. Besides great pride, a curious sort of disdain was not uncommon.

Byron's daughter, the first Lady Lovelace, being asked how she liked the sea which broke on the coast below her new home, replied: "I simply detest it, because it

reminds me of an old governess of mine who was my especial *bête noir.*"

This Lady Lovelace's son was the late Earl, a most cultivated and clever man, who wrote "Astarte," a curious work dealing with his grandfather the poet, which has aroused a good deal of controversy.

Mrs Beecher Stowe took up the cudgels very warmly for the poet's wife and attracted a good deal of attention by writing "Lady Byron Vindicated," a carefully written refutation of which by the late Poet Laureate, Mr Alfred Austin, was published in the *Standard.*

Whether Mrs Beecher Stowe was right or wrong there is no doubt anything connected with sentimentalism made a great appeal to her.

Carlyle somewhat harshly called her "a poor foolish woman who wrote a book of wretched trash called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" This was at the Grange, after he had been scandalising Lady Ashburton by defending slavery, while Mrs Carlyle sat quietly in a corner busy with her embroidery.

The Victorian Era produced some old ladies of quite astounding appearance. Such a one was Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, who to the end of her life sported a mass of corkscrew ringlets, which fell in abundant masses around her aquiline and commanding profile. In great request in society, she frankly declared that she would go to no country house unless she could stay a fortnight, as otherwise "it would not pay her." She lunched and dined out to such an extent that it was currently reported that she herself kept no cook. Her only extravagance was engaging tall footmen — any man about six feet high who attracted her attention being promptly engaged, no matter what his character might be.

There were certain strange contradictions in the very exclusive society of that day.

It was curious, for instance, that both Lady Molesworth

and Lady Waldegrave, who were such prominent social figures, were not of aristocratic birth.

Lady Molesworth, ill-natured people said, had been a circus rider, while Lady Waldegrave was the daughter of old Braham the singer and not a bit ashamed of her origin. She would often jokingly say, when present at a party at which any curious or unknown people were amongst the guests, " I am sure every one will say they are some of my vulgar relatives."

This lady spent huge sums on the decoration or rather destruction of Strawberry Hill.

Shade of Horace Walpole! what artistic atrocities she committed!

The poor lady, however, was not alone in this line, for at that time much fine Georgian decorative work was being destroyed in the stately mansions of Mayfair.

People who were ahead of their time occasionally tried to arrest the hand of the destroyer, but the old school, once they had made up their mind, preferred even sturdily to be wrong than weakly to be right.

So-called Metropolitan improvements then generally evoked opposition.

A critic in 1867, after declaring that the Embankment beyond Blackfriars did not exist even in mind, went on to say: " The whole thing promises to be a failure. In a small matter *swindle* would be the correct term. But larger things never descend to little names; and if every householder in London is paying an exorbitant rate for these improvements, let him comfort himself at least with the reflection that he is buying experience, or something equally useful, for posterity. It is perhaps difficult to hit on any satisfactory way of punishing the fools—for it is to be presumed that British thick-headedness is somewhere at the bottom of the matter—who have wasted the public money and patience in a bungling enterprise. One idea, however, does suggest itself, and, as it may be worth something, here it is: let it then

be given out forthwith that a London statue will be immediately erected to the memory of every one distinguishing himself by any notorious bit of insanity in connection with this metropolitan work."

During the Mid-Victorian period a craze prevailed for the Gothic style, which, being but imperfectly understood, resulted in the erection of a number of monstrous edifices, amongst which perhaps it would be unkind to include St Pancras Station, in a number of respects a copy of the Cloth Hall at Ypres.

The design was originally intended for the new Foreign Office at Whitehall.

During a debate in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston once uttered the dictum that the Gothic style was altogether unsuitable to modern wants. In illustration of his views, the noble lord said that Somerset House was a much handsomer building than the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster. And a certain number of people agreed with him. "People of taste," said a writer in the Press, "profess to be very much shocked at this avowal, which is no doubt flat heresy from an artistic point of view; but those who value simplicity and convenience in a building will probably argue with Lord Palmerston that a building like Somerset House is much more suitable for a place of business than the Westminster Palace." This view prevailed as to the new Foreign Office, which was constructed as we see it to-day.

The modern Admiralty, close by, according to a story for which the writer will not vouch, has an amusing origin. The architect who had been commissioned to prepare the designs for the new building was at the same time engaged planning a new lunatic asylum.

Summoned suddenly to Windsor to show Queen Victoria his drawings, he took with him by mistake those for the asylum. This he only discovered when Her Majesty, to whom he had handed his portfolio, expressed herself highly pleased.

As she approved very much of the design, nothing more was to be done, and the Admiralty as it stands to-day was constructed on the plans made for the asylum.

In addition to erecting a number of buildings and churches in the pseudo-Gothic style, the Victorians spoilt a number of the latter. Owing to the craze for substituting modern imitations of Gothic for fine Jacobean and Georgian work, restorers, besides destroying much priceless woodwork, robbed hundreds of grey old churches of their ancient charm. Even when judicious, the result was rarely satisfactory; for whilst the outward form was destroyed the inward spirit which had animated the old builders was generally lost.

Enormous sums may be spent in the erection of buildings in the style of a long-past age, nevertheless there is little charm in architectural structures, of which we have seen the stones placed one by one, comparable to the charm of ancient monuments, filled with memorials of a chivalry long passed away.

Many residents in Mayfair considered it their own especial domain. My own mother was somewhat imbued with this spirit, which made her bitterly resent any outside interference to abate what most modern people consider nuisances.

Attempts to hush the time-honoured noises of Mayfair never gained her support.

The bell of the muffin man and the cries of itinerant vendors, growing rarer year by year, rang pleasantly in the ears of an older generation, recalling, as they did, memories of a pleasant childhood.

Street music, she would admit, was a more doubtful amenity; nevertheless, she rather liked it, and at that time she was not alone in doing so.

During the 'eighties a resident in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, became so angry at the efforts of a neighbour to banish some itinerant musicians, that he eventually had them up on his balcony to play there!

Though Mayfair could not be said to have been very musical during the Victorian Era, very agreeable little musical evenings were at one time given by Lord Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose passion for music Hayward called "professional taste," because, as he said, another Lord Chief Justice—Lord Tenterden—used to declare that having in youth failed in a competition for a chorister's place, he had consoled himself for the failure by getting called to the Bar.

Abraham Hayward, with an unlimited repertory of incidents concerning the people who were prominent in society and politics, had a great reputation as a *raconteur*. He had been a distinguished scholar and epicure, had travelled widely, and was equally at home in the French and English capitals. All the celebrated restaurants, chefs, and maîtres-d'hôtel of Paris were familiar to him. Last, but not least, he possessed a marvellous memory to recall the people he had met, and the dinners and festivities at which he had assisted in vanished days.

Nevertheless, in his last years Hayward was looked upon as something of a social nuisance.

Whilst out of touch with the times he was always ready, as he himself confessed, to drink any quantity of *given* port, and failed to fall in with the more abstemious habits of a younger generation.

Hosts and hostesses of the past delighted in gathering together people of conversational power, and for this reason certain individuals whose sole credentials were their wit were accorded considerable licence.

Though people did not pose as being cultured, intellect was not lacking among them. The octaves, or dinners of eight, given by the late Sir Henry Thompson, besides being excellent from a gastronomical point of view, were also intellectual feasts.

Good talkers were highly appreciated during the Victorian Era. Certain individuals, owing to their con-

versational brilliancy, in a way dominated society, and were allowed great licence.

Such a one was Bernal Osborne, whose incisive wit was prone to be exercised at the expense of a butt in a manner which would not be tolerated to-day.

On the other hand, the general level of conversation has undoubtedly deteriorated, and if it had not, it is doubtful whether even an exceptionally gifted talker would be able to keep people from the allurements of the Bridge which now takes up so much of their time.

Sitting after lunch and dinner in Victorian days was often a trying experience, old gentlemen having a habit of telling long and tedious stories to anyone who seemed to be a fit subject for the cruel experiment.

Certain well-known bores indeed enjoyed a sort of privileged position which no one thought of resenting, and became accepted as features of social life. To-day there would be few ready to tolerate the atmosphere of mental toothache which the type in question produces. The dominance of such nuisances has happily become a thing of the past.

On the other hand, there is no doubt but that there are more prigs about to-day than was the case in former times—the tendencies of the modern world encourage these social pests.

A boy of good mental attainments who, having been spoilt at home does well at school, where he is taken up by the masters, runs special risks of being attacked by the malady.

It is well to realise exactly what a prig is. In Webster's New International Dictionary a prig is defined as—

> " One narrowly and self-consciously engrossed in his own mental or spiritual attainments, one guilty of moral or intellectual foppery ; a conceited precisian."

In " Slang and its Analogies " (edited by John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, MCMII), a prig is described as—

> " A superior person, *i.e.* a person esteeming himself

superior in dress, morals, social standing, anything, and behaving as such. Also a bore."

The true prig is deliberately and aggressively superior. He is never, of course, genial or hearty, and of necessity bereft of any keen sense of humour, which is a powerful antidote to priggism.

The true prig usually looks up at the ceiling when talking to you, and is rather apt to sink his voice at the end of his sentences. He frequently does not appear to have heard what has been said to him, an affectation which merely indicates that he has not thought it worth while to attend.

The pathetic thing is that highly gifted and clever people are just as apt to fall victims to the unpleasant disorder of priggism as stupid ones—rather more apt, in fact. Complete recovery is rare, but sufferers exposed to drastic treatment have been known to improve.

Courtesy and consideration were better nurtured under old-fashioned conditions than in these days of haste and speed, while there was then ample time for that tranquil reflection which imparts a spirit of real culture to the community able to indulge in it.

The way of leisure to anyone with brains should be the way of thought, the promotion of which should be the end of all true education.

The real gentleman of the old school was polite to all.

Nor did English aristocracy of the past attempt to dazzle or to awe people or to make them envious. They were too sure of their position to be tempted to advertise it, except when giving grand entertainments. Most of them, unlike some of our modern mushroom moneybag peers, were not ostentatious in their ways.

The publicity propaganda which is now so frequently employed by ambitious individuals was then unheard of; and if it had existed, the really big men of that era would have been too proud to make use of it.

Those who thought that the door to social success was labelled " push " were apt to receive stern rebuffs.

" I had the pleasure recently of passing your house," said a *nouveau riche* to an old nobleman. " I am glad of it, sir, and hope you will always continue to do so," was the reply.

In those days when the middle classes were on their social promotion some of them were glad enough even to be snubbed by the right people.

Not a few of the great territorial magnates were stern, serious men who, as they themselves would have said, stood no nonsense."

Such a one was the host who, very precise about religious observances, was told by a lady staying with him that as she had practically decided to become a Catholic she must beg to be excused from going to church on the coming Sunday.

" A Catholic church," was the reply, " is about twenty miles off, but my carriage and horses will be ready a little after daybreak, when I shall expect you to be ready " ; and she had to go.

On the whole the great landowners were not unkindly men.

Not a few made a point of entertaining all the country-side, while showing extraordinary solicitude for their dependants.

Writing in 1834, Charles Greville described the relations between Lord Egremont and his tenants as being cordial to an extraordinary degree.

A tenants' festival, at which the diarist assisted, greatly impressed him. Four thousand invitations had been issued, but about double that number came. Old Lord Egremont, not being able to endure the thought that there should be anybody hungering outside his gates, went out, ordered the barriers to be taken down, and admittance given to all.

The peer in question, besides being a munificent

patron of the arts, and a sportsman, gave away about £20,000 a year in charity. He was, of course, enormously rich; nevertheless, few wealthy men have probably been anything like as generous to the poor and needy. Old Lord Egremont, and many other kind-hearted aristocrats who delighted in relieving distress, belonged, however, to the old school of Englishmen who looked rather askance at organised charities.

The difference between the fine old English noblemen and their successors was well shown by a remark made by the son of a universally popular peer who in his day had enjoyed great influence in the district, where he was known as a good fellow and first-rate sportsman.

One who remembered the father was telling the son of the former's generosity.

"Your father," said he, "ordered the officers of his yeomanry to give a ball, but took care to pay every penny of the expenses himself.

"He kept a large number of saddle horses in London, and when he met young men he knew up in town from the country, gave them mounts to ride in the Row."

"More damned fool he!" said the son.

No wonder the latter was not popular.

While a number managed their estates well a good many old Victorian peers and landowners were great muddlers in matters of business. Probably those who did best were the ones who left the management of their fortune and estates in the hands of solicitors and agents. The latter, however, often feathered their nests as did their predecessors of the eighteenth century, a few of whom accumulated sufficient lands and money to become elevated into the Peerage.

There were landowners in the past who, leaving their affairs entirely in the hands of the family lawyer, had their own money doled out to them rather as if so doing was a favour.

Some practically lived as if on an allowance from this

personage, whom minor members of the family approached with feelings bordering upon awe.

When an eldest son got into financial trouble he was usually sent to his father's lawyer to get him out of it or leave him in as the case might be. As a rule, however, after a severe talking-to, the spendthrift was extricated.

In some cases, where arrangements to pay off debts had to be made, a father would join with his son in a resettlement, it being understood that he should receive a financial *quid pro quo* for what he consented to do. Many fathers were as improvident as their sons—some worse. Cases indeed were not unknown where a father persuaded a too chivalrous son to enter into an arrangement by which the former's debts might be paid out of the family estate.

Sons who refused to agree to anything of the sort were apt to be denounced as unnatural and ungrateful children.

Family lawyers often knew far more about a family than did its various members; also it was not uncommon for one firm to have acted as legal advisers to a family for several generations. That of course was in the old easy-going days when lawyers thought nothing of not answering a letter for a week or two, being of opinion, no doubt, that as the purport of most letters was a request for money, it was just as well not to encourage clients to write too many.

At funerals and weddings the family lawyer was an indispensable attendant and was treated with deference.

Some of them had a difficult time keeping estates together, for the landowners of the past were often very reckless in their youth.

Considering the folly of their clients and the great opportunities afforded to lawyers for making money out of them, the latter, with of course a few exceptions, behaved in an honourable and honest fashion.

Compared with that of some other countries the

English aristocracy has never been rapacious in the way of battening upon public funds, nevertheless snug berths in Government offices were once easily accessible to its offspring.

A great Whig peer having dictated his will to his lawyer, the latter pointed out to him that he had made no provision for his younger sons. "Sir," replied the hereditary law-giver, "my country has provided for the younger male scions of our family for the last three generations, and shall I begin to doubt her gratitude?" No doubt this touching instance of simple faith had its reward.

Old aristocracies from their very nature must include a number of persons unable to realise facts, which was probably the reason why children destined to great wealth and high position so seldom received a suitable education.

The chronicle of the many old English families which have gone to ruin through a spendthrift's folly makes pathetic reading.

A notable instance was Mytton of Halston, a semi-lunatic who, by all accounts, ought to have been placed under control. Right up to the present time the same kind of thing went on. Witness Windham of Felbrigg, who in the 'sixties by maniacal extravagance managed to alienate the lands and mansion which for centuries had been the pride of his race. And the fourth Marquis of Ailesbury, whose ambition it was to be taken for a bus-driver!

All over England old families are now parting with their domains, and in the course of half a century or so their very names will be forgotten in districts where their ancestors lived for centuries.

The memory of territorial magnates soon fades away.

A genealogist searching in Derbyshire for relics of the once great family of Finderne found no record or trace of their vanished splendour.

In the village close to what had been their splendid abode, however, an old rustic volunteered to show the site where the manor house had stood. Leading the student into a field the man pointed out faint traces of terrace and foundation. " There," said he, pointing to a bank of garden flowers grown wild, " these are Finderne flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and the folks here say that they will never die."

II

THE MENTALITY OF MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR, even thirty years ago, retained much of the air of ease and repose for which the district had been noted.

No omnibuses were allowed to pass through these streets, and few costermongers or sellers of fruit, onions, oysters, and fish found their way into these regions.

Meanwhile the exterior of the most of the old Georgian mansions remained unchanged.

Hatchments, however, which at an earlier period were so often hung on houses where people had died, were already practically obsolete, though I fancy one or two might have been discovered up to the end of the last century.

House decoration was then at a low ebb, and living rooms for the most part were lacking in taste or charm. The Victorians, many as were their merits, did not appreciate art.

A mania prevailed for painting halls an ugly brown, and fine mahogany doors were often disfigured by coats of paint.

Many of these houses, picturesque as they often were, had their own peculiar drawbacks. Those which could boast a bathroom were very few in number, whilst in the 'forties and 'fifties, and even later, such conveniences were practically unknown. Often, indeed, there were no big baths at all, ablutions being performed in the so-called foot-baths, which were a sort of cross between a wine cooler and a soup tureen. At the same time it must be added that people were probably not so very

much dirtier than they are to-day, for the modern practice of lying in hot water need not necessarily be any more cleansing than the vigorous rubbing of a soaped flannel, the proper application of which once formed an important part of a child's education.

The Victorians, while making no pretence of being artistic, went in solely for comfort.

Their drawing-rooms as a rule were overcrowded with furniture, ornaments and pictures, most of which were bad, though there were generally a few fine things which through being obscured by rubbish attracted no attention.

Little interest was taken in the various styles; fine French furniture, on account of the brightness of its gold mounts, many people considered vulgar.

The æsthetic movement, though satirized in "Patience," put an end to this state of affairs, and since then taste has undoubtedly improved.

The exclusive society of the West End was still mainly patrician, and there was much difficulty about getting into a circle limited by birth.

At the same time it is only fair to remember that people of real intelligence, men of science and letters, were welcomed.

Adequately dowered with the world's goods, if not positively wealthy, with abundance of leisure, a fair knowledge of the world, good manners and a certain amount of culture, the dwellers in Mayfair led happy, comfortable and, on the whole, inoffensive lives. Such vices as they had were not flaunted in the face of the general public; indeed, considering the great social advantages they enjoyed, their existence was surprisingly staid and decorous, contrasting very favourably with that of the nobility of other countries. With the rise to affluence and power of the middle class, however, the whole social structure of this aristocratic life was profoundly shaken, and once the flood-gates barring out

the bourgeoisie had been opened, it became manifest that the sun of aristocratic dominance was about to set.

Speaking of humanity, Chamfort said, "tout notre malheur vient de ne pas pouvoir rester seul," an aphorism which in another sense applied to the old-world society of Mayfair.

From time immemorial, it is true, the aristocracy had always been glad to marry its sons to the daughters of wealthy merchants and tradesmen. The commercial brides in question, however, had been absolutely absorbed into their husband's class, nor did their marriage facilitate the entry of their middle-class relatives into patrician circles.

With the coming of the new era, everything changed. The fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and often countless other relatives, insisted upon being received on the same footing as the young lady about to regild some tarnished coronet or rescue from ruin some holder of an ancient name.

The *nouveaux riches* of an earlier epoch, even when admitted into the outskirts of society, had been made to keep such a place as was deemed to be suitable to them. For the first time those of the latter portion of the last century resented such limitations, and in some cases showed a successful independence which refused to be curbed.

It was at this period that the forbears of a good many of the so-called "smart set" sailed out of the sea of obscurity into the haven of social success.

As the star of the middle-class rose that of the aristocracy declined. While not a few of the old school realized and deplored this, others joined frantically in the worship of wealth; yet another section viewed the situation philosophically—as they were ready to admit, their order had had a good innings and now the time had come for others to have one too.

Society to-day is no longer an institution, being com-

posed merely of various coteries, mostly consisting of wealthy but quite unimportant people.

Not so very long ago, the strings of politics were mainly pulled from Mayfair, which also had a considerable say in the distribution of titles and rewards. Society, therefore, was a serious matter which had to be taken account of by anyone ambitious of getting on.

The people in it, mainly by right of birth, for the most part appreciated the privileges they enjoyed, while recognising that they had responsibilities.

Though no better or worse than the rest of the world, they had certain social ideals which the majority respected. If they erred they tried to do so in as decorous a manner as possible; very few took the surprising leaps into impropriety so often to be found chronicled in the newspapers of to-day.

In the matter of morality, society, like the rest of the world, from generation to generation remains about the same. The only real difference is a greater or lesser degree of hypocrisy.

The tone of the old English, who were probably not more loose than their successors, was essentially robust—they called a spade a spade and were often quite frank about their weaknesses.

Lord Palmerston, for instance, was notoriously devoted to the fair sex. In his youth he was known among the dames of the fashionable world as "Cupid," because he had a chubby face, and curly red hair, and a roguish eye, and had gained the reputation of being "a devil among the ladies." In old age, it is said, he was hauled over the coals by Lady Shaftesbury for paying too marked attention to young married women.

"To begin with," said she, "it is wrong; secondly, it is ungentlemanlike; and lastly, it is stupid, for it can never succeed."

"As regards the religious aspect," replied the old statesman, "I admit the practice of the Churches differs.

The taste is a matter of opinion—I think it most gentlemanlike. With reference to the results, however, your Ladyship is totally misinformed, for I have never known it fail."

"They tell me, Sir George," said a hostess to an old Baronet, "that you love a glass of wine."

"Madam," was his reply, "those who told you that did me an injustice—they should have said a bottle."

The philosophy of some of those old viveurs is well exemplified by Lord Cholmondeley, who having, when over seventy, married a girl of twenty-nine, said:[1] "We shall probably pass a couple of years tolerably comfortably together, then she will have two more years of nursing me, and then she will have her jointure."

Another aristocratic stoic would calmly anticipate his approaching end and discuss the question of a future state. "It consoles me," he used to say, "that whichever it is to be I have good friends in both places."

Most of these old fellows had led jolly lives.

"When I was a young man," Lord Palmerston used to say, "the Duke of Wellington made an appointment with me for half-past seven in the morning; and I was asked, 'Why, Lord Palmerston, how will you contrive to keep that engagement?' 'Oh,' I said, 'of course, the easiest thing in the world; I shall keep it the last thing before I go to bed.'"

A curious thing about the past is that the old happy-go-lucky and undemocratic method of election should have produced such satisfactory results. The standard of oratory was high, while dignity and common sense were not lacking among Members of Parliament.

Though as a legislative body the House of Commons has on the whole deteriorated since the passing of the great Reform Bill, elections to-day are less rowdy and less corrupt. In the early part of the last century they were too often little more than a farce, the polling days

[1] Correspondence of Charlotte, Lady Williams Wynn. John Murray.

being from time immemorial days of feasting, drinking, and fighting for the lower classes. The want of political cultivation, ignorance of the important questions at issue, the indifference and, in many instances, the stupidity of the people at large, made it a matter of small moment to them whether the barrel of beer from which they drank at an election was the gift of charity or the devil's retaining fee. No hustings without speechifying—no polling-place without swilling. The witnesses who were examined by the Election Committees generally confessed that the candidate, according "to the old-established custom," behaved like a "gentleman"—that he treated the electors to ale and gin, shook hands with them, gave them money, and hired brass bands for their special gratification.

Honourable members, who were very pathetic on the neglected education of the people, thought very little of treating all the inhabitants of their borough to a preposterous quantity of drink in order to ensure their re-election.

A curious thing connected with English politics is that no member who amuses the House of Commons ever seems to attain high political honours.

Bernal Osborne was perhaps justly regarded mainly as a political free-lance, but Henry Labouchere was undoubtedly a man whose brain was equal to that of the average Cabinet Minister.

In connection with this an old hand at politics once told a young speaker: "Never make people laugh. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments are built over solemn asses."

Some of the old school of politicians were very theatrical in their methods. Lord Brougham, for instance, was always threatening or praying, or both together; and in his speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill he tried the effect of kneeling by way of giving efficacy to

the concluding prayer. The experiment was not successful, and was on the verge of becoming ludicrous. During a four hours' speech he largely availed himself of the privileges of the Lords to support his strength and voice with something stronger than oranges. Five tumblers full of mulled wine, with a soupçon of brandy, were brought to him at due intervals. Whilst he was imbibing the fifth, a Tory peer near the bar exclaimed, "There's another half hour good for us, and be damned to him."

On another occasion, at Edinburgh, responding to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," he exclaimed, extending his hands, "My fellow citizens of Edinburgh, after being four years a minister, these hands are clean." They happened to be remarkably dirty, which raised a titter among those sitting close to him.

The last of the pre-Victorian M.P.'s, Mr John Temple Leader, M.P. for Westminster from 1837 to 1847, who died in Florence on March 1st, 1903, aged 93, had been associated with an extraordinary escapade of Lord Brougham, the latter having inspired, if he did not actually write, a letter sent from the country to Mr Alfred Montgomery in which it was stated that Mr Leader was at the point of death and Lord Brougham killed on the spot owing to a carriage accident. Mr Leader was standing for Parliament at the time, and the chairman of his election committee had already started off to take a last farewell of his friend when the hoax was discovered.

Lord Brougham's strange behaviour in this matter was said to have been produced by a desire to read his own obituary notices and enjoy the discomfiture of the papers in which they would appear.

Mr Leader had been at Oxford with Gladstone and Canning, had seen Byron and Shelley, and was a friend of Captain Trelawny, the poets' comrade in the movement for Greek emancipation.

A cultivated man of large and liberal means as well as

a political critic of no mean order, Mr Leader was a fine specimen of an English gentleman, in the best sense of the word.

At the time of Queen Victoria's second jubilee England had never been in such a position of assured tranquillity and peace.

A number of the older denizens of Mayfair, however, were anything but content. Radicalism, they declared, was growing more and more rampant in the land, and the arch fiend himself could not have been denounced more fiercely than they denounced Mr Gladstone. After he had attempted to pass Home Rule a number of his former adherents were especially bitter. The first Duke of Westminster, for instance, actually disposed of a fine portrait of the Grand Old Man by Millais which had been specially painted as a tribute of admiration.

Strangely enough, Mr Gladstone, who at heart was probably a Conservative, typified in the minds of his opponents the spread of that Socialism the full effects of which few of them lived to see.

In a way they were right, for there can be no doubt but that the Grand Old Man, moderate as he himself was, paved the way for many measures which have completely revolutionized our national life.

It is likely, however, that of the ultimate results of his policy he had not such a clear idea as his great opponent Disraeli, who had a far wider if more cynical outlook upon existence.

Mr Gladstone was a " guarded flame "—it used to be said, indeed, that anything unpleasant or hostile to him in the Press was kept from coming under his observation, while a devoted circle of admirers lulled him in a chronic condition of placid self-satisfaction.

A large portion of the people regarded him as their champion and benefactor. Many gave him credit for reforms he had never carried through.

" Say what you like," once remarked a small tradesman

to the present writer, " Gladstone gave us 'one man one vote.' "

This absolutely untrue statement, uttered in a tone of grateful conviction, the speaker firmly believed.

Mr Gladstone was responsible for many phrases, some of which have passed into everyday language.

Such are, " local option " and " union of hearts," " silver streak " and " bag and baggage," " resources of civilisation " and " parliamentary hand."

The dexterity with which the Grand Old Man contrived to extricate himself from awkward positions, and his subtlety in making divergent statements of his own seem to agree, particularly annoyed his opponents.

All sorts of stories, real or imaginary, used to be told about him, while criticisms of his methods were sometimes funny as well as scathing.

In a discussion as to finding a rich wife for a rising young politician someone broke in with, " Why, I believe he's got a wife already."

" What does that matter ? " said a cynic. " Gladstone can always be put up to explain her away."

In early Victorian days Radicalism was looked upon with absolute horror by the exclusive circles of Mayfair.

When, for instance, Mr Muntz, who was said to have Chartist associations, was elected a member for Birmingham and made a magistrate, certain aristocratic households declared that the only thing to do was to send their valuables to Coutts', shut up their town and country houses and go abroad till the revolutionary frenzy should have worn itself out.

Mr Muntz, it may be added, was the first member of the House of Commons to wear a beard, which was considered another symptom of his anarchistic tendencies.

The House of Commons formerly did not like lawyers and was very distrustful of their sincerity.

The old-fashioned Members of Parliament realized that a successful legal career entailed being something of an

actor, and that a counsel is accustomed to be the paid advocate of any side.

One old gentleman thoroughly permeated with this idea never lost an opportunity of saying bitter things about Mr Asquith.

On one occasion, for instance, he spoke of the latter as combining the appearance of Oliver Cromwell with the vacillation of Charles the First !

A legal member who was wont to wax eloquent over the woes of the Emerald Isle was known at heart fully to realise what a hopeless country it was to govern. As one of his critics put it, he was a humbug who merely had a good platform opinion of the Irish.

Another Radical lawyer, according to his enemies, had got into Parliament only owing to his personal resemblance to the pictures of the Messiah !

On the other hand, the late Sir Frank Lockwood, a man of great personal charm, fond of sending his friends whimsical caricatures of his own composition, was universally popular.

The public at large would appear to have no very great respect for prominent political men.

On one occasion at Ipswich when large crowds were awaiting the arrival of Mr Balfour, an old lady, thinking that it was the opening of the quarter sessions, said : " Well, I suppose if he's done anything wrong he'll have to suffer for it."

Just before the son of a famous Cabinet Minister was elected to the House of Commons, he is said to have met his old nurse and told her he was going in for politics.

" For politics ! " exclaimed the old lady. " Oh surely I should have thought that two in the family—your father and Mr Richard—were enough. Why don't you go in for something useful ? "

The present House of Commons is, with some rare exceptions, a miserable mass of pawns and placemen moved hither and thither according to the fancies of

the wire-pullers to whom so many of them owe their election.

Everything to these men seems to resolve itself into a question of votes.

The Dean of St Paul's, Dr Inge, one of our few sane social critics, often hits the right nail on the head: "To talk to the average Member of Parliament (said he in a speech) one might suppose that the ballot box was a sort of Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the Divine will. This superstition was simply their old friend the divine right of kings standing on its head, which was even more ridiculous in the new posture than in the old." His statement that it was quite as easy to hypnotize oneself into imbecility by repeating in solemn tones "Progress, democracy, corporate unity," as by repeating the blessed word "Mesopotamia," was also very happy.

A critic of the past, after enumerating various of what he considered its minor evils, has said:

"There was no organised labour, no votes for women, no working class franchise, no ballot-box. There were no Council schools, no school boards. There was no technical education. There was no Married Woman's Property Act."

Granted; but there were no strikes or social unrest, manners were better and so was workmanship, nor was the number of divorces anything like as great as it is to-day.

It should not be forgotten that in a not very indirect manner certain of our politicians were responsible for the Great War.

Time after time they were warned in vain, and time after time they reiterated their disbelief in all hostile intentions on the part of Germany, who they declared loved peace. And so she did as long as it gave her time to prepare for war!

Had they been statesmen instead of politicians they

would have made it clear to that Power that in the event of an attack on France England would fight.

Cravens as they were they dared not do what would most probably have averted the tragedy, and, babbling of peace, almost submerged Europe in floods of blood.

As to the internal government of the country the main ideas of modern politicians seem to be the multiplication of meddlesome laws.

It would be a good thing if Members of Parliament were made to realize that the limit of interference with personal liberty has been reached.

Writing in the 'fifties of the last century, a foreign critic said: "The ambition of free self government, which characterises the English, is altogether unknown to the French. Hence they can die for liberty, but they cannot live for it." Alas, the very opposite is now the case!

Aided by classes blinded to true freedom by the culture of morbid and pharisaical feelings, Parliament within the last few years has struck heavily against the liberties of the great mass of the people.

At times one is inclined to wonder whether this curious tendency to repress personal liberty is not the result of some plan conceived by Nature—"Cette puissance rusée qui nous exploite," as Renan called her—to assimilate the life of humanity to that of the ants and hive bees, whose whole existence is devoted and whose pleasures are sacrificed in order to keep together rigidly ordered socialistic communities where no individual enjoys a liberty worth having, while working in an almost frenzied manner for the next generation, which in its turn is to do the same. The contrast between the life of the honey bee and that of its cousin the humble bee, which has escaped the tryanny of the hive, is overwhelmingly in favour of the latter.

Unfortunately the attitude of the public towards social questions would seem to be an almost blind acquiescence in any nostrum prescribed by faddists.

The old English love of personal liberty seems to have died away. Though a good many people grumble, the majority will tell you that they are too busy to devote time to the consideration of such subjects.

Well-meaning in the main, the average individual reminds one of the American judge who, elected more on account of his popularity than his knowledge of the law, told a jury: "If you think the prisoner guilty you ought to convict him; if innocent, acquit him; but if, like me, you don't understand the case or the evidence, why, then, I'll be hanged if I know what you ought to do!"

Thoughtful men are beginning to realize that the triumph of that democracy of which they hoped so much need not of necessity produce an immediate Utopia; perhaps after all, when the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, the forecasts of some of the staunch old Tories of a past generation will be found to have been based upon only too solid grounds. At present all that can be hoped for is that, with the progress of time, democracy may grow out of itself and realize those fundamental facts of existence the importance of which was thoroughly recognized in former days.

The English aristocracy of the past included a good many men of a type now pretty well extinct, that is, polished English gentlemen of the old school who, besides being classical scholars, possessed a remarkable knowledge of both English and foreign literature. These qualities, together with a keen sense of humour, a delicate wit, and a ready appreciation of both the grave and gay side of nature, rendered them charming companions. Such men, reproducing in themselves the qualities which marked a century of culture, of refinement, of learning, and of distinction, have now passed away, the type been crushed out by an age which, though fond of babbling of the joys of intellectual knowledge, has little real appreciation of it.

To-day, everyone without exception has a good chance of learning, yet the output of great men and notable characters has shrunk practically to nil!

The cause of this may not improbably be the stamping cut of individuality, resulting from the multitude of laws, regulations and restrictions with which every individual is now hedged in and threatened.

The result of over-legislation and over-regulation can only be the metamorphosis of the people at large into mere factory workers, mechanically drilled into doing the same thing at the same time, all tendencies to originality being unconsciously crushed out of them.

The Victorian Era never lacked literary preachers with voices which rang all over England with telling effect.

It seems strange now, to think that in that age a man might, in the space of a few days, have seen and spoken to Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Froude, Herbert Spencer, Freeman, Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning and Swinburne.

The main point about these men, and in particular about Huxley, was that they were uncompromising searchers after knowledge and after truth.

Besides being an eminent scientist, Huxley wrote beautifully clear English and had an excellent style, nor was he devoid of humour.

Meeting a journalist whom he had known as a midshipman in the days when he was a surgeon in the Navy, the former, who did not appreciate Huxley's anthropological researches, told him that he cared nothing for "homo" except as a creature of historical tradition.

"And I," was the reply, "except as a compound of gas and water. If," added he, "we were both better educated than we are we should know how better to respect each other's studies."

The philosophic doubt with which Huxley was inspired was finely indicated by the three lines—taken from a

noble poem of his wife's—which, by his special direction, were inscribed upon his tombstone at Finchley:

> "Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
> For God still giveth His beloved sleep;
> And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

To-day, though in literature we have some masters of style—Mr Edmund Gosse, Mr Max Beerbohm and others—literary preachers except Mr Rudyard Kipling seem not to exist.

There are no vibrant voices to search the soul, or dreamers of great dreams—in short, the age is barren of transcendent literary genius.

This dearth of high literary production, it has been alleged, may partly be accounted for by the absorption of so many able minds in journalism or work which is journalistic in character. The late George Steveens, who met with such an untimely death from fever at Ladysmith during the Boer war, might, it has been said, have developed into a second Macaulay, possessing as he did something of that great historian's faculty of description, command of language, and capacity for assimilating facts.

The general average of writing to-day is probably higher than in the past, but the age does not seem to favour the development of great writers.

The editor of a great paper once remarked that the world was divided into people who knew what they were writing about but could not write, and people who could write and did not know what they were writing about.

The combination of real knowledge and literary faculty is rarely to be met with, and were it more common than it is, would probably not be appreciated by a public which is becoming more and more used to a daily diet of snapshots and film favourites.

There is no newspaper editor who enjoys the prestige

of John Delane, the social influence of whose articles in the *Times* was recognized by Queen Victoria, who on one occasion wrote him a personal letter of approbation.

The pressmen of his age were, I believe, far more in touch with the life of London as it was lived by different classes than those of to-day.

The powers of editors of great newspapers like Delane was fully recognized by Society, which then was a real force in English politics, and as far as serious matters were concerned the Press was kept in pretty close touch with Mayfair.

On the other hand, a great number of pressmen led very Bohemian lives, frequented the music halls, Highbury Barn, and other resorts now swept away, thereby acquiring a real knowledge of humanity and its changeless ways.

In consequence of this, Puritanism was kept within due bounds and Londoners enabled to amuse themselves more or less as they liked.

A typical and delightful pressman of those days was the late Mr Joseph Knight, a clever and hardworking writer with a fondness for convivial society and late hours which did not prevent him from living to a great age.

To-day there are few newspaper writers who do not go home as early as they can, and fewer still who have any sympathy with Bohemian habits. Consequently, when there is any question of still further curtailing personal liberty as regards the closing of music-hall lounges, dancing clubs or the like, the Press, far from making any protest, publishes sensational articles calculated to assist the machinations of the meddlesome busybodies who have now so effectually made London at night the dullest city in the world.

The literary free-lance of other days—fearless, trenchant and sparkling, has entirely disappeared.

A typical representative of this style of writer was Grenville Murray, who, with Edmund Yates, projected the *World* and thus founded the Society journalism which, after flourishing in late Victorian and Edwardian days, has now long been on the wane.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties Society journalism represented by the *World*, *Truth*, and *Vanity Fair* flourished exceedingly. Everyone abused these papers, but everyone read them.

From time to time some indiscreet paragraph landed an editor in trouble, and even, as in the case of Mr Edmund Yates—who suffered for the fault of one of his titled contributors—in prison.

Vanity Fair owed its popularity largely to the excellent cartoons of Pellegrini and later on of Sir Leslie Ward.

"Celebrities at Home" in the *World* was generally worth reading, while Labouchere took care to keep the columns of *Truth* bright, amusing and up to date.

For twenty-two years the late Mr Jerningham wrote "Letters from the Linkman" which week by week maintained a high standard of English prose as well as being full of topical interest.

The day of purely Society papers seems for the time being to have passed, the chronicles of aristocratic doings and sayings not being in such demand as was formerly the case.

Truth alone seems to have withstood the hostile forces which have driven practically all its competitors out of the field; as a matter of fact, besides containing much accurate information it continues to live up to its old reputation for brightness and vivacity.

While the direct influence of the daily Press—in the past so frequently exercised for good—has decreased, the indirect effects of its activities have undoubtedly increased.

A notable instance of this was the success of the Suffragette agitation.

Whether it be a good thing or a bad thing that women should have votes, it is quite certain that they would not have obtained them for many a long year to come had it not been for the publicity given to the movement by the Press, which could have killed the whole agitation by silence concerning those who carried it on.

Hunger-striking is another newspaper creation.

Would any prisoner care to undergo such an ordeal were he not certain that the Press, or at least a section of it, would turn him into a martyr ?

It cannot seriously be maintained that the rise to power of democracy has coincided with anything but a degradation of literary taste. Under present conditions, indeed, it would be extraordinary were it otherwise, for of the vast multitude of workers how few have the time or the capacity for the cultivation of their minds ?

Nor has popular education improved matters. In the old days clever boys, even when working in the most arduous trades, seem to have snatched sufficient hours to give themselves quite a fair education, and they often rose to high positions. There were many self-made men who achieved wealth and fame.

As a matter of fact the complete triumph of democracy has weakened rather than strengthened individual effort, nor has it tended to assist culture or art.

The great mass of the proletariat, devoid as it is, and ever must be, of any appreciation of the real meaning of life, is naturally unwilling to admit that the existence of a leisured class is necessary for that progress which is the ostensible aim of all advocates of democratic reform.

To the multitude fond of facile generalizations and crude sentimentality, a spacious and luxurious life of ease, not unnaturally, seems inseparable from vice—hence the sure popularity of newspaper lectures on the sins of Society and kindred topics.

The British public indeed never tires of hearing about the life of gilded vice led by persons of rank or wealth.

Society has always attracted preachers and writers seeking an easy subject for attack. It is constantly blamed for the vast sums expended in entertaining. This, after all, circulates money and is good for trade; nor is it clear why people in a position to do so should not entertain their friends, or even their enemies for that matter.

Accusations of frivolity levelled at the modern society woman are perhaps more justified. Nevertheless it is well to remember that years ago Mrs Lynn Linton created a sensation by a savage attack upon the girl of the period in the *Saturday Review*.

In all probability the young lady of the 'sixties and 'seventies was no worse than her predecessors. It is not fair to indict a whole sex for the follies of a few.

As a matter of fact women then were what women are to-day, a very fair reflection of the condition of the opposite sex.

The pity is that while a number of modern women are sensible and healthy-minded, a certain section seem always to be wishing themselves elsewhere than where they are—thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of someone else than the person to whom they are speaking.

Prosperity does not seem to bring happiness to a good many of those wealthy ladies, who seem ever anxiously trying to banish tedium from their too luxurious lives by taking up some fad or other, while their conversation is largely made up of laments as to the boredom of their existence.

What a difference from the great ladies of the old school, one of whom used to say that she had been taught that it was ill-bred to complain even of the weather.

They enjoy nothing, do nothing well, and please nobody.

Unsuited even to the pursuit of pleasure, which takes

up all their time, their selfishness is unredeemed by strength, a constant fear of what other people may think of them, destroying that ease of mind which is incomparably the most valuable of all possessions.

Ease of indolence—the smoothness of the stagnant pool—they have, it is true, in abundance. Like drones in a hive, that waste and devour the honey which the labouring bees have gathered, they accept the superabundance around them just as if it had been gained by their own efforts.

As a cynic said, they want to eat cherries in winter and oysters in summer!

These are the sort of people who spend vast sums in turning the interior of fine old Georgian houses into an indifferent copy of what some decorator assures them is Louis XV or Louis XVI, both of which styles are generally out of place in houses of English construction.

As a matter of fact these ladies soon get tired of any style, and if handled by a favourite adviser would cheerfully turn a boudoir into a replica of a Kaffir kraal.

In most cases too lazy to study house decoration themselves, they are devoid of any original ideas, being best satisfied when copying some room they have seen at Mrs So-and-So's or Lady Somebody-else's.

The failings specified above are, however, the result of folly rather than of vice. The majority of these foolish women lead quite inoffensive lives.

Society's alleged fondness for high play is another cause of offence to its critics.

For the last two hundred years gambling has been more or less popular; among well-to-do people in this respect there has been little change.

The long and short of the matter is that in this as in its morals Society is no better or worse than it was in the past.

Modern conversation is undoubtedly of a freer kind than that which prevailed during the Victorian Era.

This, however, contrary to the views expressed by a number of critics, does not necessarily indicate any deterioration in morality.

The fact is that all the world over the wealthy are to a great extent cosmopolitan, and being so, become emancipated from the fundamental ideas of the mass of their countrymen or women.

The true spirit of a people is not to be found in its upper social strata, and the mass of English opinion still remains overwhelmingly prudish and Puritan. It does not appear always to have been so, but is so to-day; only the well-to-do class which travels and sees countries not dominated by the Puritan blight learns to value freedom of expression as well as freedom of life.

This is what shocks the critics who have had no chance of becoming freed from the mental limitations imposed upon them by a smug environment, causing those subjected to it to confuse prudery with refinement. Such folk entirely ignore the historical fact that the French noblesse of the old régime, who in art, letters and life were probably the most cultured and refined people who ever lived, were excessively free in their conversation.

The fierce attacks by a writer calling himself "The Gentleman with the Duster" in a Sunday paper merely reiterate the old charges which are always being made against London society.

When all is said and done the writer in question is merely a Puritan seeking to dragoon the world into virtue.

Giving his views in the *London Magazine* as to the constitution of an ideal government for England, he advocates what is in reality mere intolerant repression to enforce public morality.

In defiance of every Christian precept a policy of hounding of Cyprians off the streets has always been popular with social reformers.

Maria Theresa, who a contemporary very rightly said deserved to suffer the worst tortures of hell for her cruel

behaviour towards unfortunate women, tried it with lamentable results. Attempts to coerce the public into virtue have always failed in the past, as they will always fail in the future.

The " Gentleman with the Duster " further wishes Mrs Bramwell Booth to be appointed Home Secretary.

What sort of time we should have under this worthy Salvation leader's rule can be gathered from her statement to an interviewer.

While showing no eagerness to hold the office which the " Gentleman with the Duster " wishes to thrust upon her, she gave a sketch of various measures which, during her term of office, she would try to get carried through.

The chief of these, said she, was the shutting up of all public-houses, which, of course, practically means " Prohibition."

The fact is, in too many cases the modern social reformer is not a real social reformer at all, but merely our old Cromwellian friend " Praise God Barebones " in modern guise. Alas, that by means of elaborate camouflage he should so often succeed in persuading the British public that in the curtailment of personal independence lies the path of progress !

With liberty on his lips but tyranny in his heart, he seeks to bring their lives into complete accord with a standard of bourgeois respectability, calculated to stamp out all real joy of living.

Everyone is to be ground down to the same dead level of monotonous existence.

A really civilized individual is he or she who is qualified to live among those who, according to Rabelais, spent their life in the Abbey of Thelema—*not* in laws, statutes or rules but according to their own free will and pleasure, the essential clause in the strictest tie of their order being

DO WHAT THOU WILT;

because men that are free, well-born, well-bred and

conversant in honest companies have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us.

III

THE 'EIGHTIES

OF the men and women of the " 'eighties " there are not many left. With the exception of Lord Chaplin practically all the old sporting school have gone ; and, of the politicians, Mr Arthur Balfour alone is still in harness.

Lord Rosebery, in his day both sportsman and politician, lives a retired life.

Glancing at the annual number of a society weekly, 1881-1882, full of portraits of well-known people in society, I find only one who still survives.

This is a young officer in the uniform of the Household Cavalry, which was at that time worn by that most popular and witty *raconteur* Mr Harry Higgins.

Now engaged in purely peaceful pursuits he would appear at that time to have tempered the career of arms with a fondness for the Turf.

> " Fresh from stern duty (or Newmarket) comes
> The gallant Higgins, now from bugles, drums,
> Happily free."

May he long live to delight the large circle of friends whom he has made since his cuirass was laid aside.

Though the life of an officer in the Household Cavalry was easy enough in the 'eighties it had even then become more strenuous than a quarter of a century before.

In the 'fifties, for instance, when it was difficult to obtain officers for this branch of the service, one of the regiments of the Life Guards being ordered out of London

on active service to Aldershot, a wealthy captain at once tendered his resignation. His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, however, declined to accept it, and his colonel eventually prevailed upon the gallant officer to remain in the regiment and undergo for a short period the vicissitudes of camp life.

It was during the early 'eighties that the sacred lamp of Burlesque burnt so brightly at the Old Gaiety.

Nelly Farren was unique ; there is no one on the stage to-day who remotely resembles her in manner or in style.

In the famous Gaiety burlesques the public applauded her because they subconsciously realised that she was the embodiment of a certain kind of London life—its joys and also its sorrows.

For there was real pathos in the work of this clever actress, whose Cockney humour was at times mellowed by a sense of that sadness which clings about humble life.

Without being exactly pretty, Nelly Farren, with her trim figure and neat legs, made an ideal " principal boy," full of dash, vigour and go, which was enhanced by the somewhat languorous methods of Miss Kate Vaughan, whose memory as Morgiana and other parts still lingers in the recollection of many an old playgoer.

Alas, that the old Gaiety stars will, as they used so blithely to sing, " never come back any more." The pity is they have left no successors behind them.

In the 'eighties plays very sensibly began late, so that people were not obliged to hurry over their dinner. Had this been the case the digestions of a certain number of young gentlemen known as the " Crutch and Toothpick Brigade " must have become seriously impaired, for quite a number occupied the same stalls night after night.

The main characteristics of this social coterie, most of whom came from Mayfair, were a black silver-mounted crutched stick, a toothpick held languidly between the teeth, and a silk-lined Inverness cape.

The crutch and toothpick brigade were laughed at in the Press, and according to caricatures a vacuous expression was habitual with most of its members. Nevertheless some of them were sharp enough.

One young fellow, supposed to have but moderate means, attracted a good deal of comment by being constantly seen in company with a fair divinity of burlesque, noted for her jewels and gorgeous attire.

"I say, old fellow," said an acquaintance, noted for his biting tongue, "people are beginning to talk about you, you know."

"Are they? Favourably, I hope."

"Well, to tell you the truth, old chap, while some say you pay the expenses of that pretty lady you go about with, others declare that she pays yours."

"Well," was the reply, "the only thing I care about is a third category which minds its own business."

The man-about-town of the 'seventies and 'eighties, even when well off, seldom lived in luxurious or even comfortable rooms. For the most part he frequented lodgings which would be thought wretched to-day.

Horsehair furniture, frayed carpets and a heavy chiffonier relieved by indifferent engravings dealing with Queen Victoria or with sport are scarcely enlivening surroundings, yet it was amidst such things that he cheerfully passed his days. Bathrooms were as yet very rare, and the accommodation, in every way, very far from being luxurious; nevertheless he put up with it all without a grumble.

A few super-sybarites, it is true, did have luxurious chambers, but the majority of club men were content to occupy rooms very similar to those they frequented in their undergraduate days, when for 5s. they procured bed and breakfast somewhere in the region around Jermyn Street.

On the other hand, many a man who would have grudged the expense of making for himself a really comfortable

little home, thought nothing of spending thirty shillings a day (and a good tip beside) upon a private hansom which from about midday till closing hours remained at his beck and call.

And very smart, too, these well-horsed vehicles were, piloted by a nutty and knowing-looking driver who had his London at his finger ends.

This generation, though it may have been somewhat frivolous, did a good deal to relax social restrictions. It upset many old-world conventionalities ; it inaugurated the habit of dining and supping at restaurants ; and it helped to emancipate its woman-kind from various unwritten ordinances which had hitherto limited their enjoyments. It was a good-humoured and a good-natured generation, fond of amusement and sociability, which assured the success of the Bachelors' Club when it was founded in 1881.

The Orleans, it may be noted, was then already flourishing, and its cuisine, with good reason, as highly esteemed as it is to-day.

White's Club before 1888 contained very few young members—it was indeed exceedingly difficult for anyone to get elected at all.

Being, as it was, the cherished haunt of a number of old bucks, apt to forget that they too had been young, the freedom of its sacred portals became more and more restricted as time went on.

To such a pitch was this exclusiveness carried that eventually, scarcely any new members having been elected, the Club very nearly came to an end. This, however, was averted by the intervention of the Honourable Algernon Bourke, who took the whole place over, remodelled the premises and secured a large number of candidates, with the result that within a short time the old Club was once more upon a sound footing.

Mr Bourke, besides making certain structural alterations, which included turning the courtyard into a billiard-

room, was responsible for the interesting series of prints of past members which now adorn the Club walls.

Some of these prints had been put away unframed in the Club for years, but a number were procured by him to complete the set.

The Marlborough Club originated from the refusal of certain members to allow smoking in White's. The late King, then Prince of Wales, wished to smoke, and after the motion had been defeated, mainly, it was said, owing to the arrival of a strong contingent of members from Kensal Green, he wanted to have a Club where he could do as he liked.

A good many fine and curious pieces of furniture, which have since disappeared, were at White's in the 'eighties; most curious of all, a mahogany dining table with a net in the centre. Around this table many a buck of the eighteenth century had caroused.

The net was for corks, one of which was thrown into it as every fresh bottle was brought. Convivial diners were thus able easily to check the exact number they had drunk without any chance of being charged for ones they hadn't.

A curious feature of social life in London used to be the crazes which suddenly seized its residents.

In the 'seventies roller-skating became all the rage, and rinks, some improvised and some specially built, sprang up in almost every town of any importance. The mania while it lasted was a source of innumerable jokes in the comic papers such as *Punch*, *Fun*, and *Judy*, the two last of which are defunct. London, more especially fashionable London, went mad about the new amusement, which, however, did not last as long as many speculators had confidently anticipated, a great deal of money being eventually lost by those who, convinced of the permanency of the roller-skating mania, had invested their money in the construction of rinks.

About 1895 a great mania arose for bicycling and Mayfair held a regular bicycle parade in Battersea Park, both sexes and all ages being fully represented. Considering the number of unskilled riders who were to be seen wending their way through the traffic, it was wonderful so few serious accidents occurred.

In spite of numberless changes Rotten Row, though its sartorial glories are gone, still remains popular with what considers itself to be the fashionable world.

As late as the 'eighties ladies when on horseback were expected to be followed by a groom. Lady Cardigan in her youth had created a sensation by breaking through this custom and thus outraging propriety. There was no slackness of dress about female riders in the Row. In these days they wore top boots and habits which showed fine figures, for most of which cynics said fashionable makers were responsible. Like the columns of certain evening papers, some of them would have been very flat without the padding.

In the evenings about half-past five all fashionable London was to be seen in the park. A long row of men in top-hats and frock coats leaning against the railings of Rotten Row, looked like a flock of birds which had settled on a telegraph wire.

Most of the bucks of the old school had disappeared, but a fair number of white chokers were still to be seen, while one or two old gentlemen still wore the swallow-tailed coat in the daytime.

Fish dinners at Greenwich were still given at this time, though their popularity was already on the wane. People used to drive down on coaches, but the vast increase of building gradually made the drive less and less pleasant, and eventually diners went down by river.

The Ministerial fish dinner was once a regular Parliamentary institution.

The menu consisted of various dishes of fish, but as

a rule there was duck and green peas as well. The cooking was usually good.

The short jacket in place of the dress coat for small dinners had made its appearance in the early 'eighties. Many did not like it, but nevertheless it was soon in a fair way towards attaining the ample measure of popularity which it has since enjoyed.

An interesting feature of the Victorian Era was the number of people who were links with an earlier age, and certain well-remembered figures which have now long ago become historic.

In one of the numbers of *Punch* for 1850 is a paper entitled " On a Good-looking Young Lady," and it is evidently written by Thackeray. The subject of it, then a lovely young girl whose radiant beauty has been preserved for later generations by the brush of Watts, was the same Countess Somers who died in 1910 aged 84.

Lady Somers, it should be added, repudiated the idea that the great novelist had written of her. She had known him well, she admitted, and he had been very kind to her, but with characteristic modesty she always declared that it was not of her that he had written such flattering things.

With Countess Somers passed a link with the French Revolution, her grandfather, the Chevalier Antoine de l'Etang, having been page to Queen Marie Antoinette.

Mr Alfred Montgomery, who might still have been called a man-about-town in the 'eighties, had been private secretary to the Duke of Wellington's brother, the Marquis Wellesley.

The latter's second wife had been a Miss Patterson, whose sister had married Jerome Bonaparte.

The father of these two ladies was a merchant of Baltimore, and it is interesting to recall that the alliance in question caused Lord Houghton to prophesy that in the next century it would be looked back upon as the

foundation of the American cult on this side of the Atlantic.

The Marquis Wellesley all through his life cherished an extraordinary love for his old school, Eton, where his memory is commemorated in the north porch of the chapel by a tablet put up by his brother the Iron Duke. On this is inscribed a Latin epitaph which Lord Wellesley had written on himself.

As rendered in English by Lord Derby this begins—

> "Long tos't on Fortune's wave, I come to rest,
> Eton, once more on thy maternal breast."

Lord Wellesley was buried at Eton, and, according to a request which he left behind him, six weeping willows were planted in different parts of the playing fields and a bench fixed at a particular spot which commanded his favourite view.

A picturesque figure of the Mid-Victorian Era was the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who having relinquished the crown of Lahore worn by his father, Runjeet Singh—the Lion of the Punjaub—had adopted Christianity and become an English country gentleman.

When the documents for the abdication were ready, Lord Dalhousie, it is said, tendered them to the Maharajah, then quite a child, with the remark, "Sign here."

The ruler of the Sikhs having signed, the Governor-General, who was a Scotchman, presented him with a sixpenny Bible, saying, "You have abandoned an earthly kingdom; I give you a heavenly one!"

For some time, while he was able to amuse himself and entertain lavishly, as he loved to do, the Maharajah was satisfied enough; but later on when funds became short, he began to regret the exchange, which from a merely material point of view had certainly not been in his favour.

A splendid shot, his shooting parties at Elveden made wonderful bags.

His son, the late Prince Victor Duleep Singh, was also one of the finest game shots in England.

The latter was a man of highly original character, with great talents never developed to anything like their full capacity. A striking proof of the high quality of his mind was that he could with ease master any subject he chose; with application—which he lacked—he might have done anything.

About the best demonstration of his peculiar genius—for it was little else—was his extraordinary aptitude as a judge of *objets d'art.*

Though he despised all study as to style, schools, etc., and never troubled to read books upon such subjects, his taste as a rule was unerring. A proof of this is that bibelots and pictures which he bought for comparatively moderate sums have since risen enormously in value. At the time of their purchase any idea of their value becoming enhanced in no way swayed him. He got them because he liked them. His judgment in such matters was instinctively right. In short, owing to his natural taste and eye for the beautiful, he was as good an expert in certain artistic directions as people who had spent their life in study and research.

In music he could without doubt have done much; but again lack of application prevented him from excelling as he might.

There was fire and inspiration in his piano playing, when he was in the mood. To hear him rattle off improvised waltzes, etc., of his own composition, when in an especial vein of high spirits, was a revelation. He played, however, for the joy of playing, and would never have supported the tedium of getting his compositions transcribed.

His methods as regards art and music followed him pretty well into all other sides of life. He was indeed a brilliant creature of impulse who never realized the full value of his own natural gifts, or if he ever did so

preferred not to trouble about them. No one was ever less conceited than he! Priggishness, pedantry and pose were totally alien to his disposition. His particularly keen sense of humour was probably one of the reasons for this.

The kindest of men, his generosity was absolutely unlimited.

Though at one time a quite extraordinary shot, he never thought of speaking of his performances, as so many sporting people are in the habit of doing. He regarded his proficiency with the gun as a matter of course, and did not allude to it. Latterly, indeed, instead of becoming garrulous as to past exploits in the shooting field, he declared that everything to do with game, except eating it, bored him—he might never have handled a gun.

Prince Victor's marriage to the young and charming daughter of Lord Coventry proved to be a great success. Indeed no happier or more united married couple ever existed; each literally adored the other, and their pleasant camaraderie endured right up to his death, which occurred during the Great War.

His brother, Prince Frederic Duleep Singh, is well known as an authority upon archæological matters in Norfolk, where he enjoys a wide and well deserved popularity as a county gentleman, keenly interested in everything connected with the county.

It was in the 'eighties that two new and powerful forces gradually began to make their influence felt in Mayfair. To begin with, Americans, of whom formerly few had been seen, flocked to London in considerable numbers, and Anglo-American marriages naturally followed. About this time, too, the Stock Exchange began to be heard of outside the City, with the result that the advance guard of that vast body which now every morning makes its way to various offices, adopted a City career. Up to that time hardly anyone in the West End of London had dabbled in stocks and shares. On the whole, the new departure

was undoubtedly costly to " Society." Some young men, it is true, contrived to make a livelihood ; but more, in consequence of unsuccessful speculation, were compelled to look about for one. Once the mania for speculation had obtained a firm grip upon what was practically virgin soil, its victims began to make much of everyone whom they thought capable of pointing out an easy path to wealth. A number of shrewd business men, who hitherto had never dreamt of forcing the strongly-guarded portals of Society, were not slow in taking advantage of such a state of affairs. In nine cases out of ten they obtained more than they gave, for the ample hospitality which they dispensed brought in a rich harvest of speculators ready and eager with childlike confidence blindly to rush into any and every venture. With the advice of their new-found advisers, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice seemed certain of attainment to many a sanguine resident of Mayfair. Most of those, however, who rejoiced at being put in " on the ground floor " ended by never getting out of the basement, the only thing they cleared by their speculations being their own pocket.

That section of the aristocracy who first threw open their hitherto exclusive portals to wealth, unredeemed by intellectual worth or merit, were digging their order's grave.

As Mr Arnold Bennett has so well said, they and their offspring have now become the pawns of millionaires who treat them with a mixture containing 5 per cent. of flattery and 95 per cent. of breezy disdain.

With the advent of these millionaires, finance became as much the appanage of Society as politics had been in the past. The government of England, once entirely in the hands of the leisured classes, has now passed out of their control.

The old school, of course, had not hesitated to absorb wealth from the commercial classes by arranging marriages with their daughters. They did not, how-

ever, bow down before rich people merely because they were rich.

On the contrary, they were rather inclined to circulate unkind rumours about them, even when such men were of their own class.

Sir Thomas Rumbold, for instance, who died in 1812, Member of Parliament for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and had been Governor of Madras, was supposed to have started his career as a waiter at White's.

The legend in question evidently inspired Disraeli when in " Sibyl " he described how a valet taken out to India from a club returned to England a rich man, and after entering Parliament died a peer.

Nevertheless the story was untrue, and as it is constantly being repeated in books dealing with eighteenth-century social life the real facts as here given (with the approval of the family) may be worth attention.

Sir Thomas Rumbold, on whose name such obloquy has been cast, was born at Leytonstone, June 15th, 1736. His father dying at Tellicherry in 1745, he was left to the care of his mother and of his spinster aunt, Elizabeth, who seems to have been the good genius of the whole family, and in memory of whom he afterwards erected a tablet in the church at Walton, where he himself lies buried. Dorothy Rumbold was probably in somewhat straitened circumstances after her husband's death, but there is nothing to warrant the belief that her poverty was such as to reduce her to seek for her boy the menial employment traditionally attributed to him at White's Club. She brought him up with the view to his entering the same service in which his father and uncles had held responsible positions, and in which his elder brother was already bidding fair to achieve distinction. In the petition for a writership addressed to the Court of Directors by Thomas Rumbold in September 1751, when he was just turned fifteen, he states that he had " been educated in Writing and Accounts and humbly hopes himself

qualified to serve your Honours abroad." The petition is accompanied by a certificate from the schoolmaster under whom he had studied. On his appointment, which bears the date of January 8th, 1752, his mother, Dorothy Rumbold, became a surety for him, with " Henry Crabb Boulton, of the East India House, gentleman," to the extent of £500. In further proof that funds were not entirely wanting in the family at that period, it may be mentioned that in 1757 Miss Elizabeth Rumbold, the aunt, became security for Mr H. Southby—a connection of the Rumbolds—as " free merchant " in the sum of £2000.

The story of Sir Thomas having been a servant at White's really arose in this way.

The following squib had been circulated about Sir Robert Mackreth, afterwards M.P. for Castle Rising, who had returned from India with a large fortune :—

When Bob MacGrath ruled Arthur's crew
He said to Mackreth, " Black my shoe ";
To which he answered, " Ay, Bob."
But when returned from India's land
And grown too proud to brook command,
He sternly answered, " Nay, Bob."

The point of this was that Mackreth had unquestionably been a waiter at White's, then managed by Arthur, whose daughter he subsequently married, becoming later on the founder and proprietor of Arthur's Club. As both Rumbold and Mackreth were old Indians, the name of Rumbold was substituted for that of Mackreth in an election squib during the heated contest for the borough of Shaftesbury in 1775. The real relations between Rumbold and Mackreth consisted in Sir Thomas employing Mackreth as his agent during the proceedings instituted against him in the House of Commons. It is a curious fact that Mackreth, who was born of humble parentage in the village of Cark, near Cartmel, began life as a domestic in

the service of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who kindly sent him to school and otherwise helped him on. Into the family of Mackreth's patron, Dorothy, the only sister of Sir Thomas Rumbold, subsequently married. In all respects, therefore, the connection between Mackreth and Sir Thomas must have been of an exactly opposite character to that described in the squib. The mischievous jingling rhyme remains as a curiosity, as having helped to enrich the language by a new and striking word.

Surely, too, if the anecdotes retailed about Sir Thomas had really found credence with his contemporaries, how is it to be explained that in 1781, at the hour of his direst persecution, the members of White's should have admitted into their rigidly exclusive circle his son—that is, the son of a man known to have been engaged there in the lowest of menial offices, and accused of offences of the most disgraceful character ?

Besides the White's story, accusations of extortion in India were made against Sir Thomas Rumbold. With regard to these, it must be remembered that he was a valued companion of Clive ; indeed, when the latter in 1766 superseded most of his Council, Sir Thomas was exempted from their fate on account of his peculiar merits, nor would he have been destined by the Company to succeed Warren Hastings as Governor-General when that great statesman, but unscrupulous enemy, fell under their displeasure.

Sir Thomas Rumbold was one of the small band of men who helped to lay the foundations of our Eastern dominion, and deserves to go down to posterity in another character than that of a shoeblack who, rising to high office and power, developed into the most mercenary and flagitious of Indian rulers.

In any case his rapacity was nothing as compared with that of certain modern men. One of these, as the price of according complete support to the Government,

is said to have asked for a peerage, a million, and membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The first two he was told were easy but the other impossible.

Sir Thomas, of course, suffered from the fierce opposition which in old days confronted anyone whose family was not in the charmed circle of what might have been termed the " governing set."

Though time gradually modified this state of affairs something of it survived well into the nineteenth century.

The immense obstacles which Disraeli had to overcome during his early Parliamentary days can scarcely be realized.

Of course in his case, in addition to the prejudice aroused by his racial origin, his mode of dressing and somewhat peculiar appearance exposed him to a good many gibes in private life.

" I can't feel I have wasted this week," said Lord Derby in 1851. " I have made Dizzy cut his hair."

In the House of Commons not a few took a pleasure in what they called " trying to put a Jew's harp out of tune."

Nevertheless in this instance the musical instrument in question eventually played many triumphal marches.

Among the many sneers and sarcasms levelled at " Dizzy " he was never taunted with being a foreigner, and indeed he was not one, for his family had been settled in England for a very long space of time.

To be branded as a foreigner in those days was the most damning of accusations.

Lord Palmerston, with his intense John Bullism, was naturally not liked abroad. " For the very reason that you hate him, we like him," said one of the old school to a foreign critic. " He is exactly what a Foreign Secretary oight to be, popular at home and unpopular abroad. Eh, sir! catch that man standing up to advocate the cause of a continental despot, or conduct himself in a

manner which would justify his enemies in calling him the Minister of such and such a king or emperor at the Court of St James's? Why, sir, what's a chief of the Foreign Office good for, if he doesn't do the bull-dog's duty—barking and showing his teeth, to frighten the house-breakers and such-like wretches!" And certainly Lord Palmerston was a capital bull-dog ready to bark with a voice loud enough to frighten the whole neighbourhood. However, no one was bitten by him—he had merely to show his teeth, and the other Powers, knowing what that meant, came to reason.

The people at large then believed in the roast beef of Old England, and called French dishes kickshaws; they hated all foreigners, imagining their entire food to be composed of frogs, oil and garlic, and their entire occupation to consist in dancing and playing the fiddle.

During the Franco-German war of 1870, although English opinion was pretty evenly divided in favour of the two combatant nations, the French were regarded as being dissipated and the Germans, owing to the old Emperor's frequent invocations of the Almighty, as hypocritical.

The general opinion was that the Germans were a poor but hard-working people, worn down by over-regulation. The French, clever but frivolous and wicked; the men spending much of their time lolling in victorias.

The Italians, though pleasant enough, were a soft race who were hopeless out of their own sunny climate.

No foreign nation could of course compare with England, where the men were sportsmen, did not swaddle themselves up in cold weather, or waste their time sitting in cafés.

While the England of the past prided itself upon its John Bullism, sensible folk were quite ready to admit that a number of foreign immigrants had increased the country's wealth and prosperity.

Not a word, for instance, was ever said against the Rothschilds. Their whole fortune, it was recognised,

arose from the extraordinary integrity which has always marked all their dealings, while their kindness and profuse generosity was notorious.

In an earlier day England had welcomed the French Huguenots, whose history, now seemingly half forgotten, contains so much thrilling romance.

How many to-day have ever heard of Jean Cavalier, the Camisard leader of the Cévennes, who defied Louis Quatorze and died a Major-General in the English service ?

Not very long ago, it may be added, the " Société de l'histoire du protestantisme Français " restored the house of " Laporte," otherwise " Roland," the General-in-Chief of the Camisards, which has been converted into a Huguenot Museum.

Here, among other relics, is preserved the sword of Cavalier.

The Musée de Desert, as this interesting relic of the indomitable spirit of the Camisards is called, abounds in souvenirs and documents of historical interest. Unfortunately the village of Mas Soubeyran, near d'Anduze, is not of very easy access, the journey, which necessitates several changes, lying by way of Avignon and Nîmes. The tourist who ventures upon it will, however, be well repaid by the magnificent views to be obtained while travelling in the Cévennes.

An American pastor representing 25,000 Protestant American churches visited the Musée on their behalf in 1918, and in the course of an admirable speech said :—

" Here one comes in direct contact with the soul of France, with the spirit of the race.

" At the front I heard the cry of Verdun, ' Ils ne passeront pas ! ' It is the same word, born of the same spirit ; one is but a legacy of the other."

Modern immigrants into England, alas, are for the most part of a totally different kind from those who sought these shores in the past.

The majority are either persons of great wealth, who rightly imagine that they will obtain a higher social position here than that accorded them in the land of their birth, or persons of no property at all, anxious to obtain some at the expense of the kindly and gullible Briton.

Both classes realize that the modern Englishman, unlike his forbears, has an extraordinary tenderness towards foreigners.

This tenderness, it may be added, he is ever ready to deny.

A Parisian newspaper at the time of the coal strike, after paying a tribute to the services rendered by England to France, could not help deploring that her faithful ally was so prone to be swayed by foreign extremists.

"It is uncomfortable for us," continued the writer, "to have as a close neighbour a country the proletariat of which, like the Italian peasantry, is feather-brained and excitable, while easily influenced by any specious alien agitator."

Whatever may be said about the first part of this statement, the second is without question true. The modern English, while fond of boasting of not yielding to foreign influences, are easily led by persons of alien nationality.

A striking feature of modern politics is the readiness with which those responsible for the selection of candidates put forward wealthy people of foreign origin as Parliamentary representatives of the British people.

Party funds are easily replenished from the coffers of wealthy aliens, provided their social and political aspirations be gratified, consequently wire-pullers are always ready to try and find them a seat.

If one constituency objects another is not very difficult to find, things in this respect being rather worse than in the 'fifties of the last century, when Lord Ranelagh went down to the Carlton and said :

"Sir Henry Meux is mad, and won't do for Hertfordshire; we must get him in for Middlesex."

Any churlish millionaire who may desert his native country in a mood of personal pique has a good chance of becoming a member of the House of Commons. In any case, if he should wish it, he is certain to become a member of the House of Lords.

The German Jew and spy Trepitch Lincoln, though scarcely able to speak English, owing to wealthy Nonconformist support, was triumphantly elected by the hard-headed men of Darlington; Sir Edgar Spyer, a German, was made a Privy Councillor; and the late Lord Astor, an American, a Peer.

The first woman elected by an English constituency was the latter's daughter-in-law, who publicly deplored her husband being shackled by the disabilities attaching to the Peerage, which Peerage, she might have added, had been bestowed mainly because the Government was anxious to mark its appreciation of enormous wealth!

This vivacious lady, the first Englishwoman to sit in Parliament, is herself American-born. As, however, her husband is very rich, the electorate of Plymouth would have probably sent her to Westminster had she been a Hottentot.

It might have been imagined that the war would have rather impaired the popularity of German Jews, but this seems scarcely to be the case; witness the tenderness of the Press towards the camouflaged and murderous Hebrews who have contrived to get hold of Russia.

Practically all the Bolshevist leaders except Lenin are men of foreign origin who, like Trotsky—real name Braunstein—or Kameneff (Rosenfeld) have tried to hide their origin by assuming a Russian name.

An amusing feature of Mrs Sheridan's account of her visit to Russia under Bolshevist protection was her

mention of the Russian folk songs sung by these gentry.

As she admits she did not know the language, it was probably Yiddish in which the comrades sang !

It is much to be regretted that the modern English are so intellectually indolent that they seldom trouble to enquire into the origin of any designing person who starts some new social or political fad, and even when he or she has been proved to have ulterior motives their confidence remains unshaken.

Putting on that peculiar expression which masks a dislike for mental effort, the defenders of such adventurers speak of the value of those who try to do good in the world and the ingratitude of critics who question social reformers' motives.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that foreigners who succeed in imposing themselves upon the English people, unlike the latter, know how to use their brains.

" What a pity," said a Frenchman, " that the English use the excellent wits with which Providence has endowed them so little ! "

Modern so-called sport is probably in some degree responsible for this. Sport, which a cynical foreigner once described as something which is either dangerous or fatiguing, while always useless, is all very well within proper limits; but a nation which elevates it into an ideal must of necessity suffer in its mental development and eventually be outclassed by those who cultivate brain as well as muscle.

Looking on at football, the sport of the poor, and playing golf, that of the well-to-do, are both calculated to suppress thought ; in any case, neither can be said to stimulate imagination.

In addition to this, the youth of the country has developed an intense mania for dancing—another mental anodyne !

"No," said a young fellow to the writer, "I never read now; I haven't time. You see, when I get an afternoon off I play golf, and in the evenings one wants to dance."

What is the use of spending millions on education?

IV

SOCIAL CHANGES

WITH the growing power of Democracy the external glories of the West End have faded almost away. The immaculately dressed men-about-town who once haunted its thoroughfares have gradually disappeared, and well-turned-out horsemen and smart carriages vanished from the Parks.

Masculine dress is now pretty much the same for millionaire or for shopman, while diversity in male attire is practically not seen at all.

Existence has certainly not gained anything by this sartorial assimilation of all classes; on the contrary, the appearance of the streets and parks is less gay and less amusing.

The same criticism, I think, applies to London life in general, the regulation of everything and everybody being liable to stamp out originality and imagination.

A striking instance of this was the technical title of "Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles" chosen for the most important collection of tapestries, carpets, silks and embroideries ever shown in England, which was opened in February 1921 at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It is a wonder they did not describe the glorious treasures of Rheims and Versailles as the Franco-British stock of dry goods and furnishing fabrics!

Apparently the main object of modern so-called civilization is to assimilate everyone to workers in a factory—their life strictly regulated by rule, their garb all cut on a similar pattern, while everything original or unconventional is sternly repressed.

Up to about seventy years ago there were quite a number of sartorial survivals which have now disappeared. The laced gowns of noblemen and fellow-commoners, together with the gold and silver tufts on their caps, were artistic relics of mediæval times.

All this was swept away out of deference to the levelling spirit which, supposed to promote progress, has since done little beyond increase ugliness and promote discontent.

The mortar-board, still worn, is of considerable antiquity, being, like the Lancer cap, merely an adaptation of the Polish national headdress worn at the oldest University in Europe—that of Cracow.

A hidden force in the modern world seems to tend towards the annihilation of the picturesque. The deadly monotony of costume which prevails in our great towns threatens to pervade the world; the malevolent spirit whose aim is drab uniformity seems indeed tireless in his evil activities.

Before the Great War, gay military uniforms did something to enliven European capitals; the bright splash of colour of our English red in particular struck a pleasant note in the streets. Now, if certain short-sighted critics have their way, our soldiers are to remain clothed in khaki, the saddest and least artistic dress man ever devised.

The campaign waged against the re-introduction of picturesque and historic military uniforms is but another symptom of the unimaginative tendencies of the present age.

It might have been thought that respect for the glorious memories of Blenheim, Waterloo and Inkerman would have prevented the Press from sneering at the scarlet coats in which so many heroes of the past fought and fell.

There are persons who actually imagine that dull uniformity of dress is a sign of progress. Speaking of the delegates at the London Conference, one paper said:

"Savile Row has set the fashion for men's dress all over the world, and looking from behind at the arrivals to-day, one could not have told one delegate from another.

"Whether they came from Tokio or Constantinople, Rome or Angora, Brussels or Downing Street, it was always the same well-cut morning dress, the same silk hats."

The growth of civilization as indicated by the obliteration of every picturesque national dress is indeed marvellous!

Formerly the West End of London was remarkable for the number of well-dressed people to be seen there; now there is not much difference from any other part of the town.

This is not by any means the only change; all quarters of London are being assimilated to one another.

In old days London streets were divided into two classes—those where the roast-beef of life was earned, and those where the said roast-beef was eaten. No other town presented so strong a contrast between its various quarters. But a few hundred yards from the leading thoroughfares, where hunger or ambition hunted men on, extended for many miles the quiet quarters of comfortable merchants, of wealthy citizens, and of landed proprietors, who came to town for "the season," and who returned to their parks and shooting-grounds as soon as her Majesty had been graciously pleased to prorogue Parliament, and with Parliament the season.

"The season is over! everybody is gone out of town," wrote the correspondents of provincial and continental newspapers. "Everybody"—that is to say, everybody with the exception of two millions of men, who made rather a considerable noise in the northern, southern, and eastern parts of London. But of course they were "nobodies"; they were merely merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, clerks, agents, public functionaries, judges, physicians, barristers, teachers, journalists, publishers,

printers, musicians, actors, clergymen, labourers, beggars, thieves, foreigners, and other members of the general public. Everybody else left the metropolis immediately after the Parliament was prorogued by the Queen. The West End became a city of the dead. The deserted streets and the shuttered windows proclaimed that all who were not exactly nobodies had gone to their country places or abroad.

The habit of leaving the country just as it was about to be at its best also provoked criticism.

Writing to my mother, at the end of March 1856, Cobden said :

" I return to town again on Monday week. It is really very unnatural to turn my back on the country at the moment when Nature is beginning to put forth all her attractions.

" Could you justify before a tribunal the desertion of Dangstein for Grosvenor Street in the month of May ? Were you put on your trial for the offence and the judges were allowed a view of your grounds and conservatories, I should despair of a verdict in your favour."

Cobden, of course, had a particular affection for the country. Had he not bought back the land once owned by his father and built Dunford House on it ?

Here, except for visits to London necessitated by his Parliamentary duties, he lived for the most part till he was laid to rest by his son in West Lavington churchyard, on which occasion his friend Thorold Rogers, then in orders, preached the memorial sermon. In the same church Manning preached for the last time as an Anglican clergyman.

The Victorians, though they spent a good deal of time in the country, did not, as a rule, take much interest in the huge gardens which were so often attached to their country houses. They regarded the presence of a number of gardeners as a matter of course. In addition to this it was the practice to keep a number of old people

past work who were engaged in various easy occupations, such as sweeping up leaves. This was a kindly way of pensioning old people, who in many instances lived to a very great age.

As a matter of fact, in a number of instances these huge gardens did not repay their owners for the money expended upon them.

The head gardener was often a tyrant who resented even a flower being picked without his sanction.

Greenhouses were kept locked up and beautiful fruit would be allowed to go to waste, while the household had to be content with anything the gardener chose to send in.

As he usually liked to keep the finest specimens in order to make a show when people went round the houses, the finest fruit and flowers never went indoors.

There were cases indeed where people with costly gardens and greenhouses procured flowers and fruit for their household from London, an arrangement which it is possible may have resulted in their purchasing their own produce sold to tradesmen by an unscrupulous gardener—for the Victorians, though fond of indulging in curious little economies, such as not having napkins at lunch, were often careless about larger expenses. As a matter of fact, few of the rich of that day had any real business instincts.

A large section of the middle classes led hard, dour lives during this epoch, ignoring the light, the loving, and the joy of existence. They had no idea of getting the most out of life, though apt enough at getting the most they could out of other people.

The majority believed themselves to be religious—that is to say, they scrupulously attended places of worship, and brought up their children to think of God as a harsh old gentleman on the watch to punish everybody, especially people who desecrated the Sabbath or who were lax about prayers.

Quite a number of people then looked upon actors as a different race of beings, and whenever by chance they saw any theatrical persons in the street, would watch their movements closely, being disappointed at not perceiving any eccentricity in their walk or manner. They seemed to expect that after a few steps the actor would invert himself and proceed for the rest of his journey on his hands, or that upon calling a cab he would spring in head foremost through the window and be seen no more.

Many of the wives of suburban tradesmen in those days were Evangelical, carried tracts in their pockets, and would sooner have died than go to the theatre.

Their main interests outside their own households were the high price of butchers' bills, Lord Shaftesbury, misssionaries, and muffins.

Push in business was not carried then to the lengths it is to-day, but in the 'sixties a more than usually enterprising firm of undertakers sent out a circular to lawyers and doctors which created some sensation.

It ran as follows :—

"*Established a Century.—Agents to the Cemeteries.*

"Sir,—At the close of another year it again becomes our pleasing duty to tender our sincere thanks to the members of the Legal and Medical Professions for the favour of their kind interest in recommendation.

"It is always our care to sustain the high reputation our house has so long enjoyed ; and we confidently look forward to the same measure of your support in the future which we have enjoyed in the past.

"Believe us, your faithful servants,

"—— & Sons,

"*Undertakers.*"

On a separate sheet was printed :—

"We have pleasure in stating that we have increased

our rate of allowance upon *all introductions to ten* per cent."

A number of tradesmen, if very regular about praying on their knees most of Sunday, were just as regular in preying upon their customers all the rest of the week.

According to their curious code there was no harm in getting the better of anyone in business, provided one did not indulge in frivolity or amusements tending towards vice.

During the late Victorian and early Edwardian period the outlook of the London middle classes became sensibly modified in several ways.

In addition to the many who became regular theatre-goers, quite a number took to frequenting West End restaurants, especially for supper, to which up to 1914 they flocked in yearly increasing numbers.

The war, however, which from a social point of view has taken so much and given us so little, has of course checked all this.

Though a number of people in the West End have always lived comfortable lives, luxury never probably reached such a pitch as just before the Great War.

Money, in spite of complaints of heavy taxation, was fairly plentiful, and luxurious entertaining was the order of the day. A great many had excellent chefs, and champagne, which in Mid-Victorian days was only given on great occasions, flowed like water. The dancing craze was already in full swing, and an almost fierce love of amusement seemed to have seized all classes. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," might well have been an appropriate motto in those days. Many of those indeed who laughed, revelled and danced were to fall, and after all it was well that they should have their fill of amusement before they sank to sleep.

In 1914 a veritable carnival of extravagance raged in the West End, where many tried to live like his or her

richer neighbours, irrespective of differences in rank, means and social position. In old days, moderately well-off people made no effort whatever to entertain beyond occasionally asking some relative or friend to share their simple dinner. At the beginning of the twentieth century the same class of people often pretended to keep a chef, gave dinner-parties of an ambitious kind, and in other directions copied the luxurious ways of more opulent friends.

At no period, in all probability, was the quest of pleasure so ardent. Luxury in the West End had reached an almost excessive point, and pleasure resorts were full of well-dressed people bent upon enjoyment.

Owing to frequenting the great restaurants which had sprung up since Mr Ritz had shown what could be done at the Savoy, people who had before been satisfied with plain fare wanted what was or claimed to be French cookery.

And yet old English fare as indulged in by their forbears was good enough for anybody.

There is indeed nothing better, as Lord Dudley used to say, than a small turbot, some well-roasted lamb or duckling with green peas, followed by a good apple or apricot tart. These, when well cooked, make a dinner fit for an emperor.

Also the folk who had formerly been well content to dine at seven took to copying the West End and went in for late dinner.

As a matter of fact the dinner-hour has been getting later during the last two hundred years among all classes of the well-to-do.

Early in the eighteenth century people dined at two o'clock, but gradually dinner was put off and put off till four or five became the popular hour, which in course of time was further delayed till seven among the commercial classes and eight or even eight-thirty in the fashionable world.

In the 'sixties and 'seventies people gave dull, solemn, private dinner parties during the season, with massive plate and expensive viands and priceless wine and rather heavy conversation.

At such dinners, as Thackeray said, the host and hostess too frequently became mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners' emissaries who crowded the room. They were but guests at their own table, were helped last, content to occupy the top and bottom in solemn state.

Bridge, and the fashion set by the late King of getting through a meal as quickly as possible, have pretty well destroyed those lengthy dinners in which the Victorians delighted.

Sitting over wine after dinner has also become a thing of the past, banished by the tolerance now accorded to cigar and cigarette.

That prince of gourmets, Brillat Savarin, said: "Let the eating proceed slowly, the dinner being the last business of the day, and let the guests look upon themselves as travellers who journey together towards a common object."

Whether the modern habit of rushing through a meal makes for health is very questionable; anyhow it exists to such an extent that a certain wealthy magnate of the railway world was said to recruit his footmen from among the swiftest young porters whom he observed hustling about his company's platforms.

Thackeray advocated more hospitality and less show. "Everybody," said he, "has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, and the same saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, entrées, champagne, and so forth. Who does not know those made dishes with the universal sauce to each: fricandeau, sweetbreads, damp, dumpy cutlets, etc., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port wine, cayenne pepper, and curry-powder; the poor wiry Moselle and sparkling Burgundy in the

ice-coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, and saddle of mutton ? . . . What I would recommend with all my power is that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons."

While the dinner-parties of the 'seventies and 'eighties were for the most part less luxurious, if more formal, than those of the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War, not a few of the residents in Mayfair already prided themselves upon their cooks.

Occasionally some of these latter were so extravagant as to evoke protests.

One well-known chef, for instance, used such an enormous amount of eggs that his mistress, while telling him to be more moderate, enquired the reason why some three dozen had been used for a not over-elaborate dish.

He admitted that the number might seem large, adding: " The first egg was all right, madame, but I had to go through a couple of dozen or so before I got others to match its colour for the sauce."

Some of the old school of gourmets were quite amusing about their culinary vicissitudes. Such a one was the old nobleman who, to an enquiry as to what sort of a cook he had got now, replied : " One with a great reverence for the Old Testament, who ought to be at a parson's."

" Why ? "

" Because she glories in sending up either a ' burnt-offering ' or a ' bloody sacrifice.' "

The old school hated unpunctuality, and were not fond of sending a second invitation to people who were not in time for dinner.

" Better late than never " was not a maxim which made any appeal to the epicures of the Victorian age, one of whom declared that it ought to be altered into " Better never than late."

Sitting next a lady at dinner who had kept the whole party waiting, John Bright said: "There are two unpardonable sins—one writing an illegible hand and the other being late for dinner."

The craze for what people think is French dishes—though certain hosts have always been noted for their chefs—has produced many bad dinners; however, in Edwardian days it developed into something more like the real thing, and before the Great War not a few hosts were justly able to pride themselves upon being able to give their guests a really first-class repast.

Nevertheless within the last two decades there do not seem to have been any great chefs like Soyer or Ude—that great cook, who on the death of his old master the Duke of York, so feelingly exclaimed: "Ah! mon pauvre Duc, how you will miss me where you have gone!"

Within the last ten years or so the American habit of serving cocktails before dinner has made its way into Mayfair.

Whether a cocktail does not take away more appetite than it gives is a doubtful question. An authority, however, maintains that a dry cocktail—one, and one only—taken ten minutes before the moment of sitting down at table, is a stimulus to appetite.

The curtailment of the number of dishes served at dinners, which in old days often reached a preposterous number, is undoubtedly an improvement. Some of the old school, it is probable, literally gorged themselves to death, a thing which would be unlikely to happen to-day. The general standard of entertaining has undoubtedly improved.

Many of the Victorian lunch and dinner givers had a way of making their guests sit very close together, which it was said promoted sociability, while the modern mode of having dining-room chairs with arms was unknown. Napkins were not always provided at luncheon, though

their use at dinner was universal. A few old usages which lingered on into the end of the last century have disappeared. Lemonade or barley water often stood on dining tables, and in old-fashioned country houses tea was served just before the hour for retiring to bed. This latter custom has been obsolete for many years. The curious thing is that it does not seem to have prevented people from sleeping.

Afternoon tea was originally taken at four o'clock; the hour, however, gradually got to five as people took to dining later.

The habit of taking five o'clock tea, which is now universal in clubs, is a comparatively new one, and dates only from about thirty years ago; though, of course, a certain amount of teas were served long before this. It is doubtful whether tea drinking is entirely beneficial to the health, but it is certainly more so than the brandy and soda drinking which it superseded.

The amount of B. and S.'s consumed in the 'seventies and early 'eighties was quite prodigious; on the other hand, it is doubtful whether liqueurs were drunk in such large quantities as is the case to-day.

The whole question of whether the well-to-do classes drink more or less than in the past is obscure. Ever since he was a child the writer has heard people talking of the greater amount of alcohol consumed in their youth. At the present time there are constant references to the deep potations indulged in by the men of thirty years ago—1890. But thirty years ago people used to say that no one drank anything compared with what was drunk thirty years before—1860.

Men, however, who had lived at that date declared that the drinking then was nothing to what there had been thirty years before—1830, and so the old story goes on.

The real truth, I believe, is that many individuals,

after leading rather rapid bachelor lives, settle down and become serious members of society with a tendency towards looking after their health. Their own consumption of alcohol becomes reduced to a minimum, while their quiet mode of life prevents their coming in contact with anyone not leading a carefully ordered existence.

In consequence of this, they assume that everyone else is moderate too, quite losing sight of the fact that a certain number of people continue to drink a good deal.

On the whole, however, I believe that even roystering youth has become more sensible as to its potations. The restrictions, however, have had a very bad effect in causing wild young fellows to drink against time at the closing hour's approach.

Parisian restaurant keepers say the English who come abroad drink far more than before the war. Doubtless this is because, like children escaped from school, these visitors have too keen an appreciation of the social liberty which France affords.

The true solution of the whole drinking question would appear to be favouring moderate drinkers, while making things as uncomfortable as possible for drunkards. Unfortunately the modern English do exactly the opposite, and make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

A novel social feature is the craze for dancing, against which there is nothing to be said, being as it is healthy as well as productive of enjoyment. The extraordinary thing is the comparatively large number of middle-aged, and even quite old, people who take part in it.

In old days they would have been looked upon as old fools, but to-day no one minds.

After all, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are more danced against than dancing, gout and a cheery past not being conducive to such an active form of exercise.

While women dress better than in the past, they spend far more money. Feminine extravagance in dress indeed has become quite a common vice.

Though at the very beginning of the war there was some idea that economy ought to be the order of the day, as the weary struggle dragged on, an entirely new class, who for the first time found themselves in possession of money, plunged into a regular orgy of extravagance, purchasing fur coats, silk stockings, and patent leather shoes with a zest equal to that of a well-tipped schoolboy turned loose in a sweet-shop.

Without doubt the Press, which now draws such large sums from advertisements of drapers, costumiers and others who minister to feminine vanity, is largely responsible for the unchecked extravagance of the modern female. It used to be urged that with the granting of the vote to women, the latter, becoming serious, would despise the vanities which had hitherto been associated with their sex.

It seems likely that the majority of the women of England had no desire for the vote, the concession of which was undoubtedly brought about by the persistency of the comparatively few who had infused so much vigour into an agitation which dated from Victorian days. At that period, however, the cry of Votes for Women was the subject of many witticisms.

An allusion by Bernal Osborne to the "rapidity of conception" and "ease of delivery" manifested by a lady speaker once caused quite a sensation at a Suffrage meeting.

Well, female emancipation—including the right to serve on juries, which the great mass of women abominate—is now an accomplished fact, but woman, far from having risen above spending her time and money in tricking herself out in pretty frivolities, now spends far more time and far greater sums of money than she ever did before, not only upon mere clothes to cover her body

but upon numberless unnecessary trifles merely connected with an inordinate personal vanity.

Fortunes are made by many who batten upon feminine folly, fashion being merely, as a critic has well said, "the shearing of women the world over, from London to Buenos Ayres."

It has become a regular and remunerative fashion to design dresses, the main object apparently being to combine a minimum of artistically draped material with a maximum of expense. Every new fashion, moreover, must be entirely different from the one it succeeds, otherwise clients might try and have their old dresses adapted, which would, of course, not be at all to the dressmakers' taste.

The whole thing is unmitigated folly; nevertheless it will probably never cease.

Prehistoric fashion-plates, it is said, have been found scratched upon the walls of caves, and in spite of protests, dress will continue to absorb feminine time and money as long as the world lasts.

The position of a young lady of high birth but moderate means has probably never been so bad as it is to-day, when everything connected with dress has become so outrageously expensive.

At the same time feminine costume is infinitely more hygienic and more attractive than in the 'seventies, 'eighties, and even 'nineties of the last century.

The custom of compressing the waist, with a view to producing a wasp-like effect, besides inartistic, was extremely unhealthy.

From every point of view it should be a matter for congratulation that modern woman has succeeded in obtaining freedom in this respect.

Unfortunately, in fashion as in other mundane matters, the swing of the pendulum is so irresistible that the danger of this highly unhygienic fashion's return is by no means a slight one.

Within the last few years ladies have adopted the admirable, pretty, and healthful low neck. A short while ago, however, there was an attempt (futile, one is glad to note) to revive the ugly high collars, often stiffened with whalebone, which disfigure when they do not conceal some of the most beautiful lines in the female form divine.

Fashion is an unreasonable goddess, as well as a capricious one, and is apt to grow weary of even her happiest inspirations.

Even the ugly eccentricities of costume which prevailed during the last century failed to disfigure many of the ladies who wore it.

The Victorian Era indeed may be said to have been noted for the beauty of its women, the record of which has been preserved for us by Winterhalter and other artists.

Among the beautiful ladies of that day the Princess of Wales—now Queen Alexandra—was by universal consent acclaimed as the very incarnation of youthful loveliness.

Mrs Thistlethwayte, a celebrated beauty, once created a sensation at the Opera, the whole house rising to its feet to watch her leave the theatre.

In those days the aristocracy and the stage were supposed to have a sort of monopoly of feminine beauty, the commercial and working classes not having yet learnt how to make the most of their appearance.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties came the " professional beauties," at whom old-fashioned people at first looked rather askance.

One professional beauty, for a joke, dressed herself up as a flower-girl and sold violets in Bond Street in the early hours of the evening, her basket being emptied within a few minutes. Another, whilst on a visit to Constantinople, it is said, so won the admiration of the

Sultan that he conferred upon her the order of virtue—but, as some of her friends pointed out, it was only of the second-class.

Though in old days it was not unusual for ladies to permit engraved reproductions of their portraits to appear in the Book of Beauty or in one of the picturesque annuals popular in society, it was quite an innovation for them to allow their photographs to be sold to the public, or to figure with those of actresses in shop windows.

The Burlington Arcade in particular exhibited the likeness of these beauties, some of whom afterwards had children as beautiful as themselves. Among actresses, Miss Maude Branscombe's photograph probably had the largest sale.

Since those days weekly illustrated papers have sprung into existence, the main object of which would appear to be furnishing the public with portraits of the social celebrities of the day,

The time has long gone by when anyone would be likely to take exception to this, and the majority of young ladies in what now passes for "Society" some time or other smile from the pages of the *Sketch* or the *Tatler*.

The standard of English feminine beauty was probably never higher than it is to-day.

Woman's dress, after going through numberless stages, has become sensible and artistic as well as pretty.

Hairdressing, once the weak point of English women, had vastly improved, while the disappearance of the absurd wasp-waist, which had been responsible for much ill-health, had made women stronger, freer and more graceful.

Before the Great War the West End fairly swarmed with pretty girls. Though, owing to the increased cost of everything, women are not so elaborately

dressed as they were seven years ago, there is still an amazing amount of beauty among them. In this respect indeed, as ever, England continues to hold her own.

Bright-eyed, active and healthy, a really beautiful Englishwoman is Nature's masterpiece.

From a physical point of view there is nothing to compare with her in all the world.

V

ROUND BERKELEY SQUARE

THE architectural transformation which has swept over London within the last thirty years has as yet not affected Mayfair to the same extent as some other districts.

Sutherland house, a rather stately mansion of French design, which sadly needs parterres instead of the small streets which surround it, has supplanted Curzon Chapel, while not far away a Christian Science church or temple built in a nondescript if not unpleasing style strikes a note of architecture hitherto unknown to this particular district.

Berkeley Chapel was swept away a good many years ago, and one side of Carrington Street has been rebuilt, otherwise the aspect of Mayfair remains fairly unchanged.

An air of old-world quiet still pervades Berkeley Square, which, besides having the finest plane trees planted in 1789, is also the most dimly-lit square in London, a state of affairs thoroughly appreciated by young ladies fond of taking the air with a favourite partner between the dances of balls in the locality.

Mayfair is totally deficient in monuments, unless the somewhat scantily-draped lady at one end of the Square who provides an intermittent supply of water be reckoned as such.

Like most of the other drinking fountains scattered throughout the Metropolis this has no particular merit.

Even the most artistic fountain of all, "Gilbert's" at Piccadilly Circus, is lacking in proportion, the base being much too large for the figure at the top; whilst

others, like that erected in 1875 at Park Lane, can lay no claim at all to being works of art.

The original design of this fountain could not at first be carried out owing to the death of Mrs Brown, a rich and benevolent old lady who had entrusted the commission for it to Mr Thornycroft.

She died before it was completed, leaving no will, in consequence of which this fountain, one of her pet projects, suffered, her property being thrown into the Court of Chancery, as a result of which the Board of Works refused to supply water for it. It appears that this was considered a promise made during Mr Ayrton's tenure of office to Mrs Brown, who intended also to leave the munificent sum of £70,000 for building public baths; but, unfortunately, she died without a will.

In the early days of this fountain, at a time when some of the traditions of the Tom and Jerry period still lingered, midnight roysterers were fond of ducking one another in its waters.

A curious feature of the Victorian Era, in which water can scarcely be said to have been particularly popular as a drink, was the mania for putting up these drinking fountains, often at considerable cost.

The Gothic one on the north side of the Park, opposite Stanhope Gate, was erected at the expense of the Maharajah of Vizianagram. It was designed by Mr Robert Keirle, and cost twelve hundred pounds.

The London monuments erected in Victorian days were almost without exception poor works of art. The improvement since then has not been very great.

The monument to Miss Edith Cavell, though some of its details are good, cannot be called an unqualified artistic success.

Somewhat angular in form, a caustic critic declared that it looked as if it had been designed by Euclid.

The most unsatisfactory monument in London, considering the enormous sum expended upon it, is the

Albert Memorial, which embodies some of the worst features of Victorian taste.

Queen Victoria, of course, admired it greatly, not only as a triumph of art but also as a tribute, which under more favourable circumstances, (as an Irishman once said,) the deceased Prince himself would have been sure to appreciate.

The many statues of the Queen are not particularly successful, though she herself appears to have liked them. At the time of the Jubilee in 1897, when it was proposed to remove the effigy of Queen Anne outside St Paul's to allow more room for the Royal carriage to reach the Cathedral steps, Queen Victoria refused her assent.

If once people begin moving statues of Sovereigns, said she, who can tell what they may do with mine!

Besides the undraped lady, Berkeley Square formerly boasted an equestrian statue of George III as Marcus Aurelius.

Owing possibly to the absurdity of attempting to assimilate good old "Farmer George" to one of the greatest thinkers of the past this was removed within comparatively recent times, its place being now occupied by a summer house which no one ever seems to use.

Berkeley Square, though begun about 1698, was not finished till the time when SirRobert Walpole was Prime Minister; he, indeed, made a note of the last houses being built there.

The old Square has not been the scene of any very exciting events, but during Lord Liverpool's ministry artillerymen were posted there, lighted match in hand, ready to fire loaded field-pieces.

On November 22nd, 1774, a real tragedy occurred at No. 45, when Lord Clive, owing to depression, committed suicide

The house in question belongs to Lord Powis, who keeps up the old custom of having his name inscribed on

the brass doorplate. This mansion is a rare instance of long continuity of tenure.

The architecture of the Square is in the main dignified and pleasing.

No. 42 has a particularly finely designed entrance, while at No. 17 may be seen a good example of the best style of trellis verandah.

The memory of the Great Protector is in a way preserved in "Mount Street," so named after Oliver's Mount, a fortified outwork of four bastions which once stood close by.

The Farm Street Chapel in Mount Street succeeded that of the Portuguese Legation, the site of which was not far away. Novello, when organist there, is said to have written the now customary music to the "Adeste Fideles."

Manning was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Farm Street, and at this chapel a mass was specially said for the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife the morning before they left London, to meet a death which plunged all Europe into the most terrible struggle the world has ever known.

On the north-east side of Berkeley Square, at the corner of Davies and Bourdon Streets, Bourdon Manor House, a relic of past times, preserves the memory of Miss Mary Davis, by her marriage with whom in 1676 Sir Thomas Grosvenor acquired the property in Pimlico attached to Bourdon farm, which alliance brought great wealth to the Grosvenor family.

The story of Sir Thomas Grosvenor having first seen Miss Mary Davis when she brought him out some milk from the farmhouse, her father being a farmer, is not based upon fact.

Mr Davis, whose name is perpetuated in the street close by, was a man of business who speculated in what the Americans call "real estate," and had acquired Bourdon Manor House by exchange, which he is

said to have regretted, as it was then so far out of London.

On the other hand, the wealth of the Portmans is in some measure connected with milk.

In 1750 one of the family, coming up to London for the season, was much troubled about the health of his young wife, who was very delicate. He took the best medical opinion, and the doctors advised that the lady should drink ass's milk.

Learning from his coachman that some asses kept for this purpose were to be found in a small farm just outside London, which was for sale, the anxious husband, after inspecting the property, purchased it, and on the land in question was afterwards built Portman Square.

At No. 11 Berkeley Square lived Horace Walpole. He writes, October 1779: "I came to town this morning to take possession of Berkeley Square, and am as well pleased with my new habitation as I can be with anything at present. Lady Shelbourne's being queen of the palace (Lansdowne House) over against me has improved the view since I bought the house."

No. 11 remained in the Walpole family till the early part of last century, when the fourth Lord Orford, grandfather of the writer, lost it in one night at cards to Mr Baring.

The writer's mother, who was born there, used to lament this unlucky escapade of her father's. She cherished great affection for this house, and among her papers was found a note relating to it in which the former owners up to 1892 were set forth.

Sir Cecil Bishop	1741–1778
Horace Walpole	1779–1797
The Ladies Waldegrave . . .	1798–1816
Lord Walpole	1817–1820
Hon. R. Clive	1821–1822
Earl of Orford	1824–1827

Henry Baring	1828–1848
Mrs Baring	1849–1874
Empty	1875–1876
Oliver Gourley Miller . . .	1877–1878
Earl of Clarendon. . . .	1879–1891
Vernon Watney	1892–

An appended footnote says: "This, the east side of the Square, was first built in 1735–1740."

In Victorian days No. 50 Berkeley Square stood empty and neglected for years. It was supposed to be haunted, and all sorts of stories were told as to the strange things which happened to people who had been inside it.

After many years it was done up, since which time nothing further has been heard of the haunting.

The origin of the story seems to have been that many years ago the owner (a connection of the writer's), having been engaged to be married, made all sorts of preparations for the marriage. Everything was ready and the wedding breakfast laid in the house, when on the morning of the marriage-day the bride suddenly died.

So disconsolate was the unfortunate man that he never left the house again, living there with only a servant or two till he died.

Nor would he have anything touched: the wedding breakfast remained on the table to the day of his death.

Neighbours seeing tradesmen occasionally bringing food in, but no one ever going out, began to think it very queer, especially as when the house fell into disrepair no effort was made to put things in order.

Later on, when the owner had died, the building was left completely empty, and no doubt rats running about among bell-wires gave rise to reports of mysterious noises.

One story produces another, and some people declared that a gang of coiners lived in the deserted mansion.

Directly the house had been renovated and was once

more inhabited, nothing more was heard of all this, and the present-day residents of Berkeley Square are probably quite unaware that any house in it was ever supposed to have been haunted.

On the whole the Square, notwithstanding certain changes—notably the new red-brick façade of Lord Rosebery's house—still retains much of its old-world air of quiet repose.

Eighteenth-century street architecture was usually devoid of any pretension to especial decorative merit, but the houses of that era were not lacking in a certain dignity of proportion, whilst ample provision for the admission of light was always to be found. The ironwork of the railings was also often extremely artistic, never erring (as almost invariably does modern ironwork) in the direction of over-elaboration and meaningless eccentricity.

Modern architects are fond of small windows, which, considering the not over-abundant supply of sunshine and light available in London, seem somewhat out of place. On one estate (I believe that belonging to the Duke of Westminster) a clause in every lease forbids the building of a house with any but windows of very moderate dimensions. The old streets of the West End are generally too narrow for the lofty houses now so frequently being erected. How the occupants of these mansions—overshadowed as they must be by other giant constructions facing them, and for the most part only furnished with ridiculous little windows—ever obtain any light, is a mystery which their builders would be considerably puzzled to explain.

As Professor Dearmer pointed out in a lecture at King's College, it apparently requires years of training to put up a really ugly building or church, as could be proved by a study of old places in the country where a professional architect has never been employed.

"Even the pig-styes had a sort of beauty," which is more than can be said for most modern buildings. Not content with putting up a number of architectural abominations, people of no taste have done their best to disfigure fine old mansions erected in the past.

During the last hundred years many fine old houses built of red brick were covered with stucco. Apsley House and St George's Hospital, for instance, as Thackeray put it in "Vanity Fair," wore red jackets up to the early part of the nineteenth century.

During the end of the Duke of Wellington's life Apsley House presented a gloomy appearance. The windows, shut up from year's end to year's end, and protected by bullet-proof shutters of massive iron; the very railings in front of the house boarded up, to exclude the curiosity of the passers-by—all owing to the riots which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, riots in which there was incendiarism in the provinces, while in the metropolis the populace threatened the life of the greatest captain of the age.

A continental general would have run away or summoned armed forces against the rioters. The Duke, however, merely barricaded his house to the best of his ability. He, the Field-Marshal of all European countries, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, issued no orders for the drums to beat, and no soldiers fired upon the misguided populace. When the storm was over, however, he had bullet-proof shutters fitted to his windows, and those shutters he kept always closed. Thus the people were prevented from forgetting their *brutal* attack upon the old lion who had saved England.

Mayfair, on the whole, suffered from vandalism less than did other districts, the old box-like houses remaining unaltered up to the latter part of the last century. Though there was no architectural beauty about them they were not devoid of dignity and charm, while their

railings and lamp-holders of wrought iron were often artistic.

The whole appearance of the streets, frequented as they were by itinerant vendors carrying their wares, was much as it was in the eighteenth century.

The Cries, which have long ceased to be heard, in some cases had been handed on from a very remote time ; a few were not at all unmusical, and recalled a less prosaic age.

With the lapse of years, practically all the picturesque figures which formerly enlivened the streets of Mayfair have disappeared.

Up to about the 'eighties women in shawls and poke bonnets, with a yoke on their shoulders from which hung pails, distributed milk throughout the district, and for years later, gorgeously attired footmen, as well as coachmen in cocked hats and wigs, were often to be seen.

The well-appointed carriages, together with the fine horses that drew them, vanished with the coming of the motor.

About the last picturesque figure left was the crossing-sweeper at the corner by Lansdowne House, whose red coat, a present from a quondam master of the buck hounds living close by, struck a note of colour which enlivened the somewhat sombre precincts of Berkeley Square.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century houses striking an incongruous note began to appear in some of the quiet old streets.

This was owing to the architectural activities of a firm of builders who made a speciality of buying up old houses in the West End, altering them to suit modern tastes, and generally bringing their interiors up to date.

Though in many cases increased accommodation was contrived, old houses were too often faced with over-elaborate and unsuitable fronts.

The result is especially apparent in Charles Street

(built in 1753–1754), where all sorts of incongruous architectural ornamentation clashes with the simple brickwork of Georgian days.

Previous to this the first Lord Revelstoke had made two houses into one and added a somewhat pretentious façade and wrought-iron railings, which cost some six thousand pounds.

Berkeley Chapel, which was at the end of Charles Street, as has been said, was demolished a good many years ago.

Here Sidney Smith, who afterwards lived at 33 Charles Street, was minister for a time.

He wrote in November 1835: "I have bought a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square (lease for fourteen years), for £1400, and £10 per annum ground rent. It is near the chapel where I used to preach." In a later letter he speaks of the house as "The HOLE."

In Charles Street is a public-house, "The Running Footman," which with its signboard is a survival of a long-past age when it was the resort of the numerous men-servants attached to the residents in this vicinity.

No. 42 was once the abode of Beau Brummell, and at another house in the same street lived Bulwer Lytton, who had a room fitted up in exact facsimile of one in Pompeii.

Bulwer Lytton for a time was attracted by spiritualism in the hope of communicating with his dead daughter. The vulgarity of the whole thing, however, eventually disgusted him. He would describe a typical conversation between one of the frequenters of Home, the spiritualist's, séances and the spirit of her husband. "Are you," asked the lady, "quite 'appy, dear—as 'appy as when you were with me?" The reply came, "Oh, far, far 'appier." "Then, indeed, you must be in 'eaven," sighed the lady. "No," returned the gentleman, "I'm in 'ell."

Owing to the novelist having lived in Charles Street, it was not very many years ago proposed to alter its name

to Lytton Street; but owing to spirited protests from residents, among whom the writer's mother, though then well over eighty, took the lead, the idea was abandoned.

Charles Street, it may be added, probably did not derive its name from the Merry Monarch, but from Charles, Earl of Falmouth, brother of the first Lord Berkeley of Stratton.

No. 30 Charles Street was formerly the Cosmopolitan Club, which has now ceased to exist.

Founded in 1851 by Sir Robert Morier, its bi-weekly meetings were at first held at his rooms, 49 New Bond Street.

At the end of the next year Sir Robert, then Mr Morier, joined the Diplomatic Service, in which he became such a distinguished figure, and the Club then migrated to the house of Colonel Stirling, called the " White Cottage," which was approached through a narrow passage and garden out of Knightsbridge, opposite the Cavalry Barracks. Colonel Stirling (afterwards Sir Anthony) was Adjutant-General of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, and Chief of the Staff to Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde).

Its meetings were subsequently moved to Crockford's old gaming rooms, now the Devonshire Club.

The Cosmopolitan had by that time become well known, and there were many candidates for admission.

Regular rules were drawn up, the object of the Club being set forth as the promotion of social intercourse among its members, and the affording a place of occasional resort to gentlemen fron the British Colonies, or in the service of the East India, or to such other persons not habitually living in London as the committee may think it desirable to invite.

One of the early members was Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), who had recently returned from a high position in Australia. He was then

member for Kidderminster, and a leader-writer in the *Times*.

Some years later, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, his proposals to put a tax upon lucifer matches called forth a perfect flood of ephemeral literature, as well as a quantity of derisive illustrations, which no doubt played some part in causing the abandonment of what was regarded as a very unpopular tax.

Others were Layard, fresh from his excavations and discoveries at Nineveh and Babylon, and George Venables, who had the reputation of having broken Thackeray's nose in a fight when they were boys together at Charterhouse,—one of the brilliant writers who started the *Saturday Review*.

Watts and Ruskin were members, as was the humorous and witty preacher at Berkeley Chapel, William Brookfield, and Monckton Milnes, the poet, or, as he was wittily called by Carlyle, "The President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society."

The Club room—Mr Watts' studio—had no windows, being lighted only by a skylight. Nevertheless, when lighted up at night it was cheerful enough. The only remarkable piece of furniture was a large screen portraying on each leaf some Chinese form of torture. Sir Henry Loch used to say that when he was in captivity and hourly expecting his death at the hands of the Chinese, his mind often wandered back to the old screen at the Cosmopolitan, and the scenes which he thought would so soon be realized in his own body.

In the late 'fifties, the Cosmopolitan Club, having grown in numbers and seeking larger premises for their bi-weekly meetings, took No. 30 Charles Street, Mayfair, where Mr Watts had had his studio up till the time he moved to Little Holland House. A large picture painted by this great artist still remained: its idea had been taken from a story of Boccaccio, put into verse by Dryden, and entitled "Theodore and Honoria." He

had painted it in an outhouse of Lord Holland's villa at Florence. The picture shows, stripped of her clothes, a dame distressed :—

> "Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn
> With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn.
> Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
> And oft their fastening fangs in blood embrued. . . .
> Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face
> High on a coal-black steed pursued the chace."

This terrible apparition Theodore shows to the obstinate Honoria at a picnic. It cured her of her unwillingness to marry him. A member of the Club, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, used to say to newcomers :—"You have heard of Watts' hymns ? Well, this is one of his *Hers*."

In 1858 the Club entertained Lord Clyde after the Indian Mutiny.

Lord Aberdare wrote :—

"Our Cosmopolitan Dinner to Lord Clyde went off brilliantly ; de Grey proposed his health in an excellent speech, which the veteran acknowledged in a few simple hearty words ; then came some pleasant speeches from Thackeray, Lord Wodehouse, Lord Stanley, Monckton Milnes, Layard, etc."

In the 'sixties the Club was full of celebrities—Laurence Oliphant, Speke, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile ; Kingslake, the second Lord Lytton ; Tennyson, Millais, Leighton, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and Froude.

Swinburne was brought in one night as a visitor. "Who is that man," asked a member, "who looks like the Duke of Argyll possessed of a devil ? "

The record of the Club, it will be seen, was a very interesting one ; however, like some other Victorian institutions, it did not survive long into the twentieth century.

In 1903 it was found that the House in Charles Street

required immediate and expensive repairs, for which the resources of the Club would not provide. The lease accordingly was sold, the Club wound up, and the Boccaccio picture, which the Club had bought for £200, was, with the sanction of Mr Watts, presented to the Tate Museum. But, for the convenience of existing members, an arrangement was made which entitled them to meet during a year or two on the customary Sundays and Wednesdays at the rooms of the Alpine Club in Savile Row.

A good deal might be written about the vanished Clubs of London.

There was the "Alfred" in Albemarle Street, for instance, founded, it is said, by Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart., and opened on January 1st, 1809, which was absorbed into the "Oriental" in 1855. Unkind people called it the "Half-read," which was untrue, as many of its members were travellers and men of letters. According to Byron, who belonged to it, this Club was pleasant though rather serious in tone, and the poet found it a decent recourse on a rainy day or when town was empty.

Lord Derby, on the other hand, described it as being in his time the dullest place in existence—the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs.

The "Fielding" was another Club which had a comparatively short existence.

The first mansion used as a Club in the modern sense of the word is said to have been No. 89 Pall Mall, afterwards part of the War Office, a house originally built for Edward Duke of York, brother of George III. At the end of the eighteenth century what was then called a "subscription house" was opened in these premises, then the Albion Hotel.

The old idea of a Club was somewhat different from what it is to-day. To begin with, men dined more in their own houses or rooms, "a dinner at the Club" being considered by many as quite an event.

Also, clubs were more solemn places than they have since become, while certain privileged old members had their own special arm-chair and special table in the coffee room.

Most members lunched wearing their hat, and some wore it when dining as well.

Though comfortable in a solid sort of way, there was little ornamentation to be seen in the clubs of the past. As late as the 'eighties pictures were few in number, curtains and wall-paper crude in colour, the general effect being such that one West End club was supposed to have been decorated under the supervision of its cook. The members, however, cared little about this; what they wanted was a comfortable chair to sit in and good food and drink, and these they certainly got even better than to-day.

Clubs then, frequented as they were by a limited number of members, were run very much like a comfortable country house—if no attention was paid to art, great care was exercised as to keeping the rooms spotlessly clean. The table linen also was of the finest quality; in short, an air of solid old-world comfort pervaded West End clubs, in which old gentlemen often enjoyed a sort of prescriptive right to certain comfortable arm-chairs and were treated with a ceremonious respect which has now become a thing of the past.

It was not an uncommon thing for clubs to have a music-room with a piano, to which the members might resort should they wish to play or sing.

Rules were few in number.

A club in those days still remained more or less what it had originally been designed to be—a member's own private house, where he had every facility to do as he chose.

VI

THE HEART OF MAYFAIR

AS a great city develops, lanes, footpaths, and even bridle-paths, grow into busy thoroughfares. Berkeley Street, for instance, was originally only a narrow lane at the western extremity of Piccadilly. The whole neighbourhood retained traces of its rural character up to a comparatively recent time. A cow-house existed in the grounds of old Mexborough House till the demolition of that mansion not so very many years ago, it having been the practice, till the fields in the vicinity were all built over, to send the cows out to graze, they being brought back to Berkeley Street every evening.

The old aristocracy were fond of new milk, and many of them had cowhouses, of which the one on the slope leading from Mexborough House to Berkeley Street was the last.

At No. 9 Berkeley Street lived, about 1715, the poet Alexander Pope. It is believed that his "Farewell to London" was written here. From the poet it passed into the hands of General Bulkeley, and a later occupant of the house well remembered that whenever that gentleman visited it after it had ceased to be his own, it was his invariable habit to observe, with an air of respectful interest, "This is the house Mr Alexander Pope lived in."

After the owner, Lord Berkeley's death, Berkeley Street and Stratton Street—at first known as "Little Barkley Street"—were built on part of the gardens, by his widow (Lady Berkeley of Stratton), and in 1697 the first Duke of Devonshire bought the mansion, which was burnt down in 1733.

The present house, erected after a design by Kent, was built by the third Duke, its style being much criticized. It was said to be equally spacious and equally deserving of praise as the East India Company's warehouses.

During the Gordon riots in 1790 Devonshire House was garrisoned by soldiers. The external double flight of stairs leading to an entrance on the first floor was removed in 1840; this removal was scarcely an improvement.

About this time considerable alterations were made in the interior of the house, the general effect of which, though gorgeous, gives reason for regret.

The fine iron gate was inserted in the wall in front of the house by the last Duke, who brought it to London from Chiswick House.

The disappearance of Devonshire House which now (1921) seems imminent, will further curtail the everlessening number of fine old mansions in the West End.

Lansdowne House, which at present seems safe, was built in the middle of the eighteenth century, having been begun by the Earl of Bute, from the design of Robert Adam. In 1765 the former sold the unfinished house to William, Earl of Shelburne, for £22,500, by which he was supposed to have lost £3000. Lord Shelburne put a roof on and otherwise completed it, after which he gave a housewarming on Monday, August 1st, 1768. Lord Shelburne was called the Jesuit of Berkeley Square by George III. His librarian and literary companion during the winters of seven years was Dr Priestley.

Talleyrand, when he came to England in 1792, was a constant visitor at Lansdowne House, and frequently dined there, which shows that the cooking must have been good, for he always attached great importance to what he ate, and even when eighty years old used to spend nearly an hour every morning with his cook, dis-

cussing the dishes which were to compose the one meal he took during the day—dinner.

Two things, he used to say, were essential in life—to give good dinners and keep well with women, both of which precepts he always followed.

The wily old diplomatist inspired Carême with real enthusiasm.

"M. de Talleyrand," said that great chef, "understands the genius of a cook; he respects it; he is the most competent judge of delicate progress, and his expenditures are wise and great at the same time."

It was to Carême that the Prince Regent once said: "Carême, you will make me die of indigestion; I am fond of everything you give me, and you tempt me too much." "Monseigneur," replied the chef, "my principal office is to challenge your appetite by the variety of my service; but it is not my affair ro regulate it." The prince smiled, saying that he was right, and Carême continued to supply him with the best.

The only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "L'Improvisateur Français," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it, among others: "This is the beginning of the end."

There seems to be little doubt but that Talleyrand was in reality the father of Count Flahaut, who had been aide-de-camp to Napoleon I, and was French Ambassador in London during the Second Empire. The latter's daughter, Baroness Nairne in her own right, became the second wife of the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne.

The present Marquess, therefore, is the great-grandson of the wily diplomatist who in his sacerdotal capacity celebrated Mass at the feast of pikes.

The gardens of Lansdowne House practically join those of Devonshire House, a huge mansion built upon the site of Hay Hill farm, remains of which are to be found in

the names of Hay Hill, Hill Street, and Farm Street. It replaced, in 1733, Berkeley House, an older mansion built in 1665.

The district, though always fashionable, was at one time haunted by dangerous characters. A stout iron bar still stands in the doorway of Lansdowne Passage in Berkeley Street. This was put up at the end of the eighteenth century to hamper highwaymen, one of these gentry having effected his escape after a robbery in Piccadilly by galloping through the passage from Curzon Street, his horse successfully negotiating the steps.

In 1774 a coach-load of people were attacked and robbed on Hay Hill, and at the same place George IV and the Duke of York, when young men, were made to stand and deliver by highwaymen who stopped their hackney carriage at this place. George IV always used to declare that the man who robbed him was none other than Champneys the singer. The reason, as a matter of fact, why no great stir was made about this affair was that the Prince Regent would have had to account for his whereabouts the evening before the robbery took place, which would have been inconvenient.

Within recent times, owing to the darkness of Berkeley Square—it is, as has before been said, the darkest square in London—persons have been attacked there, and in 1889 a serious outrage occurred in the very heart of Mayfair.

One winter's night the French naval attaché, who was going home from his club, was set upon in Curzon Street by four men who, after violently assaulting and robbing him, left him senseless upon the ground, where he was discovered by the police a short time afterwards. The assailants in this case were never arrested, though the whole affair created a great sensation, occurring as it did in the very centre of a quarter generally considered to be about the safest in London.

When Chesterfield House, close by, was built the neigh-

bourhood was quite rural, the owner having been able to contemplate green fields from the front of a mansion which in 1747 was on the extreme verge of the town.

The ground belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and Lord Chesterfield owed them a grudge for what he considered their exorbitant demands. In his will he inserted the following clause: "In case my godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in keeping any racehorses or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there; or shall resort to the said races; or shall lose in any one day at any game or bet whatsoever the sum of £500, then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of £50,000, to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster." Lord Chesterfield declared that he inserted these names because he was certain that if the penalty was incurred they would be sure to claim it.

Lord Chesterfield also built Great Stanhope Street.

The gardens of Chesterfield House, to which allusion has been made above, were built over during the latter part of the last century. Chesterfield Gardens now occupies their site. The sale of this land, it is said, brought in as much as the vendor had paid for the house and grounds together.

A room in Chesterfield House is represented in the well-known picture of Dr Johnson, waiting in disgust and irritation for an interview with his noble patron; but the date of that event, 1749, was previous to that on which Lord Chesterfield entered upon his occupation.

Lord Chesterfield was particularly proud of the large courtyard in front and the large garden behind, two things rare in London, though then common in Paris.

Writing to a friend, he called his library the best room in England.

Above the bookcases were a series of portraits of celebrated authors let into white ornamental frames in the walls. Over the fireplace was Shakespeare, by Zucchero; the others were Chaucer, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Sir John Denham, Butler, Waller, Cowley, Earl of Dorset, Rochester, Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Addison, Pope, Rowe, and Swift. These portraits, after the sale of the house in the latter portion of the last century, were taken away. Happily they are now for the most part once more in their old settings, having fortunately been repurchased by the new owner, Lord Lascelles, who has done much to restore the artistic glories of Lord Chesterfield's fine old mansion, while filling it with suitable furniture of a highly artistic description.

At No. 4 Chesterfield Street George Brummell, with the aid of an excellent cook and admirable wines, attracted all the wit, talent and profligacy of the Regency. He afterwards moved to No. 13 Chapel Street.

No. 10 Chesterfield Street is a well-designed house of excellent proportions, with delicate iron balconies.

Curzon Street, which took its name from the ground landlord, George Augustus Curzon, third Viscount Howe, has had a number of interesting residents.

Here George, Lord Macartney, Ambassador to China, died. Madame Vestris lived at No. 1 in 1822-23; while No. 8 was for many years one of the chief rallying-points of literary society, having been the residence of the Misses Berry as late as 1852.

They disliked too many ladies being present at their receptions, and limited the number by making their servant Murrell put out the lamp over the front door when Miss Berry called to him, "No more petticoats."

From 1805 to 1810 Francis Chantrey the sculptor, as a young man, lived in an attic at No. 24. He was here

when he won the competition at the Royal Academy School for an equestrian statue of George III.

At No. 19, after a tenancy of three months, on April 19th, 1881, died Lord Beaconsfield. During his last illness, part of his time was occupied in the correction of his last speech in the House of Commons for *Hansard*.

"I will not," said he, "go down to posterity as talking bad grammar."

In Curzon Street, opposite May Fair Chapel, was "the Rev. Alexander Keith's Chapel," where marriages were performed in the manner as those which made the Fleet Prison notorious. Here the Duke of Kingston married Miss Chudleigh; and in 1752 James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, married the youngest of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings, a bed curtain ring being used on the occasion. Keith was in the habit of advertising in the newspapers, but the Marriage Act in 1753 put an end to his iniquitous trade.

Keith issued regular advertisements of his matrimonial industry. The following is a specimen: "To prevent mistakes the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner house opposite to the city side of the great chapel; and within ten yards of it. The minister and clerk live in the same corner house where the little chapel is; and the licence on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore at any hour, till four in the afternoon, and that it may be better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."

The large garden of Bath House, Piccadilly, with a stone basin of water, once extended nearly into Curzon Street.

Bath House was originally built by the celebrated William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, who was living here in 1764. Sir William Pulteney was the solitary inhabitant

of the house for many years, and at his death it was let to the Duke of Portland for eight years. The house was rebuilt in 1821 by Alexander Baring, who was created Lord Ashburton in 1835. He was for eighteen years the head of the great house of Baring Brothers, whose family have had many houses in Mayfair.

A good type of eighteenth-century architecture is No. 61 Curzon Street, a brick house built in 1750, in which the balance between large and small bays is well maintained, while the doorway serves as a foil to the general air of severity.

No. 14, built in 1766, has a front which carries on an earlier tradition.

Just off Curzon Street, through Shepherd Market, is Carrington Street, a *cul-de-sac*, at the corner of which stands Carrington House, with a rather curious façade.

Kitty Fisher lived in this street, one side of which more or less retains its eighteenth-century aspect.

Shepherd Market (sometimes wrongly called Shepherd's Market) was never a meeting-place for shepherds, as its name seems to indicate. " Shepherd " was the name of the owner of the ground, on which the market was built.

Shepherd Market is one of the few localities near Piccadilly which have remained unaltered for the last fifty years.

Viewed from the corner of Whitehorse Street, its appearance—with a squat block of houses prominently displaying the date, 1860, as if the architect had been proud of his work, recalls the London of Dickens.

Though there is no beauty about the spot, the general effect is more picturesque than that produced by many finer sites, a quaint relic of the past in Shepherd Street being the façade of the eighteenth-century riding school, which, unfortunately, is likely soon to disappear.

Curiously enough, another gentleman of the same name, though differently spelt, " Jack Sheppard," lived for a time in this district in 1723. He does not, however,

appear to have shown any professional activity in the district.

The " May fair " was held on the site of this market, Hertford Street and Curzon Street, and some other streets.

Near by, with a front in Piccadilly, was Coventry House (now the St James' Club), which in a roofless state Lord Coventry had bought from Sir Hugh Hunlock. The perpetual noise and uproar which went on by night as well as by day during the whole month of May, owing to the fair, so irritated and annoyed this nobleman that he determined to make an effort to have it totally suppressed. As early as 1709 it had been prohibited, but, though the Grand Jury of the City of Westminster had characterized it as a vile and riotous assembly, within a few years it was once more revived. Lord Coventry, however, was eventually successful in his efforts to abolish it, and no " May fair " seems to have been held much after 1764, the date at which he entered into possession of his new house.

The fair was originally known as St James's Fair, leave having been granted by Edward I to the Hospital of St James's to hold it in another locality close by.

Suppressed after the Restoration, it appears to have flourished once more in 1691, when it had been moved to the site which it occupied till its final suppression.

A notice in the *Postman* informed the public that " On the 1st day of May next will begin the Fair at the east end of Hide Park, near Bartlet House, and continue for fifteen days after. The two first days of which will be for the sale of Leather and live Cattle ; and care is and will be taken to make the ways leading to it, as well as the ground on which it is kept, much more convenient than formerly for persons of quality that are pleased to resort thither."

On the site of part of Carrington Street stood the " Dog and Duck," an old wooden public-house, noted for the sale of " Right Lincoln Ale," behind which was

a sheet of water 200 feet square, surrounded by a willow-shaded gravel walk ten feet wide. This was the notorious ducking pond, to which visitors were allowed to bring their dogs to assist at the capture of some unfortunate duck. Twopence was charged by the proprietor for a ticket of admission, but the amount was allowed in the reckoning; and in a handbill, dated 1748, the reason of such charge is said to be in order to keep out "such as are not liked." The memory of the "ducking pond" is still preserved by Ducking Pond Mews just off Shepherd Street.

Close by, at No. 10 Hertford Street, from 1793 to 1801, lived Sheridan.

The house at present is tenanted by that admirable actor and most vivacious and amusing of Etonians, Mr Charles Hawtrey—in many ways a man after the great playwright's own heart.

At No. 14 once lived Dr Jenner.

The Marquis of Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, lived in Hertford Street, in the years 1788-97, as did Mrs Jordan, when under the protection of the Duke of Clarence. George III's brother, the Duke of Cumberland, was married to Anne, widow of Colonel Christopher Horton and daughter of Simon, Lord Irnham, afterwards Earl of Carhampton, at the lady's house in this street.

Of the streets leading from Mayfair into Piccadilly, Bolton Street was built about the year 1699, when it was the most westerly street in London. The celebrated Earl of Peterborough lived in this street, and Charles Edward, the young Pretender, is said to have lain in concealment in one of the houses there.

At No. 12 lived, in 1818, Fanny Burney—Madame D'Arblay—a lady who occupied several other houses in London.

Clarges Street was built by Sir Walter Clarges, twelve houses being finished in 1717. A number of celebrated

people have lived in this street, including Mrs Delany, the impetuous old Admiral Lord St Vincent, Miss O'Neil the actress, Lady Hamilton, Edmund Kean and Lord Macaulay, who lodged at No. 3 on his return from India.

Another member of the family, Sir Thomas Clarges, appears to have had a house on the site which is now covered by the "Albany."

Half Moon Street was built in 1730, and took its name from the sign of the public-house at the corner, which still existed in 1759. In 1768 Boswell lodged in this street on his visit to London, and here he entertained Dr Johnson and other literary characters. Madame D'Arblay lived at No. 1 during the last few years of her life. Other celebrated residents have been Pope, who lived at No. 5, and William Hazlitt, who resided at No. 29 in 1830.

Dover Street was named after Henry Jermyn, Earl of Dover, nephew and heir of Henry, Earl of St Albans, who owned the ground, and had a house on the east side of the street. John Evelyn lived in a house on the east side in 1699, and among other notable residents was John Nash the architect, who resided at No. 29 from 1800 to 1823. The façade of this house deserves attention.

At No. 30 lived Prince Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, and another inhabitant of note was Miss Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua.

There is some good architecture in this street.

Among the streets leading out of Berkeley Square Bruton Street (called after Sir John Berkeley, of Bruton, the owner of Berkeley House) has always been fashionable. The celebrated Duke of Argyll died here in 1734.

> "Yes, sir, on great Argyle I often wait,
> At charming Sudbrook or in Bruton Street."

It is said that when Sheridan lived in this street his

landlord found that he could get neither his rent nor induce Sheridan by any means to go. At length, as his only recourse, he unroofed the house.

The architecture of No. 17 is worth attention. It has an interesting façade, the effect of which, however, is somewhat marred by the attic story, which is a Victorian addition.

In 1700 the site of New Bond Street and the adjoining streets, Conduit Street, Brook Street, etc., was an open field, called the Conduit Mead, containing twenty-seven acres, and belonging to the City of London. The district was practically rural. About this time, indeed, a thief who had stolen a silver mug from Dr Sydenham's house in Pall Mall got away and was lost in the bushes about Bond Street.

It is notorious that General Oglethorpe, who died in 1785, had shot woodcock in the meadows where Conduit Street now stands, and it is said that there was once good trout fishing in the stream which ran from Notting Hill Manor towards Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, through Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, which was built on the banks of this stream where it ceased to blend with the Eye.

About 1877 a resident in Conduit Street, making a search for the origin of certain unpleasant smells, found a stream running under his house, the water of which was very far from pure.

Oliver Cromwell's conduit in Park Street probably received its name from the Protector's connection with the fortifications drawn round the city and suburbs in 1643.

Excavations in Berkeley Square about 1882 brought to light a number of wooden pipes made out of lengths of elm trees drilled through the centre. These had probably been laid down by the New River Company.

During the present year (1920) workmen engaged in repairs in New Bond Street broke into a long

empty red brick tunnel, five feet across and six feet high, the existence of which was hitherto unknown. It was traced 84 feet—as far as Clifford Street in one direction, and as far as Conduit Street at the other—being apparently blocked at each of these ends.

The conduit in question was evidently connected with the Tyburn, the ancient course of which in the Green Park has even now not entirely disappeared, a winding depression indicating where it formerly flowed. There was formerly a pond in the middle of this park, but this was filled up in 1842, at the same time that the ranger's lodge was razed to the ground.

Park Lane was originally known as Tyburn Lane, owing to its having led to Tyburn turnpike. On the site formerly occupied by Gloucester House, where the late Duke of Cambridge lived, once reposed the Elgin marbles brought to England by Lord Elgin, the public-spirited Ambassador to the Porte, who was roundly abused for saving these fine relics of antiquity from destruction, and lost between seventeen and eighteen thousand pounds by his sale of them to the nation.

At Dorchester House died in 1842 the celebrated Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Lord Steyne. The house, however, has been rebuilt since that day.

At No. 29 (formerly No. 1 Grosvenor Gate) resided Lord Beaconsfield, who went to live there on his marriage with Mrs Lewis in 1839.

On her death in 1872 he removed to Whitehall Gardens. "Sybil" and "Coningsby" were written in Park Lane.

Other celebrities who have lived in Park Lane are Warren Hastings in 1790-1797, and a succeeding Governor of India, the Earl of Mornington, who was created Marquis of Wellesley in 1796; and Mrs Fitzherbert, who was married in her drawing-room to the Prince of Wales on December 21st, 1785.

At Hyde Park Corner, the arch now at the top of Constitutional Hill formerly stood parallel with the

entrance gates of the park, and it was not till long after the years under consideration that the Duke of Wellington's statue was erected upon it. This statue, which had no artistic merit, but, it is said, was approved of by the great Duke himself, was removed to Aldershot when the position of the arch was altered, a new statue by Boehm being erected close to the park gates.

The most satisfactory of this new statue are the four soldiers which stand at the base, which are more virile than their rather apologetic-looking leader, who sits on his horse above them.

Hyde Park has not undergone much alteration within recent years, but in the past various schemes have sought to impair its amenities.

One of the most appalling ideas ever mooted was a proposal to erect a railway station as terminus to a projected London and Richmond railway on the left-hand side just within the entrance at Hyde Park Corner. It is curious that though the principal gate of the Park, this entry has no name. The north-east entrance of the park, the Marble Arch, was removed to its present position in 1851; before that date it stood in front of Buckingham Palace. Near the gate, facing Great Cumberland Place, was the place of execution known as Tyburn, and when a wall used to enclose this corner military executions were carried out within it. In this spot were erected the only gallows ever set up in Hyde Park; this was for the purpose of hanging Sergeant Smith, who, in 1745, had deserted to the Scotch rebels.

The rangership of the Parks was at one time quite an important appointment. It was held from 1762 to 1791 by George, Lord Orford, one of whose eccentricities was driving a four-in-hand of stags.

During the rangership of Lord Essex in 1739 an otter hunt took place in St James's Park. At nine o'clock in the morning of a summer day, Sir Robert Walpole's

pack of otter hounds, which had been borrowed for the occasion, appeared upon the scene, and after a hunt which lasted two hours, the otter, having left the water and tried to run to the great canal, was speared by a Mr Smith who hunted the hounds.

St James's Park is the smallest of all the parks; but it is a perfect jewel amidst the buildings which surround it on all sides. On its glossy lake fine shrubs, and beeches, and ash-trees on the banks throw their trembling shadows; tame water-fowl of every description swim on it or waddle on the green sward near, and eat the crumbs which the children have brought for them. The paths are skirted with flower-beds, with luxurious grass-plots behind them; and on sunny days these grass-plots are crowded with happy children, who prefer this park to all others, for the water-birds are such grateful guests.

On the Continent, too, there are parks; they are larger, and are taken more care of, and by far more ornamental than the London parks. But all strangers who come to London must find that their imperial and royal palace gardens at home, with all their waterworks and Chinese pagodas, Greek temples, and artificial romanticisms, do not make anything like that cheerful, refreshing, tranquillizing, and yet stimulating impression which the parks of England produce.

Deer remained in Kensington Gardens up till the beginning of the last century, and according to Thomas Smith,[1] foxes were hunted here at the end of the last century. Mr Smith found a Minute of the Board of Green Cloth, dated 1798, in which a pension is granted to Sarah Gray, widow, in consideration of the loss of her husband, who was accidentally shot by the keepers while hunting foxes.

The tendency of fashionable London seems ever to be westwards.

[1] "Recollections of Hyde Park, 1836," p. 39.

With reference to Mr Davis's regrets at finding Bourdon House too far out of town, long after his day this part of London was considered to be somewhat outlandish. At the end of the eighteenth century, for instance, Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn was offered the ground now occupied by Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, for £60,000, the same sum being asked for the site in St James's Square, which he then bought. The Lansdowne House property was at the time considered to be too far from the centre of fashion.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign Belgrave Square had not long been finished, and Eaton Square, Chesham Place, and the adjoining streets were in course of completion. The Lowndes Arms, a public-house, was one of the few houses in that locality. Sloane Street was not the fashionable locality it is now, but was the resort of maiden ladies of small means.

The fashionable district of Belgravia was built on ground known as the "Five Fields," on the verge of which Tattersall's, so long known as the "Corner," was established behind St George's Hospital in 1793.

The Bloomsbury and Bedford Square district, built between 1790 and 1810, was once highly popular; the well-built houses, some of which are now once again regaining a well-deserved prestige, giving palpable evidence of having seen better days. The date when this quiet neighbourhood first began to enter upon a period of social decay was about 1828, when a great removal towards the West End set in. At the beginning of the nineteenth century much of the rank and fashion of the town lived there, as may be observed from the fine architecture of old houses in Great Ormond Street and Queen Square.

As late as 1871, Brompton, lying low, was supposed to be a first-rate resort for consumptive people on account of its moist and warm air. Such an idea, of course, was exactly opposed to the teachings of modern science, which

prescribes widely different conditions as being necessary for the cure of that white scourge—tuberculosis.

South Kensington, close by, only arose about 1854, when the once rural Chelsea was already becoming crowded with poor, living in miserable dwellings, nearly all of which have been swept away to make room for high-class residences.

Clapham and Hackney still contained fine villas and mansions, which were the abode of rich merchants, many of which class to-day are carried in luxurious motor-cars either to palatial mansions in the West End, or further afield, right out of London.

When the Marquis of Westminster made his extensive clearings, Tattersall's was removed to a spot lying near the junction of the Brompton and Kensington Roads, where it has remained ever since.

Already, however, the fine old houses were falling before the pick. In 1873 was demolished the last remaining example of Sir Christopher Wren's work in Camberwell—an educational establishment; for years it had been celebrated as one of the foremost grammar schools in the country. This old mansion was identified with many interesting historical memories from the fact of it having at one time been the residence of Mrs Thrale and the family who founded the great firm of Barclay, Perkins & Co., when Dr Johnson was a frequent visitor there.

Soho once had many distinguished residents, and was the scene of pomp and gaiety and splendour.

It is possible that in course of time Mayfair will cease to be a smart residential district.

Shops have already invaded Hanover Square, Dover Street, Grafton Street, and other formerly exclusive thoroughfares.

It is also not impossible that Berkeley Square may eventually be awakened from the aristocratic sleep in which it ever seems to be plunged, and that having been

thrown open to the public, tramps and loafers will take their rest upon benches within its once semi-sacred precincts.

The glories of Mayfair in any case lie more in the past than the future. Its halcyon days essentially belong to the age of privileged aristocracy, with which, no matter what may befall, its name will ever be linked.

VII

THE NIGHT LIFE OF LONDON

I SOMETIMES wonder if, after all, we really did win the war. To judge by the present state of London we have lost it, and are being treated as a beaten people by some austere conqueror.

The truth is that we are dragooned and policed as no civilized nation has ever been before. Told when we are to leave our clubs, and go to bed; told when we are not to drink (soon it will be what we are to drink); and turned out of the theatres, which the authorities have so kindly left open, supperless to bed.

The modern night life of London is now about as exciting as that of Criccieth, and ends about the same hour—ten.

Puritanism and cant have triumphed gloriously all along the line. Things could not have been worse were a victorious enemy in possession of the town.

In the way of regulations and interference with personal liberty our rulers have out-Prussianized the Prussians. Never in their wildest dreams did the latter ever contemplate forcing people to leave their clubs at midnight.

It should not be forgotten that, when the vexatious restrictions under which we suffer were introduced during the war, definite and serious assurances were given that once Peace was declared they would at once be allowed to lapse.

The politicians, however, as is their wont, have lied.

We used to be told that the Great War was to make the world "safe for democracy." In England at least

the last word might now well be changed for hypocrisy, such life and vivacity as existed up to 1914 having been more or less " regulated " out of existence.

The astounding thing is that this unwarrantable interference should have been accepted by the public with sheep-like docility. Had that clever apostle of true liberty, Mr Cecil Chesterton, not died owing to illness contracted while serving at the front, I have no doubt but that things would have been made more uncomfortable for our oppressors !

As the Parisian said of the Germans : " Ils ont rudement changé nos habitudes—ces Cochons la ! "

Before the war a club was considered as being the private house of its members ; to-day the institution in question has been assimilated to the public-house.

So fearful is the Government of bad behaviour, that clubs are obliged to close their doors at 12.30 on all days but Saturday and Sunday, when, as a concession to Sabbatarian prejudice, 12 o'clock is the prescribed hour for members to leave.

Nor can the latter be trusted to imbibe alcohol at their own sweet will, the hours during which anyone may have a drink being strictly limited and defined.

The attitude of most of the House of Commons towards this unwarrantable curtailment of personal liberty (which as a matter of fact was enforced without its consent being asked), while generally feeble and unsatisfactory, is in the case of some members positively insolent.

The subject of the compulsory closing of clubs being under discussion, a wealthy M.P. with a fine house remarked that he did not see there was anything to grumble at. " I always go to bed early," said he. The inference, of course, being that as long as he was comfortable amid his luxurious surroundings, it didn't matter what other people were made to put up with !

In this country going to bed early is supposed to

promote all sorts of mysterious blessings, and those who complain of being made to retire supperless at midnight are told that "it's such a good thing for one's health, don't you know."

"Où il y a de l'hygiène
Il n'y a plus de plaisir."

Retiring to rest at a set hour when one is amused and not sleepy is as ridiculous as is staying up when one happens to be tired.

Goodness knows we shall sleep long enough eventually, for which reason we ought to take full advantage of every pleasurable hour or minute we can.

A person who habitually goes to bed early, no matter how great the attractions which might keep him up, throws away part of his life.

As a matter of fact, people who go to bed late live just as long as those who don't.

Provided an individual obtains sufficient sleep, it does not matter a jot whether he goes to bed late or early. The Easterns, who sleep only when they feel inclined, know this. Taking too little sleep may be hurtful, but there is no benefit in taking too much.

Liberty, like charity, should begin at home, and the hour for retiring to bed is a man's own business—the State has no right to coerce him.

The whole question of personal liberty has been admirably summed up by a writer in the Paris *Temps*, who, concerning what he aptly termed the Era of Restrictions, said:

"A free country is one where there is no encroachment upon the liberty of any of its citizens—no matter how few; should there be only one hundred persons or even only one who is coerced without necessity, the principle of Liberty is violated, and exists no longer."

The truth of this has been recognized in France, where social liberty once more prevails.

To what lengths Puritan fanaticism is capable of going may be judged from its dismal eccentricities in the United States, where Senator Jones, intoxicated with victory and intolerance, actually tried to get a measure passed forbidding all American citizens abroad who are members of the American diplomatic and consular services, to serve alcoholic liquors at public or official functions, or to recognize clubs where such beverages are dispensed. The Bill provided drastic penalties for infringement, a second offence entailing imprisonment from six months to six years.

But this is not the last limit of folly.

Fanatical extravagance, indeed, seems to know no bounds in the so-called land of the free across the Atlantic.

Representative William D. Upshaw, of Georgia, apparently desirous of making life miserable for his countrymen even when abroad, has introduced a Bill in the House which forbids the taking of liquor by American diplomat and consular agents, and also forbids them to attend banquets, dinners, or other functions where liquor is served. Mr Upshaw was for several years a lecturer for the Anti-Saloon League and also a director of the International Reform Bureau. The Bill has been sent to the Judiciary Committee.

About one of the best digs ever administered to teetotallers was what a clever American—William Maxwell Evarts—said of President Hayes' method of running his household. "While Hayes occupied the White House," said Evarts, "the water at his dinners flowed like champagne."

Those who claim to improve humanity seem quite unable to realize that our nature ought to be taken as it is. Any tolerant scrutiny of human foibles, however, being liable to upset preconceived narrow convictions, is disagreeable to folk who will not face facts. Wordsworth called Voltaire a dull scoffer, with reference

to which Byron, defending his Don Juan to a friend—the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird—in 1822 wrote: "I have no objection to be in such good company. I am persuaded that Nero, Caligula, and such worthies as Cæsar Borgia, will come out much better characters at the Day of Judgment, and that bishops and all other saints, pious and grave, will be the chief losers at that solemnity."

The Press is fond of talking about "Wonderful London." "Wonderful London!" indeed, with its inhabitants debarred from supping or using their clubs (which are really their own houses) after midnight merely because the Government fears to displease certain faddists! Meanwhile, dancing places which do not call themselves clubs are allowed to remain open up to any hour their proprietors choose!

Wonderful London! with no music-halls into which a man can drop in and walk about for half an hour in the evening, as he can do in every other capital in Europe.

Wonderful London! with a horde of Paul Prys interfering with other people's affairs and doing their best to get wretched women hounded from pillar to post under the long-exploded pretext that such a cruel policy makes for a higher morality.

A really "Wonderful London" would be possible were counsels of common sense to prevail, but at present, under the dominance of the faddist and the crank, "Idiotic London" would surely be a more correct appellation for the greatest city in all the world, the inhabitants of which allow themselves to be ruled by regulations which before the Great War would not have been tolerated in even a small provincial town.

When things get to their worst, however, they generally get better, and in all probability the Puritans, flushed with victory and lemonade, will eventually become so unreasonable in their proposals as to produce a reaction permeated by tolerance and common sense.

A long period of years, however, will probably elapse before anything of this kind is likely to happen, and in the meanwhile we must be prepared for an ever increasing number of senseless and harassing regulations.

Under present conditions it is difficult to realize that before the passing of the Licensing Act in the early 'seventies, which closed public-houses and restaurants at 12.30, London was practically as late a city as Paris.

In 1914 the absurdity of turning people out of restaurants before they had finished their supper was beginning to be realized, and there was some idea that the closing hour would be extended till one.

Under cover of the war, however, middle-class Puritanism has succeeded in doing away with supper altogether; and after about eleven o'clock London is now like a city of the dead.

Gone are the days when at eleven-thirty pleasure-seekers of both sexes drove up to the doors of various restaurants in the hansoms which the coming of the taxi relegated to the fate of the family coach and the sedan chair.

Supper in London is now a thing of the past. Before the war, however, great numbers of people indulged in it, never dreaming that in the years to come all alcohol was to be prohibited after ten o'clock.

In the 'eighties Rule's in Maiden Lane was much frequented at supper-time by young men-about-town and fair ladies whom they flocked to admire on the stage. Romano's, then a very small place, was of course the headquarters of the old style Gaiety chorister and her admirers of the Crutch and Tooth-pick brigade, also known as "Mashers," an important part of whose evening garb was a silk-lined Inverness cape.

The name "Crutch and Toothpick" originated from the black silver-mounted walking-sticks with crutch handles which these young men carried at night, and

the toothpicks which they languidly sucked during the performance.

They were perhaps not so vacuous as they were supposed to be; anyhow, if they did little good they did no harm to anyone except themselves.

There is nothing to correspond to them to-day, when dandies, bucks, and bloods have ceased to exist; everyone more or less has been ground down to the same pattern.

Not a few of these young men were in debt, but somehow or other tradesmen generally contrived to get their money in the end, though they often had to put up with many rebuffs. One spark who was about to get into his gig was stopped by a creditor who very civilly said he did not wish to press for his money but only wanted to have some idea as to when it would be convenient to pay him.

"I don't feel disposed to gratify your impertinent curiosity," said the young fellow, and coolly drove away.

A lady was descanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes, to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."

Such a state of affairs, however, could not go on for ever, and in the end a number of these young gentlemen, having got rid of their patrimony, had to look about for a way to live. Some went abroad, some into the City; a few even tried to go on the stage.

Dick Dunn once received a ticket for a performance in which a quondam masher was to take part. He went, and in the interval was asked to go behind by the aspirant to dramatic fame.

"Well, Dick," enquired the latter, "what do you think of me?"

"I've seen Kean, I've seen McCready, and I've seen Irving," said the famous bookmaker, "but never, oh never, acting like this—take it which way you like, sir, and 'ave a cigar."

Most of the ladies who assisted to keep alight the sacred lamp of burlesque were well able to hold their own.

A devoted admirer was allowed by one fair creature to go with her to choose (and pay for) some dainty and expensive lingerie.

"Have a good look at them, dear," said she; "you'll never see them again."

The pendulum of fashion swings backwards and forwards on the stage as well as in ordinary life.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties the famous Gaiety chorus as well as some of the principals wore tights; in the 'nineties they wore as many clothes as possible; since then their costume has at times been reduced to a minimum.

The Globe (only closed a few years ago) was at one time a great resort for supper, but it was not such a quiet place as Rule's or even Romano's, and in the 'eighties fights were not unknown there.

Another haunt of men of pleasure was the Continental, a restaurant now pulled down at the lower end of Regent Street, which up to the beginning of the present century was notorious as one of the liveliest supper places in town.

Here the fair sex were wont to meet swains after the theatres had closed. Attached to the restaurant, which at night was crowded, was a hotel, the visitors to which cannot have had a dull time.

A foreign diplomatist who arrived about midnight, having had to push his way upstairs through a hilarious crowd of gorgeously attired ladies, enquired whether a party was being given that evening.

"Yes," said the mâitre d'hôtel, "we give a party

every evening," and, he might have added, "a very lively party too."

Eventually the exit of those who had been supping attracted a crowd outside, with the result that, like "Jimmie's," a somewhat inferior supper-place of the past, the Continental ceased to exist.

The regular frequenters of the freer forms of amusements, such as night clubs, were in the 'eighties mainly men-about-town, who were more or less known to everyone in the West End.

They still retained some remnant of the social prestige and power which their predecessors of an earlier age had enjoyed to the full, with the result that anyone not of their own set who had made his way into one of their special haunts was liable to have things made hot for him.

The West End at that time had not as yet been dominated by the wealthy financiers—alien as well as native-born—who now hold it under their thumbs.

In those days people went to the night clubs well knowing what class would constitute the majority of the female frequenters. No lady, for instance, would have dreamt of entering the Gardenia, or even the Corinthian, which yet was something more than a resuscitated night-house, for actresses of the lighter stage were occasionally to be seen there.

To-day, owing to the social confusion produced by the hypocritical suppression of every place of amusement which does not pose as being strictly respectable, young girls and married women are to be seen dancing merrily away in very mixed assemblages.

By a ridiculous refinement of stupid hypocrisy the demi-monde is supposed to be extinct. This in reality means that the most ancient profession in the world plies its trade in secret while mixing with girls and women whose morality is above suspicion.

What this state of affairs leads to may be judged

from the ever-increasing number of cases in the divorce court.

The old system was, of course, far more healthy; however, owing to the terror inspired by those posing as moralists and social reformers, there seems little chance of the triumph of sanity and common sense.

The Corinthian Club in York Street, St James's, which flourished in 1889, was about the most successful of the old night clubs, frequented as it was by many pretty ladies, some of whom were minor stars of the lighter stage.

It was not badly conducted, and the Bohemian life of the London of that day received a blow when it was closed.

The end of the Corinthian, I believe, arose owing to the protests of a householder close by, who complained that he could not sleep owing to the noise made by cabs coming and going all night. The dancing-room of the Corinthian, which still exists, would appear to have formerly been the "French Chapel," originally built for Honoré Courtin, the envoy of Louis XIV to Charles the Second, the French Embassy at that time being just round the corner at No. 8 St James's Square.

The chapel in question figured in the list of London places of worship up to quite recent times. At the time it was used as a dancing room, traces of its ecclesiastical origin could still be discerned.

In the 'eighties and early 'nineties the "Star and Garter" at Richmond was popular on Sundays. Couples drove down in smart hansom cabs, and after an abundant lunch strolled about on the slopes beneath, where an itinerant photographer did quite a good business taking their photographs—a rather simple form of amusement which would scarcely appeal to the more sophisticated young people of to-day.

The portraits in question were taken on metal and covered with glass, the result being somewhat primitive.

In those days a lady's handkerchief would be dyed with coffee, and other devices employed to counteract the effects of light, since rendered unnecessary by new discoveries.

By the 'nineties the old night life of London had pretty well become a thing of the past.

Though apt to be rough sometimes, even brutal, it was characteristically English, a survival of the virile days of Trafalgar and Waterloo; there was indeed nothing cosmopolitan about it except some of the ladies and the drinks. On the whole, it was probably a better worldly training for young men than the lolling about luxurious restaurants which took its place.

In the way of amusements the triumph of middle-class intolerance may now be said to be complete.

The Argyll Rooms, Vauxhall, Cremorne Gardens, and other Bohemian haunts have long been closed for ever. In the early Victorian days as many as two hundred open-air pleasure resorts—dancing-places, tea-gardens and the like—were open for Londoners' amusement. To-day, almost entirely owing to the efforts of insensate Puritanism, there are none.

Such delights as Ranelagh, Vauxhall and Cremorne once offered are denied to the present generation, which, placidly allowing itself to be enmeshed with restrictions, seems indisposed to protest against any curtailment of personal liberty, no matter how unreasonable or absurd.

Puritanism has decreed that the citizens of the greatest city in the world must not spend their summer evenings in the open air, and the populace consequently is herded into the music-hall and cinema, where carefully censored, but for the most part inane, entertainments occupy the abundant hours of leisure which its more hard-working and more independent forbears never had at their disposal.

From time immemorial the English people have been

passionately fond of evening outdoor amusements; while their pastors and masters have been as passionately persistent in their endeavours to deprive them—always on the highly sustainable plea of decorum and morality—of any evening outdoor amusements whatsoever.

Precisely the contrary rule has, in all times, and under all governments, prevailed in France. Outdoor games, shows, and merrymakings have always been systematically sanctioned and encouraged by authority; and under the Restoration, when a feeble effort was made by the Government to suppress the popular suburban balls, the attempt was met by the furious and famous diatribe of Paul-Louis Courier against the law which proposed "d'empêcher les paysans de danser le Dimanche," and the prohibitory legislation was abandoned.

In its best days Vauxhall must have been a very pleasant place, bright with coloured lights and full of gay company listening to the music.

Many memories of the eighteenth century clung about the old gardens. Certain of the decorative paintings were by Hogarth, and the artistic taste of another age could clearly be discerned, though time and the weather had done their work in the way of spoiling a good deal which would otherwise have been artistic and interesting. To such an extent was this the case, that when the pictures were sold, ridiculously small prices were realized, though many were the work of well-known and highly-gifted painters.

In the palmiest days of old Vauxhall the maximum price of admission was five shillings. In the exhibition year, 1851, the entrée to the gardens, the site of which is now covered by ugly streets, was half-a-crown. A mass of varied entertainment was furnished for that sum. To begin with, there was a really excellent vocal and instrumental concert, which included comic songs. Other attractions were a splendid panorama, a first-

rate ballet, acrobatic performances, and a capital circus. There were also frequent balloon ascents from the Waterloo Ground, amid "fifty thousand additional lamps," and a grand display of fireworks. All these and many more delights were to be enjoyed for two-and-sixpence. An old frequenter declared that the contemplation of the plaster statues in the Italian walk were alone worth the money, while the illuminated transparency representing a famous character of the gardens, Mr Simpson, M.C., with his perennial bow, his cocked hat, his opera tights and pumps, would have been cheap at a crown. The tariff of refreshments was, admittedly, not cheap; at the same time, in the crypt behind the orchestra visitors could obtain a brown mug full of excellent stout for sixpence. A dish of cold meat only cost a shilling; and the shilling glass of brandy-and-water contained at least half a quartern of fortifying spirit.

In its palmy days Vauxhall boasted a carver reputed to be second to none. It was said that so expert was he at cutting ham that if put upon his mettle he could cut from one single ham sufficient slices to cover the whole gardens, which were by no means inextensive.

Cremorne, though in its last days considered almost as part of London, was originally quite a rural spot. In the Royal Blue Book for 1826 Chelsea Farm is given as the "country residence" of Lady Cremorne. Chelsea Farm in course of time became Cremorne Gardens, the site of which is now covered by streets.

An aristocratic fête was once organized at Cremorne by a noble lord of artistic tastes. The place was then in its glory; the gardens were exquisitely pretty; the entertainment varied, sparkling, and attractive; and it occurred to the noble lord that it would be a very nice thing to charter Mr Simpson's premises for a single evening, form a committee of ladies patronesses, and, by the maintenance of a rigid system of vouchers,

exclude all but the "crême de la crême" of society from the bowers, the buffets, the marionette theatre, the dancing platform for that night only. The festival, harmless and even ingenious in its inception, duly took place. The upper classes came, if not in their thousands, at least in their hundreds, to the Chelsea Casino. There was music; there was dancing; "twenty thousand additional lamps" shone upon fair women and brave men; and all would have gone merry as a marriage bell, only, unfortunately, it poured cats and dogs throughout the evening; and that which should have been an Almack's in the open air was converted into a Festival of Umbrellas and a Carnival of Goloshes.

One of the chief opponents of Cremorne Gardens was Canon Cromwell, the principal of St Mark's Training College, almost opposite. His Puritanical activities were unpopular, and a satirical paper pictured him in cap and gown ejecting a couple of flashily-dressed ladies from the resort he wished to close. The comic Press, then far more outspoken than it is to-day, made fun of petitions organized against the Gardens, speaking of them as being signed by babies and children under ten. A burlesque set of "Cremorne Regulations" prohibited fireworks, dancing, smoking, laughing, alcohol or flirting. For a time the crusade against Cremorne received little serious support.

At the end of 1876, however, a rhymed pamphlet entitled "The Trial of John Fox," or "Fox John," or the "Horrors of Cremorne," attracted some attention. It branded the Gardens as being the "nursery of every kind of vice" and its manager, John Fox, as a callous money-grubber.

In May 1877, the lessee, John Baum, brought an action against the author, who was a Mr Alfred Brandon, a tailor by trade and minister of the Chelsea Baptist Chapel.

Baum was eventually awarded a farthing damages, each side having to pay its own costs.

In the following October Baum, probably anticipating a refusal, withdrew his application for a renewal of the licence, and so Cremorne closed for ever.

The ground it occupied was soon covered with rows of small houses, and its pleasures, as well as its moral shortcomings, have now long been forgotten.

In the early 'eighties came the Fisheries Exhibition, a sort of "moral Cremorne," which was followed by other professedly educational exhibitions, finally ended by the erection of the Natural History Museum and other ponderous buildings upon the ground.

Since then there have been semi-open air shows at Earl's Court and Shepherd's Bush, where the White City is still in existence.

The Argyll rooms—the last of a number of metropolitan dancing places like Highbury Barn and the Holborn Casino—was refused a licence not very long after Cremorne.

The premises were afterwards turned into the Trocadero music-hall, which in turn gave way to Messrs Lyons's excellent restaurant of the same name.

During the war the Puritans turned their attention to the promenades and lounges, which, to their great joy, they eventually succeeded in getting suppressed. In consequence the music-hall, which, as that fine writer and critic, Mr George Moore, once pointed out,[1] was "wholly and essentially English," has practically ceased to exist.

As he said, "its communal enjoyment and its spontaneity set us thinking of Elizabethan England; there was real life in it."

And now it has gone, swamped in the seething torrent of slimy hypocrisy.

With the suppression of the Empire lounge, one of

[1] "Confessions of a Young Man."

the last features of the old pleasure-loving London passed away.

It is true that for some years it had ceased to be the nightly resort of men-about-town, but it was still a place where men from India and the Colonies went, feeling sure that they would come across friends.

In the 'eighties all the sporting characters in town used to go there—Sam Lewis was always the centre of an animated group.

Then came the Puritan agitation, which produced almost a riot, one of the chief leaders of which was a young man who is now a Cabinet Minister, and consequently would probably raise no protest if music-halls were closed altogether.

Though the lounge was eventually reopened, it was never the same as before; indeed, in its latter days, the frequenters were mainly of a different class.

The contention that it was a centre of vice was ridiculous. A certain number of women certainly frequented the place, but they can be found anywhere —even in churches; and provided they behave decently, which they always did at the Empire, it would have been monstrous to exclude them.

All the other lounges in London were suppressed during the war, London thus becoming the only capital devoid of a place of amusement, where people are able to walk about and hear music in the evenings.

Paris, of course, has any number of lounges—the Casino de Paris, Folies Bergères and Olympia, for instance—all highly popular haunts with the English, who at home are apt to hold up their hands in horror at the idea of such places!

The Empire with its promenade, where one met people from all parts of the world, is but a memory; the Pavilion —affectionately known to pleasure-seekers of a past generation as "the Pav"—is intermittently a theatre

or a cinematograph show; while the Oxford, as a music-hall, has ceased to exist.

All this closing up of lounges has been carried out as part of the Puritan policy of hounding wretched women into the street.

In the old resorts now condemned as having been vulgar and undesirable, young men were able to have something of a fling, much being openly tolerated which is now looked upon as a sort of crime.

The result of driving vice underground is merely that worse extravagances are carried on in secret, for youth can be no more prevented from yielding to its imperious appetite for unrestrained pleasure than a consumptive from coughing.

The earlier closing of restaurants, the suppression of music-hall lounges and late night clubs, have not made London more moral than in the past; what they have done is to make the West End less human and less amusing. One must, however, remember that the vast majority of social reformers are dull dogs, and in this direction, at least, they have good reason to pride themselves upon their success.

But in reality it is in that direction only. Utopian ideas are all very well in theory, but getting them carried out is quite another matter. Puritans invariably forget the old proverb about taking a horse to the water—which, by the way, is what a number of these want to be our only drink.

During the last thirty or forty years the character of music-hall entertainments has entirely changed.

Forty years ago the London world of amusement was infinitely smaller than it is to-day. A large portion of the middle classes never entered theatres or music-halls, the majority on account of what they believed to be religion, the remainder because they had not been brought up in the habit of going.

The proletariat, on the other hand, were keen patrons

of the drama, and looked upon the gallery as their own part of the house. They did not fail to manifest their disapproval of pieces which seemed to them bad, while prodigal of applause to their favourites. On the whole their judgment was fairly good.

The aristocracy were then, as they have always been, fond of amusements, and went a good deal to the theatres. At that time, however, except by way of an escapade, ladies did not go to music-halls, about which hung a glamour of impropriety.

Gradually, however, they contrived to get their men folk to take them there, with the result that the old-fashioned and rather Rabelaisian songs gave way to what the Press called a more refined form of entertainment.

This incursion of respectable females into a sphere which had formerly been considered the particular hunting-ground of nocturnal revellers was really the commencement of the curious state of affairs which prevails to-day when what considers itself to represent Society cheerfully rubs shoulders with all sorts of queer company—young married women and unmarried maidens cheerfully footing it at fancy balls and night clubs cheek by jowl with actresses, cocottes, money-lenders, bookmakers, *et hoc genus omne*—the cocottes, oddly enough, often looking far the most respectable of the lot.

At one time, for some reason or other, it was supposed that music-halls would have an educational effect upon their patrons.

A critic speaking of the London music-halls in the 'sixties said, we were told, when the idea came first into notice, that its encouragement would assuredly exercise a beneficial influence over the progress of music amongst the lower classes; that many people who now spend the hours of the night in dissolute indulgence at the public-house, would, in time, be weaned from

their evil doings, and that the souls of our less wealthy fellow-creatures would, in general terms, be ennobled through the gentle agency of art! In fact, we were told all sorts of things, which, perhaps, we did not believe, and which have, at all events, been proved by time to be not less fallacious than the great majority of predictions.

The music-halls were never educational; but before the entertainment provided in them had been levelled up, or rather down, to suit the susceptibilities of the suburban mind, it was at least the frank expression of a certain side of English life, and, as such, more artistic than some of the puerile inanities which took its place.

The music-hall, of course, had its origin in sing-songs organized in public-houses and had nothing in common with the modern Palace of Varieties.

The early music-halls were not luxurious nor refined, while the songs were of a full-blooded order which would probably cause an outcry at the present day. The wit not infrequently was akin to that provided at the Cider cellars or at Baron Nicholson's burlesque trials, which were notoriously very Rabelaisian.

The Lion comiques of that day were particularly fond of singing about the St John's Wood— the Grove of the Evangelists, as they called it.

> "I know a Bank—South Bank
> In a wood—St John's Wood,
> She lives with her darling Mamma.
> Come and dine, have some wine
> At a quarter-past nine.
> Till then, naughty boy, Tra-la-la;"

sung by the "Great Vance," is a fair specimen of the doggerel ladled out to music-hall audiences to their apparent delight.

As late as the 'eighties and early 'nineties St John's

Wood, which is now a district of the highest respectability, had a good many queer residents.

The " Wood " sheltered many ultra-Bohemians, most of whom were ladies who were by way of being attractive, but who very often weren't.

Lively scenes took place in some of the little houses which now look so demure and prim. Here in long past days men have been known to fight their way out of tough corners, poker in hand.

Young fellows about town had no illusions as to the dangers which might await them in that part of London, but the spirit of adventure is often strong in youth, and the hazards connected with a drive in pleasant company to North or South Bank had little deterrent effect.

Very popular were songs dealing with London types such as the hansom cabby, of whom Arthur Roberts gave such an amusing and excellent impersonation in " Gentleman Joe. "

> " I say, cabby (sang another bard) I want to know the fare
> To drive a girl along with an Earl
> From here to Leicester Square; "

and so on and so on.

Cabby belongs only to the past, as does any inducement to drive a girl to Leicester Square, the supper resorts of which, thanks to the triumph of Puritanism, no longer exist.

Songs then were far more topical than is the case to-day, dealing as they did with some *cause célèbre* or public scandal. " Charlie Dilke," set to an admirable tune, was a conspicuous instance.

Another ditty sung by the same singer—Macdermott —dealt with the disreputable crowd of rooks who lay in wait for pigeons at certain bars round Piccadilly Circus.

This, called " Captain Criterion of London," excited great indignation among certain flashily-dressed

sporting men. The latter, who took certain criticisms as being levelled at themselves, were indeed said to have frightened Macdermott or the management of the London Pavilion into withdrawing the song from the programme; in any case it was sung for but a short time. Gradually the music-hall, while retaining most of its original character, became less of the free and easy from which it sprang and more of a regularly conducted entertainment. Songs sung there, such as "Champagne Charlie," were heard all over the town. In the end, ladies wanted to go and hear them, and, of course, as always happens, eventually had their way, though for years it must be understood such visits were in the nature of a secret adventure.

When, however, "Plevna" was played at the Canterbury, in the late 'seventies, many people from the West End went to see it; and though the old school discouraged it as much as they could, before very many years were over the boxes of the now remodelled halls were quite often frequented by women as well as men of the fashionable world.

The institution of the variety theatres naturally gave a great impetus to this fashion, but in the meantime the original music-hall entertainment was being gradually pushed out of existence, except at some of the minor halls which still retained a chairman.

In the 'sixties and 'seventies, the Alhambra, with its well-mounted ballets and capital scenery, was a very popular resort; the music rooms known as Evans's, in Covent Garden, was another. In the latter case the audience consisted of men alone, and the entertainment was made up of songs, glees, and part songs, executed by a well-trained choir composed of boys with fresh and lusty voices. At Evans's the visitor was bound to hear good music well executed. The establishment was admirably conducted, and it is a pity that it was ever closed.

When the licensing of music-halls was in the hands of the Middlesex magistrates the latter were constantly being attacked as a lot of Puritanical old fogies, for which reason the transference of certain of their powers to the County Council was hailed with approval, a number of people being under the mistaken impression that the new licensing authority would be more tolerant in its policy.

As a matter of fact, as all who understood the workings of the civic mind expected, the very opposite was the case, the activities of a certain section of the Council being immediately directed towards the morals of the female frequenters of various Music Hall promenades, and similar questions capable of arousing pornographic discussions dear to professional supervisors of other people's morals. The inner history of the "Zaeo" episode in the 'eighties was a fine example of Puritan gullibility.

The engagement of "Zaeo," a famous acrobat of that day, then at the Aquarium, was coming to an end with small prospect of renewal, public interest in her clever and daring feats having somewhat declined, when one of the ladies' entourage, who combined a keen sense of humour with considerable business capacity, set to work to boom her performance. In the first place he designed a poster which though perfectly proper showed "Zaeo" in tights. This was put up all over London.

He then arranged for letters to be written to the Vigilance Society protesting against the poster as being indecent.

The Society took the matter up, and an application was made to Sir John Bridge, at Bow Street, with the result that after some proceedings it was arranged that the poster should be modified.

The next day every one had a large piece of white paper pasted over the legs.

The case, of course, was fully reported in the Press and created a sensation, with the result that the Aquarium was thronged. The clever advertiser, however, did not stop here. When the Aquarium's licence was applied for he contrived to have it opposed on the grounds that owing to lack of clothing "Zaeo's" back was lacerated by the fall into the net which part of her performance entailed. Several County Councillors took the matter up very seriously, and one even proposed to examine the lady's back. The result of all this was, of course, more newspaper advertisement and larger audiences than ever. This was probably one of the few instances in which over-zealous Puritanism ever did anyone any good.

For a good many years after all this, people flocked to the Aquarium, where, in addition to the denizens of the deep, there was generally some extraordinarily daring acrobatic feat to be seen. Quite as sensational as "Zaeo's" was the performance of "Zazel," a graceful acrobat, who was fired out of a cannon and caught a trapeze at the end of her flight. In reality the mode of propulsion was a strong spring, though the illusion of a real cannon being fired was produced by the volumes of smoke which surged from the cannon's mouth as the performer flew through the air. Zazel was presented to the public by Mr Farini, an unrivalled purveyor of wonders.

An outcry on the score of danger arose about this turn, and the Home Secretary was said to have been about to interfere, whereupon Mr Farini (so ran the story) completely set the public mind at rest by proposing to demonstrate the safety of the performance by shooting the minister himself out of the cannon, not once only, but as many times as he might like, while guaranteeing his safety. The offer was not accepted, but talk of interference ceased.

The Aquarium was always a source of anxiety

to prudes on the prowl, who at licensing time tried to make out that it was a source of demoralization and fount of iniquity.

When allegations were made that it was frequented by undesirable women, the management, of course, replied that the moral standard of female visitors was practically that of vestal virgins.

As a matter of fact the poor, gloomy old place where the public were promised twelve hours of uninterrupted enjoyment was in its last days one of the horrors of London.

With its dingy interior and derelict tanks, in one of the last of which survived a melancholy crocodile, any more depressing resort was not to be imagined.

Its site is now, not so inappropriately perhaps, covered by a Wesleyan hall.

VIII

BOHEMIAN DAYS

WHILE Mayfair has possibly not always been immaculate from a moral point of view, its vices have never been such as to produce disorder or serious scandal.

A number of the smallest houses in its retired streets have from time to time sheltered queer, if attractive, tenants, but from the point of view of decorum the latter have generally given no more cause for complaint than the most rigorous of their neighbours.

At one time there was a regular London *demi-monde*. Skittles, Mabel Grey, and other anonymas were well-known figures in the Park, which they usually frequented in discreet-looking little broughams.

In the 'sixties quite a number of these ladies, priding themselves upon their horsemanship, were to be seen in the Row. They took care, however, not to go there at the fashionable hour, which was in the afternoon.

Many sporting characters have lived in Mayfair, notably the late Mr "Abington" Baird, who, one evening, having dined particularly well in a luxuriously-furnished little house in Curzon Street belonging to a sporting baronet, bought it straight away—lock, stock and barrel, just as it stood.

The proprietor walked out and Mr Baird went to bed in the house late that very night. Waking up in the morning, he was rather dazed by finding himself in a strange bedroom.

"Where am I?" he asked of one of his sporting associates who chanced to drop in.

"You're at home, Squire," was the reply, which considerably astonished Mr Baird, who had but a hazy recollection of what had happened the night before.

It was while at this house that this eccentric character organized a contest between a number of piano organs, which, to the astonishment of their grinders and dismay of the neighbours, was decided in the drawing-room.

Such freaks as this have never been popular in the West End.

There has always been a certain amount of gambling in Mayfair; some of the most decorous-looking mansions could tell queer tales.

The high play which took place within their walls has been known to go on without the consent or even the knowledge of the owners.

This was especially the case just before the Great War, when it became the practice of certain sporting individuals, appreciative of the financial benefits of the *cagnotte*, to pay a big rent for six months in order to be able to entertain a select clientèle fond of baccarat.

As the houses were generally obtained through a third party the real object for which they were wanted as a rule escaped notice till rumours of what was going on reached the ears of some scandalized landlord, who immediately proceeded to get rid of his undesirable tenant.

Large sums were lost in these places, which were most luxuriously conducted, supper, wines and cigars, all of the most excellent kind, being provided free.

In connection with this method of hiring houses amusing incidents sometimes occurred.

The owner of a fine house in the West End having, as he thought, let it extremely well for six months, betook himself and his wife to Paris. He was a serious individual, rather pompous in manner.

A week later, walking in the Rue de la Paix he was suddenly slapped on the back by a young fellow of

his acquaintance well known for his addiction to the Turf.

"Well, old boy," said the latter, "my congratulations on your good week—your share of the Kitty (*cagnotte*) can't have been less than a couple of thou! However, I came off all right. I won a monkey."

"I don't understand what you mean," was the reply.

"As if you didn't jolly well know!"

Eventually, much to his horror, the owner of the mansion, which had let so well, discovered that *chemin de fer* baccarat was being played in his drawing-room, while an elaborate and excellent supper was provided for players on his dining table, around which some of the most serious personages in the Metropolis were wont to assemble.

"Your little library makes a capital place for hats and coats," was the final remark of the informant, who delighted in the consternation he was creating.

Returning to London the next day the scandalized owner of the house confronted his tenant, and told him he must leave.

The latter, however, showed a bold front, declaring that the card-playing had been greatly exaggerated—merely a little Bridge among friends. Finally he declared his intention of carrying the matter into court, adding that, if gambling should be proved, a jury would draw their own conclusions as to the ignorance of a landlord who had exacted such an exorbitant rent.

In the end the latter, fearful of further scandal, actually had to buy his tenant out.

These gaming places, to do those who ran them justice, were orderly and well conducted. Neither women or young men were admitted, the majority of the players being men-about-town, well used to gambling on the turf and at foreign casinos.

A sprinkling of legislators drawn from both sides of

the House usually gave timid frequenters a comfortable if fallacious feeling of security from outside interference.

The profits of the proprietors, after the fashion followed at French watering-places, were drawn from the percentage levied on the banks.

Very large sums were made in this way by certain individuals—one indeed certainly made £80,000, most of which, it may be added, he afterwards lost on the Turf.

Though a few minor gaming places were raided the best of them (if such a term is admissible) escaped interference. This implies no slackness on the part of the authorities. There was no scandal; and the sojourn of a gaming house keeper in any particular place was so short, that by the time his business had attracted attention the bird had flown.

The war practically ended all this sort of thing in the West End, where no one now has money to lose.

There was a good deal of baccarat played in London in the 'eighties. The Park and Field Clubs existed solely in order to afford men-about-town facilities for playing that game.

There were also instances of baccarat being played in one or two old-established and highly respectable clubs.

This in one or two cases led to scandals and eventually severe action was taken, which has prevented anything of the sort happening since.

Private gaming parties have, of course, always been intermittent features of West End life, and at various times jokes have been played on these giving them. In one case three or four intimate men friends of a lady who was in the habit of having baccarat parties at her house, having dressed themselves up as police officers, one evening proceeded to knock loudly at the door, and, on admission, walked up to the room where they knew gambling was going on. Their entrance was the

signal for a general stampede for the door, which was only checked when the raid was found to be but a joke.

At one time men who wanted a gamble used to take a sitting-room for the night at one of the old-fashioned hotels, where they knew they would be allowed to do as they liked.

The old sporting hotels of the West End were real survivals of another age, linking, as they did, the life of men-about-town with that led by their predecessors in the eighteenth century.

Before their final extinction these old hostelries were practically without exception rebuilt.

Long's Hotel in Bond Street, which closed its doors some years ago, was, before it had been rebuilt, a great resort of men-about-town in the mornings and afternoons, who would have drinks there, and exchange the talk of the town. There was a billiard-room upstairs, and the accommodation was comfortable if old-fashioned.

William, the old head waiter, was a well-known character at Long's, ever ready with racing tips which did the poor man himself even more harm than those who received them. Indeed this most gentle, civil and efficient representative of a class which is now extinct was not prosperous in his last years.

At Long's were to be had the best grilled soles and best whiskies-and-sodas in London. Everything, however, was pretty good at this hostelry, which was the last of a number of its kind which once flourished in the West End of London.

Long's Hotel outlived its rivals, but at the end of its existence had entirely changed its character.

It was at Long's Hotel that the ill-fated Ernest Benzon—the Jubilee Juggins, as he was called—first burst upon the West End, and here a few years later he lost £10,000 in one evening at billiards.

The smoking-room, where poor Benzon used to hold forth as to his extravagances past and to come, served

more or less as a sort of club to a number of sportsmen, some of whom were unlikely to get into any other.

The spirit of life then still lingered about the old hostelry, but a few years later, when the place became more of a family hotel, it of course entirely disappeared.

Not far away, in Cork Street, formerly flourished the old-established tavern of the sign of the "Blue Posts," a sporting resort which was long famous for its dinners, chops and punch. It was also at one time popular with literary men, having been a favourite haunt of the publisher Blackwood, the famous "Ebony," where he saw the London contributors to "Maga."

A good old-fashioned English dinner could still be procured at the "Blue Posts" in the 'eighties of the last century, but its popularity was eclipsed by the palatial new restaurants which began to be erected shortly after that date.

At No. 15 lived the philanthropist George Peabody, and at No. 17 Sam Lewis—also a philanthropist in his own particular way.

Few knew as much about the financial secrets of Mayfair as the little Cork Street moneylender, who was to be seen standing in his bow window looking at his fashionable clients going to lunch opposite at the Bristol, then the most popular restaurant in the West End.

People wondered why, wealthy as he was, he continued to carry on his business. "Why don't you give up the moneylending business, now that you have made so much money?" someone asked him. "I'm Sam Lewis," said he, "the money-lender, and if I were to become Archbishop of Canterbury I should be Sam the money-lender still."

A favourite maxim of his, belief in which no doubt contributed to his success, was, "Lend to the rich and not to the poor."

Sam Lewis, though he could be hard enough in the exercise of his trade, must have been at heart kind.

The day before his death, it is said, having realized that his end was near, he sent for his book of debtors, and drew a feeble pen through several names against which large sums were inscribed.

The chill from which he died, it may be added, was contracted while witnessing the funeral procession of Queen Victoria.

"Dreadful times," said an impecunious man-about-town. "The poor old Queen dies one week and Sam dies the next!"

It may be added that the great fortune, which has now almost gone to charities, was not by any means all made through moneylending. He was an astute speculator, and bought largely and well in the early days of the South African boom; in many other directions also he had irons in the fire, a number of which proved very profitable.

When all is said and done, it is odd to reflect that scarcely anyone has ever left such munificent bequests for philanthropic purposes as the usurer Sam Lewis, or the courtezan Gaby Delys.

Limmer's Hotel, George Street, Hanover Square, which had been highly popular in its day, like other old hostelries, lost much of its vogue with the sporting world after it had been rebuilt; however, it continued to enjoy some popularity for some time after Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, had ceased to exist.

The latter, which in its original state had been much patronized by country gentlemen, in its last years came to be identified with coaching—it was from the White Horse Cellars that in the 'eighties Jim Selby started on his famous drive to Brighton and back against time.

At Limmer's, racing men were wont to meet, and here in the 'sixties many a coup was discussed. It was an era when racing was taken quite seriously, even by politicians.

Writing in 1867 a critic said: "The Turf is evidently recognized now as a regular profession, the duties of which must take precedence of any other public duties. The House of Commons, as we know, always adjourns over the Derby day; but we did not know that attendance at Newmarket was to be held a sufficient reason for the non-attendance of a prosecutor in a case of felony, even when all the witnesses on both sides were ready to appear. But it seems it is so, for last week the trial of a man accused of stealing the Marquis of Hastings' jewels was postponed because the noble Marquis and Marchioness were detained by important business — nothing more or less than the Cæsarewitch. Supposing the prisoner should ultimately be acquitted, we wonder whether the action will lie against the prosecutor for frivolous imprisonment. Such an action would hardly lie, since it would be too near the truth."

Racing has been responsible for the financial downfall of a large number of wealthy families.

Why a young man just come into a large fortune should imagine that he is able to increase it out of the pockets of the Ring, is a mystery the only solution of which is to be found in the unlimited extent of human folly, which can no more be calculated than the sands of the sea.

It would be interesting to learn how many great estates have passed out of their original owners' hands owing to the latters' love of racing.

At the present day, young men seem to be a shade wiser than they were. The most glaring instances of folly were possibly perpetrated by the aristocrats associated with the late King Edward when he was a young man.

Though the then Prince of Wales never encouraged his companions to ruin themselves, some of them undoubtedly did so.

1880 was the year in which the famous "Bend Or" won the Derby for the Duke of Westminster.

From a pecuniary point of view this victory was scarcely a triumph. The gain of six or seven thousand pounds was but a mere bagatelle for the owner of Belgravia, who had been expending huge sums on the Turf for several years.

Those in a position to know, computed that his stud had cost him on an average thirty thousand a year since he first began breeding and racing by giving £15,000 for "Doncaster" and £5000 for a yearling which, proving an entire failure, the Duke sold for only 410 guineas.

A great sensation was created after this Derby by an objection to "Bend Or" on the score of identity; this, of course, came to nothing.

The owner of this good horse had high hopes of a victory in the Leger, but the fates willed it otherwise, for the race went to "Robert the Devil," the winner of that year's Grand Prix.

He subsequently beat "Bend Or" twice at Newmarket, and with what many deemed to be an impossible weight, won the Czarevitch.

His owners were said to have netted nearly £80,000 by this victory.

Among the mid-Victorian amusements of London were racecourses practically within a cab-fare of the Metropolis.

These suburban meetings were frequented by a good deal of riff-raff. Welshing was not uncommon, though many a "speculator" was severely handled, for a number of his clients were thieves and blacklegs themselves; the "rough" element predominated, relieved by a slight dash of the swell mob, added to a gentle sprinkling of the dishonest shop-boy! A clear case of the pot and the kettle, the vulture and the carrion crow!

Streatham races were abolished owing to the objection

of residents, who did not appreciate some of the company which racing brought into a very respectable locality.

Kingsbury lasted longer. The races used to be run on land attached to the still existing Welsh Harp, which, even forty years ago, stood among quite rural surroundings.

West Drayton was another of these suburban race-courses which, like the rest, attracted much riff-raff.

Card-sharpers abounded in the trains going there. They were often impudent beyond belief.

One of these gentry, being detected cheating by a young pigeon with whom he was playing, showed extraordinary aplomb.

"I saw you deal from the bottom of the pack," protested the young man.

"And why the devil shouldn't I, considering how unlucky I've been dealing from the top?" was the reply.

Bromley steeplechases evoked protests from the Press, owing to the accidents which occurred there. The promoter of the meeting had consulted the public taste, and gave his patrons plenty of fun for their money. Break-neck leaps and dangerous ditches were the order of the day.

Croydon survived longest, and in its day was quite popular; especially during the steeplechase season many good horses ran there. The growth of London, however, made the continuance of open suburban racing impossible, and it must be admitted that the place of these defunct courses has been amply filled by Sandown, Kempton and Hurst Park.

The Derby, to attend which Parliament then adjourned, was more of a general festival than it is to-day, whilst on the road to Epsom unrestrained gaiety, often degenerating into rowdiness, was the rule rather than the exception.

An annual Victorian joke related to the stratagems

employed by clerks and others in order to see the great race.

They were usually much as follows :—

Mr Jones (a clerk) to Mr Sloman (his employer) : " I am afraid, sir, that I must ask you to allow me a couple of days' leave of absence, as I am obliged to go out of town, to attend the burial of an aunt of mine."

Mr Sloman : " How many days of leave have you still remaining, Mr Jones ? "

Mr Jones : " Well, sir, the fact is, I have exhausted all my holidays, but, under the circumstances of the case, I venture to hope that you may not be indisposed to accord me two days of special leave."

Mr Sloman (after a pause) : " Very good, Mr Jones. I shall not oppose any obstacle to your desire of attending the funeral of your aunt. I may mention, however, that it would have been more satisfactory had it been a closer relative."

The old-time suburban turfite was often a shifty-looking individual who had been a counter-jumper yesterday, was a commission agent to-day, and was about to be a convict to-morrow. On the other hand, some made fortunes. The bookmaker of that day was usually a gaudily-dressed individual with an elaborate watch-chain, pantomine diamond and startling neck-tie.

He drove a T-cart in the Park, had a grand house in Bayswater, and gave his daughter the use of a brougham. True, he had an odd way of smoking short pipes in his drawing-room, and wasn't above tossing up for sixpences with his footman in the library. Yet he was a man of property, and one who might some day enter Parliament, always supposing he kept on the top of the wheel and lost not his luck. Let but the wheel turn, and the luck change, and then good-bye to wealth and station, and welcome once more the pieman's humble can, the perambulating tradesman's dirty apron.

The T-cart would be taken by creditors; the house in Bayswater would be sold by auction, and the daughter go on to the burlesque or music-hall stage.

The old-fashioned bookie, who was often an original type, has long vanished, his profession being now followed by gentlemen of unimpeachable respectability.

In other walks of life there were quite a number of characters in old days—real Bohemians and clever men whom people declared might have done anything had they cared to make use of their great abilities.

In this latter idea, however, they were probably wrong, for the majority of Bohemians are lacking in the qualities indispensable to success.

One individual, who had been an intimate of Disraeli and other noted personalities, evoked many regrets from relatives and friends, because he never made the slightest attempt to shine in a public career.

They deplored his wasted abilities to such an extent that the old man eventually became rather inclined to look upon himself as the victim of circumstances, and would grow quite pathetic about it.

As a matter of fact, every opportunity had been his. A Peer, rich, well educated and clever, a clear path to distinction and success had been open to him.

Spoilt, and by nature indolent and fond of his ease, he had never cared even to think of taking it, and had he done so, in all probability his natural defects would have soon stopped his going very far.

In all probability instances of men really competent to make their mark who have completely failed to do so, are rare.

There are, of course, exceptions. Such a one was the late Mr Cecil Clay, who clearly demonstrated what he might have done, had he cared to set to work as a playwright, by writing "The Pantomime Rehearsal."

In any case, it was an unusually genial disposition

and love of being among his friends which prevented him from doing serious work.

His death in 1920 robbed London clubland of an unique personality who may be called its last real Bohemian.

I never remember meeting anyone in the least resembling this charming and clever man, one of whose chief characteristics was never saying anything unkind to, or of, anyone.

An inveterate card-player, he was quite free from any of that petty rapacity which so frequently clings about lovers of the green cloth. Always the most generous of men, he was a charming winner and an ever philosophic loser.

Well might a sporting Baronet christen him the Lord Shaftesbury of the card table; no one was ever so reluctant to win from a less experienced opponent or from a poor man!

It is much to be regretted that Cecil Clay could never be induced to put his varied and interesting recollections upon paper.

Gifted with an excellent memory, he was full of anecdotes, besides being possessed of a neat and pretty wit. He had a wonderfully clever and witty way of describing situations and people.

Of a certain individual, whose geniality was no compensation for his underbred ways, he said: "I think he knows he is not quite a gentleman, and is perpetually engaged in laughing it off."

Speaking of an individual who was always boasting of his long acquaintance with well-known people, he said: "I should not be astonished to hear him say that he had known St Paul's Cathedral ever since it was a little chapel."

Someone speaking of Bohemianism, the decay of which those present had been lamenting, happened to speak of a certain well-known bore as being one of the few Bohemians left.

" I can scarcely agree with you," said Cecil Clay.

" You won't deny that he is in the habit of sitting up late."

" Yes, but alone ! "

Though the very soul of good nature, Cecil Clay well understood how to administer a rebuff, and when he thought it necessary did so with excellent effect.

At a certain dinner, where he was the guest of the evening, it fell to an American to propose his health. The latter, touching on Mr Clay's intimate knowledge of America, drifted away into a comparison between that great country and England, with the result that, carried away by his feelings, he concluded with : " Thank God I was born an American ! "

Cecil Clay, rising to respond, said : " My dear Billy, I cannot say how gratified I am at what you have just said at the end of your speech.

" To tell the truth, I have always been so occupied thinking why you were ever born at all, that I never gave a thought as to where it might have been."

A good deal of an epicure and a fine judge of wine, Mr Clay enjoyed life to the full. Nevertheless, when stricken by an illness the end of which he clearly realized, he showed the greatest courage and calm.

For months before the great " venite " summoned him away he perfectly realized that the malady which had attacked him must prove fatal.

Death, to quote his own words, he neither desired nor feared, but when the moment came to leave a world where he had passed many happy days he did so with the gallant humbleness of the true Christian. His turning of life's last mournful page could not have been more tranquil.

Another Bohemian whose strong individuality refused to be obliterated by the steam roller of stupid convention was Harry Irving, a delightful man whose early death filled with sorrow all who had had the privilege of knowing him.

The clever son of a clever father, Irving seemed to move through existence rather as if through a dream. In reality it was his great mental activity which absorbed him, for on occasion no one was more alert than he.

This delightful character fell a victim to the Great War just as much as any soldier who went over the top.

To begin with, it greatly saddened him, making a deep impression upon a very sensitive mind. Though a man whose nature it was to live free and untrammelled, contrary to all his instincts he took up sedentary work in the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty. The long and regular hours which had to be spent cooped up in a small room greatly affected poor Irving's health.

Like some captive bird he pined (as the writer, who was in the same Department, observed) visibly from day to day till at last he broke down altogether. From that time onwards he never really rallied, and not very long after died.

He was a good actor, but it is probable that had he chosen he might have achieved great distinction at the Bar.

As a criminologist he was remarkable, his literary efforts in this direction being well known.

He was an admirable conversationalist, especially on his favourite topic of crime, which he would discuss with an abundant, though never tedious, command of detail.

Cutting his words clearly and speaking excellent English, both of which are rare in these modern days, it was a delight to listen to his conversation.

With regard to the stage, he had high ideals. On the subject of British dramatic art indeed he was almost fanatically patriotic, being entirely convinced that it would be possible to raise the standard of English acting to the same level as that of France.

Snobbery and hypocrisy were both absolutely alien to this fine character, whose death, besides being a social

tragedy, robbed England of what she can ill afford to lose—a charming, cultured and clever man.

Of the small band of young men who in the 'nineties, inspired by a love of life and beauty, made some real contributions to literature and art, except Mr Arthur Symons scarcely one remains. Though influenced in some degree by Oscar Wilde, Whistler and George Moore, their spirit was essentially original, as may be seen from the work they did for the Yellow Book and the Savoy, the two publications which convey the best idea of their aims and style.

They are not long, the days of "wine and roses," as one of the coterie sang, and it is noteworthy that though these young men lived their lives to the full, not a few indeed may be said to have worn themselves out in a too keen pursuit of pleasure. Their work is strongly tinged with a profound pessimism, as if they foresaw the early and in some cases tragic fate which lay in wait for some of their number.

John Davidson, Hubert Crackanthorpe and William Theodore Peters all came to untimely ends, the latter dying of starvation in Paris, while Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson and Aubrey Beardsley never reached middle age. The latter was undoubtedly one of the few really original artists of modern days, gifted as he was with an astounding command of line and an imagination of unbounded if sometimes morbid fancy.

All these young men were the avowed enemies of "respectability" as it is understood by English "Villadom."

London life in the 'nineties was free and unfettered as compared to that of to-day; nevertheless they levelled many a gibe against its dominant note of hypocrisy.

What would the clever band of Bohemians have said concerning the present state of affairs?

Beardsley, who was born at Brighton in 1872, may be said to have been famous at twenty. At twenty-four he

was dead. Paris, ever ready to appreciate true artistic merit, accepted him almost at once.

During his short career he profoundly affected black-and-white illustration. Many tried to copy him, but of those who have sought to follow in his footsteps, not one can be said to have achieved any real success.

In connection with this master of line it may be noted that he showed an aptitude for drawing from a very early age; indeed, even when a child it was evident that he had great gifts in that direction.

As a matter of fact, most individuals who are more clever than their fellows give indications of having superior brains when merely children.

If any serious system of education prevailed in England this fact would be taken into account, and such children would be accorded higher facilities for learning than the mass of the population, which, in spite of the gushing assertions of sentimentalists, is absolutely hopeless from an educational point of view.

A favourite resort of Beardsley and his friends was that quaint French watering-place "Dieppe." No doubt the artificial life of its casino during the season, combined with the picturesqueness of the old-world town and ancient château, strongly appealed to the minds of the unconventional but cultured little party who liked to assemble there.

The difference between a French and English watering-place is immense, the advantage being indubitably on the side of France.

A cemetery by the sea indeed is scarcely too pessimistic a description of many of our own seaside resorts, the most exhilarating entertainments at which are often the sacred concerts given on a shoddy pier.

A short time ago the writer of these lines happened to find himself in the old-fashioned Norman watering-place, the complete social freedom of which seemed astounding after the slavish restrictions imposed in his own country.

No notice-boards setting forth punishments and penalties disfigured the walks. Police were scarcely to be seen at all, yet excellent order prevailed.

The casino, with its games and dances, remained open till four in the morning, while music sounded gaily in several cafés long after midnight.

No drinking regulations were in force; nevertheless no one got drunk or made themselves objectionable to others.

Though complete social freedom prevailed, everyone behaved with propriety. People seemed to realize that good behaviour was the price of the perfect liberty which they enjoyed.

There is no question but that this was real civilization, as contrasted with the state-produced barbarism which prevails at home.

Setting aside the lighter forms of amusement which are to be found at Dieppe, there is much there to attract an artistic visitor, who cannot fail to be struck by the charm of the old houses which line its quays and the Place Nationale, where stands the striking statue by Dantan of brave old Admiral Du Quesne, represented in his prime with hand on sword hilt. This picturesque effigy, with the fine old church of St Jacques as a background, forms a fitting memorial to the gallant sailor who was such a worthy representative of old Dieppe.

Both the churches of St Jacques and St Remy suffered severely during the Revolution. In the latter, the beautiful organ case of carved oak was only saved by the commander of the National Guard claiming it as his private property, while a fine statue in rose-coloured marble of an old-time governor—Monsieur de Sygogne—was broken to pieces with hammers by Breton troops quartered in the church.

This governor it was who added the outer works of the château, which ancient stronghold, built mainly as a protection against the English, was garrisoned by a number of Royal Engineers during the Great War.

Shots fired by the English fleet during a very fierce and effective bombardment of Dieppe in 1694 under Lord Berkeley, fell on the roof of the old fortress, on which occasion M. de Manneville, the governor of that day, grew extremely angry. Not at the bombardment, which for some reason he appears to have treated as an entertainment, but because his cook, fearful lest the smoke from the kitchen chimney should draw the enemy's fire, refused to carry out his functions.

The governor, however, had the poor chef made to cook by force, and succeeded in dining as usual in spite of the bombardment.

It is recorded that the company at the château were much amused, as were those who afterwards perused the governor's humorous account of the whole affair. The town, however, suffered terribly and had in great part to be rebuilt.

The old château well deserves the visitor's attention. It is to be deplored that internally it is in bad condition. A fine wrought-iron staircase has gone, possibly to the mansion of some trans-Atlantic millionaire; several of the marble mantel-pieces have been torn from their places; while the eighteenth-century panelling is for the most part in sad disrepair.

Nevertheless the place is in its own way far more attractive than many a carefully restored castle. The true spirit of the old world lingers within the ancient walls from which Louis XIV as a young man witnessed the return of Du Quesne with four captured men of war.

On a recent visit the writer was informed that repairs, of which certain portions of the fabric are certainly in need, were to be undertaken by the town of Dieppe during the coming winter.

It is to be hoped that the restoration in question will not be as drastic as that which the Porte de l'Ouest (the old gate with two towers opposite the casino) has undergone.

Within the last two years the back of the old gateway in question, as well as the interior, has been completely transformed.

The restoration, while sweeping away eighteenth-century work, purported to restore the old structure to its original condition. This is always the plea of the restorer, who seems entirely to forget that a building which epitomizes the work of several periods, is far more interesting than any so-called reconstitution of one particular style.

The Porte de l'Ouest is the last of several fine old gates which formerly existed at Dieppe, being the only one spared at the demolition of the old feudal walls in 1830–1840.

Joan of Arc is said to have been imprisoned there while she was being conveyed to Rouen for trial.

Cannon have often thundered from its embrasures at the invader, and the men-at-arms of many different epochs have passed under its gateway.

It is to be hoped that this most picturesque relic of the Middle Ages will be tampered with no more.

The old walls of the town, which dated back to the days of Crecy, have gone. Gone also the Tour aux Crabes in the harbour and the picturesque " Porte de la Barre." The latter had witnessed many kings enter its portals and been the scene of many a fight between citizens and the governor of the château.

The old chapel of St Nicholas, for ages a landmark for those at sea, has also long disappeared; in short, the only relic of the feudal walls and towers which girdled Dieppe up to 1830 are the two tourelles which it may be hoped will long be allowed to survive.

Dieppe has not been changed so much as some other French watering-places by the Great War, and the gambling at the casino remains for the most part moderate, at any rate as compared with that to be seen at Biarritz and other fashionable resorts like Deauville, which, with

its fanciful villas, artistic casino and wealth of bright flowers, so well carries out the idea that a town of pleasure should be the expression of a caprice.

The resort in question of course caters mainly for the gay world, and has been the Paradise of the high-class Parisian cocotte from the days of its founder the Duc de Morny to those of Gaby Delys.

This flamboyant-looking little dancer (whose last days of health were passed here), beneath her mask of outrageous frivolity, concealed a tender heart and a thoughtful little brain. For generations to come the sick children of Marseilles will have reason to bless the name of the little divette who sleeps her last sleep in a peaceful spot near the Mediterranean, visited, one likes to think, by the shades of Lais and Aspasia, borne thither on the jasmin-scented breeze.

IX

PARIS AFTER THE WAR

THE Paris of pre-war days was a different Paris from that of to-day; the changes, however, are not so great as those to be observed in London, which rigorous and quite unnecessary austerity has made into the dullest city in the world.

The strain and suffering of the long struggle have left their traces upon the gay city, but they have not impaired the charms of the Boulevards, the gracefulness of the women, the deep blue of the Paris sky, and the merry, careless, exciting disposition of the Parisians generally.

The man or woman of the people has a totally different outlook upon life from that which prevails across the channel.

A French working-man, for instance, is contented with the most frugal dinner, if in the evening he can but afford to take a place and laugh or weep at the theatre. The Englishman wants meat, good meat, and plenty of it, while the British proletariat cares little or nothing for "the feast of the soul." John Bull is apt to despise the French frog-eaters. He has no idea that the French *ouvrier* is, after all, a more civilized creature than he is, exactly because to the Frenchman his Sunday dinner is not, as is the case with the lower classes of the English, the most important part of the Sunday.

There is something about the mental atmosphere of Paris which quickens the artistic powers of the mind, a proof of which is that French art workers, once they

have left the gay city, do not achieve the same perfection as when at home. After the great Revolution a number of first-class artificers came to England, but the metal-work they produced here was not of anything like the same degree of merit as that with which they had formerly invested the fine furniture supplied to the old *noblesse*.

The Gallic temperament would seem to be highly susceptible to external influences.

Artists like Fragonard, Moreau le Jeune, Debucourt, and many others, who previous to 1789 had produced the most beautiful masterpieces, became as it were completely paralysed, their works after that date being of much inferior quality. Oddly enough, most of them welcomed the storm which with many other things was to sweep their genius away.

When the Great War broke out, in Paris as in London, things at first went on pretty much as usual, but soon the music was hushed and the lights dimmed, while all dancing ceased. Certain theatres, however, continued to keep open.

With the dawn of peace, after four years of dreadful struggle against an invading foe, Paris naturally indulged in rejoicing, but before long lack of coal began to make itself felt, and for a time the restaurants, in order to economize lights and heating, were ordered to be closed at ten, a regulation which, of course, robbed the city of all its accustomed gaiety and life.

At the present time, however, when the necessity for economizing coal has ceased (March 1921), closing hours are again much the same as before the war.

It should be added, that never at any time were any closing regulations applied to clubs; it is only in England that such an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty would have been dreamt of.

The extraordinary thing is that the English, formerly so zealous as to any Government interference with their

private lives, should have accepted these edicts with lamblike weakness.

French customs and ideas have not been changed by the war. It is said that in the old French villages on the Picardy front, the only effect produced by the presence of English troops for five years is that the country folk eat pickles with their boiled beef.

Be this as it may, considering the vast numbers of English and American troops which remained in France so long, the slight influence they seem to have had upon the people they came to help is extraordinary.

This is perhaps just as well. The vivacious French spirit is essentially unsuited to regulations dictated by Puritanism and cant such as prevail in our own metropolis, and Paris would soon lose its charm were it to assume the mask of hypocrisy with which modern London covers its vices. Besides, if it became staid, moral and austere, there would be no place for our social reformers to go and obtain pleasant compensations for the dullness which their altruistic efforts have produced at home.

Though ever ready to make money out of visitors, the prolonged occupation of a portion of France by foreign troops was regarded with mixed feelings by many of the inhabitants.

The peasantry, in many cases, liked the English soldiery—some were even sorry when they left—but on the whole, there is no doubt that the French were very glad to get rid of their allies.

In Paris the English are no more popular than before the war—some say less; while, owing to the wild doings of some of the Americans who took advantage of the social freedom denied to them in their own country, the latter have not obtained the full share of gratitude which their timely and generous aid to France deserved.

The French, though fond of pleasure, do not like

rowdiness and intemperance, both of which are apt to be indulged in by those accustomed to live under Puritan regulations.

The Parisian in particular despises people who cannot amuse themselves without noise and vulgarity. Drunkenness he does not understand at all, having, from his youth up, been allowed free access to wine and alcohol, he thinks it merely brutish to exceed.

The amount drunk by Anglo-Saxon visitors in Paris astounds ordinary French people, many of whom declare that the quantity consumed by the British has grown much larger since the curtailment of drinking hours in England.

People who suddenly find themselves no longer treated as children are often incapable of restraint !

As a matter of fact, the vast majority of English visitors do not abuse the freedom which is denied them in their own country. They and other foreigners, it may be added, now form the vast majority of persons frequenting the more expensive restaurants.

The better class of French, owing, no doubt, to bereavement and also to high prices, do not go about nearly as much as in former days. There is, however, no lack of flashily-dressed men and women throwing about money, indirectly made through the war.

A smart restaurant with its lights, gilding, and music makes an especial appeal to this class, who not having drunk much champagne in early life, seem to concentrate their energies upon making up for lost time.

Many of these profiteers came to Paris at the beginning of the war with but a few sous in their pockets. Luckily for them, as one more cynical than the rest remarked, other people had pockets too, some of which could stand a good deal of emptying.

For the foreign visitor there are several ways of seeing Paris.

Should you be possessed of unlimited wealth you

can take up your abode at the Ritz with plenty of trunks —one wealthy daughter of America brought ninety-eight —live entirely at expensive restaurants, and wile away the time between meals by talking scandal, buying dresses if you are a lady, or costly *objets d'art* if you are a man.

As everyone connected with these industries speaks English, you need not bother at all about the French; indeed, except for a few minor details you might just as well be in London or New York.

Again, if you are not rich, you can stay at some inexpensive hotel or pension frequented by Anglo-Saxons, who, besides saving you the bother of having to learn French, will put you up to all sorts of ways of living much as in your own country.

If, however, you are an imaginative individual with Bohemian or artistic tastes, stay at a French hotel, avoid like poison all restaurants frequented by fashionable strangers, walk all over the old quarters of the city, and see as much as you can of the Parisians in their own especial haunts.

Besides this, a study of the history of Paris, its buildings and monuments, will give you an abiding and ever-increasing interest in the past, the most artistic and most beautiful capital in the modern world.

Men come and men go, but the life of Paris remains much the same, depending as it has always done in this city of facile gaiety and love, upon the eternal feminine.

Whether it be in the Quartier Latin, or the Boulevards, or in Montmartre, woman is the pivot upon which everything turns.

The French woman, while rarely endowed with such a good skin as her sister across the Channel, has physical attractions of her own. Many a piquante little face, together with great vivacity of expression, shows great character.

On the whole the French women, in spite of their intense femininity, are the most determined little people in the world, also they are extremely intelligent and sharp. It is rarely, indeed, that a good-looking one does not obtain anything she has set her heart on.

The French woman is also often endowed with great physical courage, and indeed is capable of developing the energy of a tigress when roused.

The Paris of "the day before yesterday" was in many ways a brighter Paris than that of to-day. In the 'eighties of the last century there was still a distinctive individuality about the Parisian's dress; now the men are dressed in very much the same way as Englishmen; their clothes, however, are as a rule not of as good material or cut, while certain little eccentricities of costume are not uncommon.

The old-fashioned peg-top trousers, huge butterfly tie and straight-brimmed top hat, seem to have disappeared altogether since the war, which all over the world has given added impetus to the modern mania for drab uniformity.

Up to about thirty-five years ago varied military uniforms which had survived the downfall of the Second Empire gave colour and variety to the streets.

The Garde de Paris and the Sapeurs Pompiers still wore pretty little cocked hats in undress, while the uniform of the officers was far gayer than to-day.

In those days not a few of the old-fashioned restaurants still flourished, and there were other peculiarly French features which have now become pretty well obsolete, or are only to be found in provincial towns.

The blackened ruins of the Tuileries and of the Cour des Comptes, destroyed in the Commune, still stood, and a number of quaint old houses and narrow, tortuous streets, survivals of pre-Haussmann days, had not yet been pulled down.

There were then, of course, no palatial hotels, but at

the Bristol, Meurice's or the Rhin wealthy visitors found every convenience and luxury.

The theatres, while giving excellent plays, were, if possible, even stuffier and more uncomfortable than at present, but music-halls and café concerts provided a much more distinctive and original entertainment than is now to be seen or heard.

English products were hard to get, pale ale being considered a luxury.

It used then to be next door to the impossible to obtain cigars of even tolerable quality in Paris.

Old Parisians used to say that there existed an infallible safeguard against the breaking out of conflagrations in France, namely, to thatch the houses with the Government tobacco and try to set fire to them with the "concession" matches.

The first wouldn't burn, and the second would not light.

At the present time, however, quite decent if rather expensive cigars can be purchased at the Government tobacco shop on the Boulevard opposite the Grand Hotel.

Within recent years a once familiar feature of the Paris streets has disappeared. Gone are the huge horse omnibuses, their place having been taken by long motors, which for some reason or other have no seats on the roof. Thus passengers are deprived of the view of the boulevards so popular in the days of the old horse 'bus.

An amusing song used to describe the experiences of an individual on "l'Imperiale," as it was called then:

"Ah, me dit il en souriant,
C'est épatant c'est épatant,
Tout ce qu'on peut apercevoir,
Au travers les rideaux les soirs.
En s'en allant, en s'en allant,
En s'en allant, Place Pigalle:
Sur l'Imperiale!"

In some ways the French are the most conservative of people, and out of the great boulevards street vendors may still be heard calling out their not unmelodious cries, some of which are identical with those of the eighteenth century.

On fête days every sort of itinerant mountebank and beggar is allowed to do pretty well as he likes, and street musicians emerge from goodness knows where, who play upon archaic instruments and antique organs of the weirdest kind.

The public always seem to be deeply interested in these people, jugglers and cheapjacks being generally encircled by large and appreciative crowds, who presumably contribute enough to make their quaint and occasionally clever business worth while.

In the latter part of the last century there were still many characteristic survivals of old Paris: students with slouched hats and hair ignorant of scissors, children in wooden shoes, and old pensioners, a few of whom could tell stories of Borodino and other battles which led up to the final catastrophe of the great soldier who had been to many almost a god.

In modern Paris (unlike modern London) the police are very little seen; the *agents*, indeed, seem to have got fewer in number since the war. They are not as impressive in appearance as the English policeman, nor are they picturesque as were the fierce-moustached, truculent "sergents de ville" of the Second Empire with their cocked hats and their long rapiers. The latter were intensely hated by the dangerous classes, who at the same time feared them. They did their work in a very efficient, if occasionally uncompromising manner. Many of these vanished guardians of law and order were Corsicans, stern "Decembrists"—that is to say, true as steel to the House of Bonaparte, if to nobody else. The force likewise comprised a large contingent of Alsatians and Lorrainers, men of great physical stamina and great

probity, but somewhat rude in speech and rough in manner. But they managed to control the vehicular traffic in the street, and kept the dangerous classes in wholesome awe.

At the present time, going for a walk in Paris has much of the excitement of starting for a steeplechase, the speed of the automobiles and taxis being practically uncontrolled.

The only real path of safety is in waiting at a crossing till a small child or baby in arms comes along, when the hitherto apathetic gardien de la paix usually waves his truncheon in the air, blows a whistle, and holds up all traffic till the infant has got safely across the road.

The Exhibition of 1879 attracted a great number of English people of moderate means to Paris. At that time the tourist was generally conspicuous on account of his dress; it used to be a custom with a certain class of person to put on their worst clothes to go abroad in, the idea being that it wouldn't matter, nobody knowing who one might be.

The Rue de Rivoli, full of shops catering mainly for foreigners, was about the most popular street with these individuals, the most economical of whom managed to "do Paris," as they called it, very cheaply.

The Palais Royal was then full of inexpensive restaurants which provided an imitation of a good lunch or dinner at a ridiculously low rate. There were table d'hôtes as low as one franc fifty.

A favourite and costless amusement of tourists in those days after dinner was to walk about the streets and look at the jewellers' shops, which were then kept open and brilliantly lit up till ten or eleven at night. At that time the shops of Paris seemed never to close; few were shut on Sundays. The introduction of "la semaine Anglaise," however, has put an end to this state of affairs.

In the 'eighties the masked balls at the Opera House were still in full swing.

Old Parisians used to complain that the revels in question had lost all animation and life; nevertheless the place, crammed as it was with women in fancy costume, presented a wonderful scene of gaiety, while the music was gay and inspiriting to a degree.

Bands of young men students and others used to ramble all over the Opera House during these balls looking out for girls dressed in startling or particularly scanty dresses. When they found one they would hoist her on someone's shoulders and carry her in triumph round the corridors at the back of the boxes, joking, singing, and making every kind of din.

The girls, it should be added, generally enjoyed the fun, into which they entered with zest.

When, however, they found things getting too lively they generally managed to get away—the Frenchwoman possesses a self-assurance and tact which stand her in good stead in any predicament.

Attempts, it may be added, have recently been made to revive the glories of these opera balls, owing, however, to the high price of admission the company is less Bohemian and more restrained in its behaviour than in old days.

In the 'eighties there were still survivors of the British colony which existed in Paris in the old days when quite a number of aristocratic Englishmen made their home in Paris. About the last was Mr Mackenzie Grieves, a gentleman of the old school, who in early life had been an officer in the "Blues," and who died not a great number of years ago. A remarkable judge of horseflesh, especially of the great Norman horses known as percherons, he was also well known as a perfect master of the *haute école*. His judgment in Turf matters was also held in very great respect in Paris, and his immaculate frock-coat and voluminous tie were seldom absent from Longchamp, where a race named after him perpetuates his memory.

Mr Mackenzie Grieves was a polished representative of all that was best in the French society of the past. Possessing the most charming manners, there was something about him which vividly recalled what one had heard of the best days of the old régime; his costume, for instance, though of extreme simplicity, had a particular note of distinction which has now totally disappeared from men's dress.

Mr Mackenzie Grieves was as great an authority on French social matters as any Parisian, and was a member of the most exclusive clubs to which foreigners rarely obtain admission. Club life in Paris is vastly different from that of London.

At clubs like the Jockey and the Rue Royale, for instance, it is an unwritten law that a new member should be introduced to all the old ones, a fashion which, necessitating as it does an enormous amount of bowing, hand-shaking and complimenting, is generally little to the taste of Englishmen.

Within comparatively recent years several foreign clubs have been started in Paris. The most important of these is, of course, the Travellers', so sumptuously housed in the splendid mansion erected by Madame de Paiva, the famous courtezan who became the wife of the Silesian millionaire-Count Henckel von Donnersmarck.

The Paiva was fond of entertaining clever people, and most of the celebrated writers of the day went to her dinners and parties.

Looking about to find an appropriate name for her new home she applied to Arsène Houssaye.

"A poet like you," said she, "can easily help me."

"Certainly," replied he, with a smile. "There's only one name for it: 'The Palace of the thousand and one nights.'"

The house, on the decoration of which enormous sums were spent, with the exception of certain minor altera-

tions, remains unaltered. A modern entrance, however, replaces an archway, by which in the Paiva's day one could drive into the courtyard.

A curious feature is the elaborate bathroom, still in its original condition. This makes a most agreeable little dining-room, a dining table being arranged over the sunken bath.

Before the house became the abode of the Travellers' Club it had for a brief period been a restaurant run by Cubat, a former chef of the Czar, who had purchased the mansion which Count Henckel's second wife did not appreciate.

Cubat, who had an idea of making the place the most luxurious dining resort in Europe, spent large sums upon its installation, two sets of plate—one silver gilt, the other gold—being provided for especially luxurious diners.

To Cubat's one evening came a well-known Parisian viveur with a very pretty little lady. The former was of mature years, and well understood that when Cupid makes use of an old beau he can only hit the mark by tipping his arrow with gold, consequently he gave directions that a sumptuous dinner should be served, on golden plate, in one of the little private rooms.

Everything went merry as a marriage bell, but when a bill of some 5000 francs arrived it fairly staggered the boulevardier, whom it took much to astonish.

2000 francs, as he told the maitre d'hôtel, he could understand, but how did he explain the 3000 francs against which there was nothing but an undecipherable scrawl ?

" That, Monsieur le Comte," said the man, bending down and speaking in a low voice, " is for the spoon and fork which madame has got in her stocking."

The bill was paid.

Notwithstanding his gold plate and high charges, Cubat failed to make a success of his restaurant, and

the house, after standing empty for some time, eventually became the Travellers' Club.

A French club is a totally distinct institution from an English one. Card-playing in most cases is the main *raison d'être* of its existence: a Frenchman would not belong to a club at all if the only thing to do there was to read the papers.

Clubs in the English sense have never become really acclimatized on the Continent, the French club having developed rather from the casino than from anything else.

Nevertheless, these "Cercles," as they are called, are usually well managed, and provide excellent food at a moderate price.

For the most part these are well conducted, the play being perfectly fair; indeed, there is no particular reason why it should be otherwise, the sums taken by the *cagnotte*—that is, the percentage levied on banks—running into big figures even after the Government tax has been deducted.

The *cagnotte*, indeed, is usually the real support of these places and enables the members to obtain excellent lunches and dinners at a very moderate price.

At one of these gaming clubs, where the membership was rather mixed, a well-known English nobleman, having found that his pocket-book, containing several thousand francs, had been taken out of his coat hanging in the hall, hinted to the committee that it must have been purloined either by the waiters or the members. Their answer was: "We can answer for the *waiters*!"

Not a few of the latter are quite wealthy men. They receive a good deal of money in tips, in addition to which it is not unusual for them to do a little illicit money-lending.

A member of one of these clubs once called up the old head waiter and said, "Baptiste, I want a valet. Can you find a good man for me?"

"Alas, Monsieur," was the reply, "I fear not. As a matter of fact I have been unable to find one for my own household."

Baptiste, it afterwards transpired, was worth about £20,000, largely the proceeds of a successful speculation into which he had put his savings.

The popular hour for play is in the afternoon after racing, when banks often run high. At certain clubs *chemin de fer* baccarat is played, but this is not so much liked by the French as the old-fashioned game with two tableaux.

The *cagnotte* at *chemin de fer* is of course much higher, a percentage being taken on practically every coup, whereas at ordinary baccarat the banker only pays for his bank and renewals.

Chemin de fer, as the French call it, almost certainly results in a loss for players, unless they limit their play to short periods, for the recurrence of the tax levied on winning hands must hit everyone who does not have extraordinary luck.

During the war baccarat ceased in Paris, though ecarté and other games were played pretty much as in ordinary times.

The drastic regulations which were applied to English clubs during the war and which have since—most unjustly—not yet been abolished were not copied on the other side of the channel. French clubs kept open much as usual. The French are very intelligent in such matters, and saw no necessity to make rules merely for the pleasure of making them, as appears to be the modern English way.

To-day baccarat flourishes in France as much if not more than before the war; indeed, French pleasure resorts could not contrive to exist were baccarat and petits chevaux to be suppressed, for a certain portion of the large profit derived from play is devoted to the upkeep of the casinos, which furnish visitors with excellent

entertainment. It is, indeed, owing directly and indirectly to the toleration of play that the French *plages* are proving such formidable rivals to the miserably dull English seaside resorts, full of minatory notice-boards, cast iron and asphalte, which offer visitors few attractions besides golf. As a matter of fact golfers are now well catered for on the Continent, where good links are becoming fairly common.

"*Allez! allez!*" said one old Frenchman, speaking of our insular ways. "You weave and you spin, you steam and you hammer, you eat and you drink, at the rate of so many horse-power; but to enjoy your life, that is what you do not understand!"

Gambling, though recognized by the Government in France, is strictly controlled.

Under the French law public play is prohibited at casinos within a radius of 100 kilometres from Paris. Of course a good deal of illicit gaming goes on in that city. At one time, indeed, the authorities were seriously perturbed at the large increase of so-called Parisian gambling clubs entirely devoted to single tableau baccarat known as "La Faucheuse," a game from which an enormous harvest of gold is easily gathered by those holding the bank. It was said that no less than 126 new establishments of this kind had sprung up, a state of affairs calculated to make the dead proprietors of the long-suppressed and very strictly regulated tables in the old Palais Royal turn in their graves. Many of these clubs were frequented by women, and a number of the brightest stars of the French *demi-monde* lost almost everything they had. The casino at Enghien, recently closed under the law mentioned above, was notoriously disastrous to these ladies.

From time to time efforts have been made to revive public gaming in Paris itself.

During the Second Empire, Doctor Louis Véron, ex-dealer in quack medicines, ex-manager of the Grand

Opera, and ex-proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, offered an enormous royalty to Government for the privilege of establishing a gambling-house in Paris. The Emperor Napoleon III, however, declined to consider the proposal.

It was, of course, the suppression of the gaming tables under Louis Philippe which began the decadence of the Palais Royal, which every year grows more derelict and dismal.

There is nothing left, indeed, to remind the visitor that the place was once known as " the Devil's Drawing-room " it being said that here a debauchee could run the whole course of his career with the greatest facility and ease.

On the first floor were cafés where his spirits could be raised to any requisite pitch ; on the second, gaming-rooms where he could lose his money, and saloons devoted to facile love—both, not unusually, ante-chambers to the pawnbrokers who resided above ; whilst, if at the end of his tether and determined to end his troubles, he could repair to some of the shops on the ground floor, where daggers and pistols were very conveniently sold at reduced prices—every facility being thus provided for enjoying all the pleasures of life under one roof.

Especially celebrated were the Galeries de Bois, the resort of all lovers of careless gaiety during the Directory, the Consulate, the First Empire, and the Restoration. In 1815 these galleries were nicknamed, owing to the extensive Muscovite patronage which they enjoyed, " Le Camp des Tartares."

During the occupation of Paris, Blucher was an assiduous frequenter of these gaming tables. A contemporary writer describing the rough old soldier's methods said : " He posts his servant in the ante-room, with his pockets full of gold, and the old field-marshal trots backwards and forwards between the ante-room and the green table until he has lost his last, his very last, crown, when he withdraws noisily, swearing like a trooper, insulting the

croupiers, and cursing France and the French in his abominable Teuton patois."

At one famous gaming-house alone—No. 113 in the Palais Royal—Blücher lost no less than six million francs, the result being that at his departure all his estates were mortgaged.

Ever afterwards, it is said, he would explode with rage whenever the name of Paris was mentioned!

The Palais Royal was built in imitation of the Piazza San Marco at Venice by Cardinal Richelieu and bequeathed by him to Louis XIII. The palace in question was in course of time given by the Roi Soleil to his brother and thus became the property of the Orleans family. Fantastically extravagant and crippled by debts, Philippe Egalité first conceived the idea of putting the noble building raised by the great Cardinal to a commercial use, continuing to obtain a very large sum by letting out suitable parts as shops, gaming-houses, and restaurants.

Louis XVI. is said, after hearing of his cousin's decision in this matter, to have remarked: "I suppose we shall now only see the Duc d'Orléans on Sunday—he has become a shopman!"

To-day there is something pathetic about the old gardens where one summer's day Camille Desmoulins uttered those burning words which heralded the approach of the Revolution.

From the windows of the Palace itself, in July 1830, did the son of Philippe Egalité look hopefully, yet half-fearfully, down on the Parisian mob, yelling and triumphant, which after storming the Louvre and sacking the Tuileries, came screeching the Marseillaise, roaring "Vive la Charte!" "Vive la République!" "Vive Lafayette!" and most portentous of all for him, "Vive Louis Philippe!" The last cry won the day; and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans, went forth from the Palais Royal to become the Citizen King.

Later on, however, the monarch in question became

highly unpopular, receiving among other nicknames that of Riflard, "old umbrella"—a reference to an old umbrella of enormous size which he used to carry at the time when he affected the simple manners of the bourgeoisie and tried to curry favour with the shopkeepers.

Various schemes have from time to time been mooted with the idea of reviving the glories of a spot which was once the incarnation of Paris in the eyes of all pleasure-loving Europe, but at present nothing seems likely to be done.

If the Parisians are denied the roulette, trente et quarante, and other games popular with their forbears they can bet to their heart's content on the races which every day are held in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris.

Sunday at Longchamp or Auteuil is the favourite day, but since the war, even on ordinary days, the number of people frequenting racecourses round the city has greatly increased, while a far greater sum than before the war passes through the Pari Mutuel.

The racecourses at St Ouen, Colombes, Vesinet, and one or two other places have ceased to exist, but racegoers have been more than compensated by the establishment of new and finer courses at Le Tremblay and St Cloud, the latter of which was founded by the late Monsieur Edmond Blanc, the greatest sporting figure on the French Turf since Count Lagrange and Lord Henry Seymour.

The Grand Prix in the 'eighties, though attended by a great number of Parisians and visitors, was nothing like so crowded as it is to-day, when to obtain a view of the race except from the reserved stand or a private box is almost impossible. Those were the days when every pretty woman looked forward to sporting a new dress for the Grand Prix which would be seen to full advantage during the drive back through the Avenue des Acacias—a drive which in a way was a relic of the Promenade de Longchamp of the eighteenth century.

Then came the evening, with a joyous dinner and more joyous supper prolonged into the small hours of the morning with songs and toasts in honour not only of *le beau sexe des deux hemisphères, mais les deux hemisphères du beau sexe.*

The institution of the Pari Mutuel some thirty years ago was not unattended by disturbance.

For about a fortnight after the bookmakers had been suppressed there was violent excitement on the race-courses, in the vicinity of which large bodies of troops were posted.

The races were run amidst some disorder, owing to the dissatisfaction of the mob, and M. Goblet, who was Minister for the Interior, was reported to be in hiding from fear of assassination.

Directly the Government betting booths were installed everything quieted down, especially as book betting was more or less allowed within a certain enclosure.

This, however, has long been done away with, while the public have grown quite content to make their wagers through the mutuels, the large profits of which are devoted to racing purposes, relief of taxation, and charity.

The whole system works well, but owing to the larger percentage levied since the war, the odds are now not infrequently less than those a bookmaker would be ready to lay.

This, however, seems in no way to deter the public, which goes racing in far larger numbers than it did before the war.

The beginnings of French racing in the 'forties of the last century were very primitive, races in the early part of the nineteenth century being run on the Champ-de-Mars, the course marked out by ropes passing close to the "École Militaire." A body of cavalry kept order among the spectators, who did not understand much about what was going on.

Matches, and even sweepstakes, were run in the Bois de Boulogne, but these were entirely private affairs and not public race meetings.

Such betting as went on was light, five hundred francs being considered a big bet. Nevertheless the French sportsmen of that vanished era often spoke of having lost or won five hundred louis, but this was a convention well understood by those who were in the swim.

The usual place where they met to run their horses was the "Butte-Mortemart," a spot on what is now Auteuil racecourse, which was completely changed by the erection of an artificial mound formed out of the earth excavated to make the two lakes.

The first regular meetings of any serious importance were those held at Chantilly in 1834 and 1835, the prix du Jockey Club being first run in 1836.

In 1842 no one could have foreseen the development of French racing—indeed, a writer in connection with the sale of Lord Henry Seymour's horses, after his withdrawal from the Turf in a huff, said, "The sport of racing once more goes back to the other side of the Channel, not having been able to popularize itself among us."

Lord Henry Seymour, who may be regarded as the founder of the French turf, was really, it is said, the son of a well-known French viveur — Count Casimir de Montrond — and not of Lord Hertford (Thackeray's Lord Steyne), which may account for his never having shown the least wish to set foot in England.

Montrond, who had been a lover of Princess Pauline Borghese, was an intimate friend of Talleyrand, with whom he used to exchange epigrams, for he was a clever man with a very caustic tongue. Being bored with an acquaintance, who was vaunting the charms of his *fiancée*, a girl born out of wedlock, Montrond said: "To hear you speak, my dear fellow, one would

think you were going to marry somebody's *supernatural* daughter."

Lord Henry Seymour may have inherited this cynical tendency. "Be so good, my dear lady," wrote he to one of his mistresses, " as to put my boots outside the door —they will do the same for you one of these days."

One of his favourite escapades as a young man was to get hold of some cabman and by means of a heavy tip get leave to do as he liked.

This done, in the cabman's coat and hat he would drive his cab at lightning speed through the streets, hitching against all sorts of vehicles on the way and infuriating everybody.

When at last this mad progress was arrested, Lord Henry would escape in the scuffle, leaving the real driver, whom he usually put inside, to explain matters to the police.

This eccentric if sporting nobleman liked playing unpleasant jokes. Having bought a beautiful villa from Arsène Houssaye, he asked the latter and his little son to a lunch at which one of the dishes was composed of the pet gold-fish from a little pond in the grounds. Young Houssaye was much distressed at this cruel pleasantry. Lord Henry Seymour, like the poor gold-fish, seems to have been lacking in taste.

X

CAFÉS WITHOUT CANT

BEFORE the war certain cafés were identified with literature and the drama.

The Café Pousset on the Boulevard, for instance, was at one time a great meeting-place after rehearsals. Here might be seen Catulle Mendes surrounded by an admiring crowd, and M. Antoine with his favourite actors and authors.

The frequenters all knew one another well, and conversation flew from table to table.

In London there has never existed anything like the Bohemian assemblies held by little *coteries* of writers and artists in Montmartre and the Quartier Latin.

A certain studio having become a meeting-place for such men, remains open at all hours, everyone coming and going as he chooses.

Wine and food are contributed by the frequenters. One man sings songs of his own composition, while another improvises an accompaniment.

Budding authors recite their verse and prose.

Artists decorate the interior of the place with their sketches—often clever.

Girls with their lovers, models from other studios, a minor actress or two, give the required note of femininity to the gathering. The whole thing constitutes a real "Liberty Hall," everyone doing and saying exactly what he pleases.

Prudery and stupidity are under a severe ban.

It was a meeting-place of this description which originally furnished the idea of the "Chât Noir,"

a resort founded by Rodolphe Salis in 1881 in a house on the Boulevard Rochechouart.

His first intention seems to have been to make the place his studio, for he was an artist before he took to keeping a cabaret.

His Bohemian friends came there to recite their poems and sing old songs, and one of them conceived the idea of admitting the public to the rooms which the little band had decorated with sketches and pictures.

At first, songs were only sung on Friday nights, but, owing to the great success they achieved, the place was soon opened every evening.

After four years the " Chât Noir," the name of which Salis is said to have taken from one of Edgar Poe's tales, was moved to the Rue Laval, and to the new house flocked all artistic Paris.

Here in the 'eighties and early 'nineties talented Bohemians sang amusing songs of their own composition, and here, too, was given the famous series of " Ombres Chinoises," the little shadow-show which depicted various incidents connected with the Grande Armée and its great leader Napoleon.

One of the cleverest singers was a writer called Macnab, said to be of Scotch descent, a man of extraordinary appearance, something between a clown and an undertaker, who sang most amusing songs written by himself.

Another great supporter of the " Chât Noir " was Emile Goudeau, a writer and poet, also well known in the Quartier Latin, who wrote some delightful lines to the Muse of Montmartre in 1897.

" Que l'homme de pinceau que l'homme de la lyre,
Que le rêveur en proie au rythme qui délire,
Que le passant quelconque accablé par l'ennui,
Que le désespéré pleurant l'amour enfui,
Que tous enfin : les grands, les petits, et les mièvres,
Puissent en te voyant oublier quelles fièvres
Les torturent et quels remords ou repentirs !
O vierge de Montmartre, O Muse des martyrs."

An album kept in the house contained contributions from all the most famous writers and artists of the day, while black cats in all sorts of quaint situations were to be seen on the walls, but in addition to these, there were other paintings of very great merit.

Not many foreigners went to the Chât Noir; it was never indeed a cosmopolitan resort like some of the cabarets which sprang up after it had ceased to exist. There was no garish glitter about it; indeed, as far as the present writer recollects, a rather semi-religious air prevaded the place, which, though quite modern, had an air of antiquity, produced, no doubt, by the cleverness of those responsible for its adornment.

Though the Chât Noir achieved a great artistic success, as it deserved to do considering the enthusiasm and genius of its founders, it did not last many years.

Unique in its way, it was of necessity but an ephemeral manifestation of a certain side of literature and art.

After the disappearance of the Chât Noir, a cabaret, presided over by Aristide Bruant, a rather talented writer, who wrote and sang his own songs, achieved a good deal of success. A number of his compositions were extremely clever, and as rendered by Yvette Guilbert struck a highly original note.

Among these the most noteworthy were "A la Roquette" and "Au Bois de Boulogne."

It was Verlaine who first invented the style of song which made the reputation of Aristide Bruant and his cabaret.

This strange individual, who, as is well known, besides being a real poet was a man of most dissipated life, delighted in getting a friend to accompany him to the halls and low cabarets frequented by Apaches and their ladies.

Being himself of somewhat disreputable appearance he was able to do this without much danger.

Much struck with the strange and brutal life led by

the people in these haunts, he wrote and talked about them, with the result that in the end the Apache became quite a popular figure.

Aristide Bruant, following the lead given by Verlaine, wrote songs about the Parisian underworld which betrayed a very accurate and original outlook upon certain phases of Parisian life, as was recognized by many artistic people.

The curious collection which the Chât Noir contained was eventually sold at the Hôtel Drouot, where the sale attracted great attention. The catalogue, now very much sought after, revealed a great number of artistic treasures, among which were valuable pictures and sketches by famous artists.

One splendid composition by Willette, "Le Cavalier de la Mort," was dedicated to the King of Prussia. In this, Death draped in crape on a wretched, blood-stained horse rides in front of some French cavalry with the tri-colour half concealed by a mist. On the horizon is seen the setting sun.

The same artist was also responsible for four panels representing "Le Moulin de la Galette."

Willette, the creator of so many delightful studies of pierrots, and an artist of highly original talent, may be said to have caught the very spirit of Montmartre.

The painter of an admirable panel at the Hôtel de Ville, he remains the representative of a whole generation of joyous Bohemians, so many of whom, alas, with little but a smile on their lips have long ago fallen by the wayside.

The poet Verlaine delighted in Montmartre, where he had many friends. The Cabaret du Clou, Avenue Trudaine, was one of his haunts, the Divan Japon was another, but best of all he loved the Chât Noir, where he was sure to find his brother-in-law, Charles de Sivry, a talented musician and expert in musical parody, who presided at the piano, and his charming niece, Claudine, who always gave him an enthusiastic welcome.

As a man Verlaine was utterly impossible. Besides being a devotee of absinthe, he often drank to excess, when his behaviour was apt to become outrageous. Though he appears really to have been in love with his wife—a pretty young girl whom he married before the war of 1870—during the latter portion of his life he consorted with women of the lowest class; indeed, one of the last of his mistresses was a degraded creature whose real lover was an Apache. The latter, curiously enough, was rather proud of the woman's connection with the poet, and at bars which he frequented used to warn the company what he would do to anyone who might dare to molest Verlaine.

Besides this, the poet had been in prison more than once, the first time for violence towards his mother, who, with good reason, had declined to have anything more to do with him.

Nevertheless, owing to his great intellectual gifts, the Parisians, especially those who loved art and letters, always retained a feeling of admiration for him, looking leniently upon his squalid extravagances.

The Prefect of Police, for instance, instructed the police in the Latin Quarter where the poet lived to try and keep him out of trouble—under no circumstances were they to arrest him.

Only in a city like Paris, where artistic genius really does cover a multitude of sins, could this have occurred.

Finally, when Verlaine died of an illness mainly produced by his own excesses, many people prominent in the world of literature and art followed him to the grave.

Verlaine began life as an official at the Hôtel de Ville, which, under Baron Haussmann, had quite a number of writers and poets on its staff.

Henri Rochefort was one, Georges Lafenestre, Armand Renaud, Léon Valade, and Albert Mérat, others, the last four being poets who attained some literary celebrity in their day.

The Café du Gaz, Rue de Rivoli, was the meeting place of these young men, who discussed poetry there.

During the siege of Paris Verlaine became a soldier, but did little beyond occasionally joining his comrades in drinking bouts. Finally, owing to ill-health he was told to go back to his work at the Hôtel de Ville, and here he remained during the Commune instead of going to join the Government forces at Versailles.

After the defeat of the Communists he left Paris, and when in course of time he applied to be reinstated in his post, he was told that as he had consented to serve under the Revolutionaries he could not be employed again.

Verlaine's letters from London, where he resided for some time in the 'seventies, are full of original if frank observation.

He was struck by the inferiority of the restaurants, the smallness of the houses, and the multitude of beggars in rags, all three of which are now more or less things of the past.

English hypocrisy and Sabbatarian cant aroused his bitterest scorn, but the theatres he did not think so bad.

Verlaine's opinion of English women, if original, was scarcely flattering. " They are," he said, in a letter to a friend, " very pretty, walk like ducks, talk like sailors, and never change their chemises."

The young girls, he declared, were generally good-looking, well-dressed, though without taste, and apparently not prudish.

The drunkenness (against which, he noted, ridiculous Bills were always being passed) was unlimited.

On the whole, London compared to Brussels or Paris appeared to him provincial, but the Thames with its Babylonian bridges he thought superb.

In after years he came again to England and became a master at the Stickney Grammar School, Boston,

Lincolnshire—a queer enough spot to harbour a Bohemian from Montmartre!

At Stickney he taught French, Latin, and drawing for a year and a half, apparently quite to the satisfaction of the Headmaster. At this period of his life he appears to have lived quietly absorbed by his tutorial duties. His muse slumbered, for he wrote no poetry at all.

After a brief return to France he returned to Stickney, this time with an idea of giving private lessons, which, however, brought him in little, for shortly afterwards he became a master at a school at Bournemouth.

Here he wrote a good deal of verse, including portions of "Sagesse," which contains a poem "La Mer de Bournemouth."

Verlaine's new-born and intense enthusiasm for Catholicism, after spending two years in a Belgian prison for the attempted murder of his friend Rimbaud, has been well dealt with in a recent work.[1] It does not, however, seem to have been entirely religion which in 1878 led him to become a professor in an ecclesiastical college at Rethel, where, in addition to teaching French literature, he gave lessons in English.

Though fairly proficient in that language his accent left a good deal to be desired. This his Bohemian friend and fellow poet, Mallarmé, at that time himself a teacher of English in a Parisian lycée, knew.

The latter, indeed, would chaff Verlaine upon the latter's linguistic deficiencies, declaring that the pupils at Rethel were imbibing the English accent as heard on the café concert stage, "Aoh! cômente vô nômez côlla!" and so forth.

Verlaine, curiously enough, easily gained the esteem of the ecclesiastics who supervised the college of Notre Dame de Rethel. At first they thought him rather reserved, but later on became fairly intimate with this

[1] "Verlaine," by Harold Nicholson (Constable).

confirmed Bohemian, whose stormy past at that time they entirely ignored.

When they did hear of it years later, to their credit be it recorded, they were neither scandalized nor annoyed.

In 1897 a number of old pupils organized a banquet in honour of their old professor, at the end of which a eulogy of Verlaine's genius was recited by one of them who had himself become a writer.

The poet, it should be added, left the College from no other cause than his own inclination. His conduct there had been exemplary, and when he suddenly determined to take up farming, everyone, priests as well as boys, wished him good luck.

Agriculture, however, did not attract him for long, and in the early 'eighties Verlaine was once more leading a Bohemian life in Paris. In 1883, however, he once more betook himself to the Ardennes, where for a couple of years he may be described as having led the life of a sort of amateur peasant. After a couple of years, however, having indulged in all sorts of excesses, spent his mother's money and generally scandalized the countryside by his drunken and dissolute life, he once more returned to Paris.

Every afternoon towards the end of his life Verlaine might be seen drinking absinthe at the Café Voltaire, which, in the 'nineties, was the resort of many literary men as well as of Senators from the Luxemburg close by.

He seldom, however, remained there beyond a certain hour; if he did, a grim-looking female, resembling a washerwoman in appearance, would come in after him and take him away.

Nevertheless, the female in question, whose real name was Eugenie Krantz, had been one of the stars of the Bal Bullier in the days of the Second Empire, when as a cocotte she had achieved some celebrity under the soubriquet of "Ninie Mouton."

She had known Gambetta, Jules Vallés and all the

political and literary frequenters of the Café Procope. This woman was indeed very proud of her souvenirs of celebrated men—for a time she had been the mistress of the French politician who contrived the fall of General Boulanger.

When Verlaine met her, however, she was in very low water, being only able to support herself by doing work for the great Paris store of la Belle Jardinière.

Though she behaved badly to the poet, making him work hard and taking the result of his labour while systematically deceiving him, it was solely due to her that he was able to draw his last breath in a room of his own instead of expiring a mere number in one of the caravanserais of death of the great capital.

Eugenie Krantz well understood the value of her improvident and dissipated lover's efforts. She kept every scrap of paper on which he had scribbled, and after his death sold a number of manuscripts to his friends. She died a year after her lover.

In his last years Verlaine ceased to frequent the Café Voltaire and went to the Soleil D'Or, where on Saturdays the assemblages known as " Soirées de la Plume " drew together a number of ultra-modernist writers and artists.

The Café du Procope was also one of the last haunts of the poets. Here on the first floor recitations and songs were sometimes to be heard ; little plays were also given.

A favourite quotation from Michelet which Verlaine loved to quote—not always correctly—was " The French Revolution was made in a café," an allusion to the meeting of philosophers, writers, nobles, free-thinkers and radicals at the Café Procope.

When a bust of Henri Mürger was put up in the Luxembourg Gardens, an official banquet at six francs a head took place at the Café Voltaire, as a protest against which an opposition banquet of real Bohemians at two francs a head took place at the " Procope."

Verlaine was too ill to go but sent a letter warmly congratulating the company upon having arranged that impecunious Bohemians unable to afford six francs should be able to do honour to Mürger, whose memory really belonged to the Café Procope, which had always been the resort of himself and his friends.

Verlaine, who was a votary of la vierge verte—the terrible absinthe—at one time frequented a café called l'Académie, where it had formerly been customary whenever a member of the French Academy died to drape one of the forty barrels lining the walls with crêpe. In 1895, however, when only a few literary men, including the poet, went to this place the tradition had lapsed. A year or two later l'Académie, which had been founded at the end of the eighteenth century, ceased to exist, the premises being converted into a butcher's shop.

L'Académie was a veritable temple dedicated to absinthe, the rather sickly smell of which filled the place, which, damp and dirty as it was, made no appeal to those who were not votaries of the insidious green drink.

The place, the ceiling of which, like most of the company, was low, of course derived its name from the forty barrels mentioned above.

This café, which was frequented mainly by Bohemians down at heel, dissolute students and professors who had gone to the bad, was well known to well-to-do but idle young men anxious to pass their examinations as being a place where they could get essays done for a consideration; indeed, a number of the frequenters of "l'Académie" made their living by doing richer men's work.

During the Second Empire a great character at this cabaret, which was situated in the Rue St Jacques in the Quartier Latin, was a man called Parigot.

This individual during twelve years was computed to have drunk no less than 65,820 glasses of absinthe.

Parigot was very popular at l'Académie on account of his amusing conversation, which attracted people to the place. Appreciating the profit he had realized through this, the proprietor of this cabaret, when he died, left instructions in his will that the old man was to be allowed twelve glasses of absinthe a day during his lifetime, and these were daily served to Parigot till he died several years later aged eighty!

Absinthe is responsible for the clouding of many a clever brain.

In former days Grassot, the Paul Bedford of the Palais Royal, was for a time obliged to relinquish his profession, and so eclipsed the gaiety of nations, by yielding to the seductive but potent influence of this preparation. A short absence in Italy, however, restored him to his admirers. It killed poor de Musset and Gerard de Nerval.

Gerard de Nerval, the charming writer, the delightful novelist, having sought in absinthe brighter fancies and more glowing images, ended by hanging himself in the window of a miserable den. Alfred de Musset, a great poet, wounded to the heart, sought in this terrible poison forgetfulness of his mysterious sorrow, with the result that he died after ten years' forgetfulness of his genius —died without being able to utter, at his last hour, songs as sublime as those he sang in his bright youth.

"The effects of the poison are terrible—crushing. A feverish ecstasy, full of delicious dreams, of wild inspirations, is followed by an overwhelming debility, a continual state of somnolency. The eyes become dull and the hands tremble. No real work can be done unless preceded by a dram of absinthe. Beneath these ceaseless attacks reason reels, and a fatal day comes when the drinker finds drunkenness, and never again finds 'inspiration.' Then he is lost beyond the hope of recovery. What was a necessary prelude to his labour becomes a degrading passion, a daily indulgence which

he has not the courage to abandon. The poet is dead within him, and the drunkard alone remains."

About the year 1892 a certain coterie of writers from the Latin quarter were wont to frequent a low restaurant in the Rue de la Huchette.

Here all sorts of vagabonds assembled; pickers-up of cigar ends, street vendors, newsboys, workmen and souteneurs came there to obtain cheap meals. A portion of meat cost twopence and vegetables a penny, and one might bring one's own bread.

Clients usually drank water, but those who wanted wine could get it in a room apart.

Everyone helped himself, and paid for his portion as he took it from a cook. Most of the artistic visitors came to this place as an experience, but some were no richer than the regular diners at la Huchette.

Before the war many of the women who frequented the night restaurants were victims of cocaine, which they seemed able to procure without any difficulty.

At present, however, determined efforts are made to stamp out this disastrous vice; in any case the evil activities of those who purvey this drug appear to have been checked. The sale of absinthe, so popular with Frenchmen, has also been prohibited throughout France, absinthe being classed as a decoction disastrous to the national health.

Whether the latter prohibition will be effectual is open to doubt. Substitute absinthe can be obtained, and it would not be surprising if eventually the sale of the real thing should again be allowed.

The French, unlike the modern English, abominate all restrictions, and unpopular laws or regulations after a certain time are apt to be dropped, or, if still in force, ignored.

Exclusive of places like the Abbaye de Thélème, which mainly appeal to foreigners, there are quite a number of restaurants in Montmartre where good food is to be obtained, such as " Au Bon Vigneron," " Place Blanche,"

" l'Hôtel de la Poste," Rue de Douai, " Coconnier," Rue Lepic, and " l'Escargot," in the same street. At all of these, prices are moderate. " Nirvana," a newer restaurant in the Rue Fontaine, is more expensive.

The French have always been believers in the virtue of good food.

" Se soigner en buvant d'excellents vins et en mangeant d'excellents mets, voilà la bonne, la vraie médication ! " said Chatillon-Plessis.

First-class food, however, has always been expensive in Paris.

As far back as 1830 the prices charged at fashionable restaurants evoked protests.

" The Boulevard des Italiens," said a victim, " is the privileged quarter of the cafés-restaurants ; there one may dine excellently, but it must be confessed one is cruelly plucked. From this fact has arisen the proverb, ' One must be very hardy to dine at the Café Riche, and very rich to dine at the Café Hardi.' May it not be added that one needs to be an English peer to dine at the Café Anglais, and a millionaire Parisian to try the Café de Paris ? One may dine well at Very's, but one will ruin himself ; while the fish which is excellent at the Rocher de Cancale is scarcely exchanged for its weight in five-franc pieces."

The Café de Paris mentioned was, of course, not the well-known establishment in the Avenue de l'Opera but an older restaurant on the Boulevard frequented by many celebrated people, including Alexandre Dumas, who, in addition to being known as the author of " Monte Cristo " and " The Three Musketeers," has left an illustrious name as a cook, a host, and an epicure.

Often in the midst of a dinner, on tasting of some novel dish at the Café de Paris, Dumas would lay down his fork and ejaculate, " I must get the recipe of this dish." The proprietor was then sent for to authorise the novelist to descend to the kitchens and hold a con-

sultation with his chefs. He was the only one of the habitués to whom this privilege was ever allowed.

Alfred de Musset used to say that one could not open the door of the Café de Paris under fifteen francs. Still, it was admitted that everyone who did open the door was treated as a grand seigneur for whom nothing could be too good. When Balzac one day announced the arrival of a distinguished Russian friend, he asked the proprietor to put his best foot forward. "Assuredly, Monsieur, we will do so," was the answer, "because it is simply what we are in the habit of doing every day." The great writer's favourite dish was *veau à la casserole*, a specialty of the Café de Paris in the 'forties.

Another favourite haunt of Alfred de Musset was the Café de la Régence, where the poet continued to play chess unmoved while troops outside fired on the rioters in 1830.

The old café in question, once known also as the Café de la Place du Palais Royal, was destroyed in 1852, when a new one was established in the Rue Richelieu. From here it eventually migrated to the Place du Théâtre Français, where it still is.

This café, which is frequented by the actors of the Comédie Français and people going to that theatre, has, however, little in common with the original establishment, which was renowned for being a great meeting-place for lovers of chess.

A portrait of Philidor adorned its walls, while there were tables which had been used by Rousseau and Voltaire. Napoleon came there as a young officer and, according to tradition, was not only a bad chess player but a bad loser, who would almost upset the table after a defeat.

One is therefore not astonished to learn that later on when at the Tuileries, even against first-class opponents, he always won.

One of the few who continued to frequent the Café de la Régence during the Terror was Robespierre.

It is said that though, like Napoleon, he was not a first-class player, nevertheless owing to the fear he inspired he very seldom lost. People, as a rule, however, were not anxious to pit themselves against him.

Sitting alone one evening the "sea-green incorruptible" was rather surprised to see a very handsome young man take the place opposite and without a word make a preliminary move. Robespierre did the same and a game, which his opponent won, began.

He asked for his revenge and was again beaten.

"You are too much for me," said he, not pleased. "By the way, what were we playing for?"

"A man's head," was the reply. "I won it, so give it me quickly, otherwise the executioner will have it to-morrow."

At the same time he produced an order for the liberation of a young nobleman imprisoned in the conciergerie which only wanted signing.

This Robespierre affixed, after which he enquired: "But who are you, citoyen?"

"Citoyenne, you should say. I am a woman, the *fiancée* of the prisoner. Thank you, and good-bye," and the brave girl ran joyfully away.

In modern Paris cafés such as la Regénce, which had their own especial clientèle, are much fewer in number. The tendency among the French, indeed, is to go less to restaurants than in former days—one reason being that they can get better and cheaper fare at their own homes.

As long ago as 1879 Charles Monselet said: "Where are the great cooks? What names have we now to oppose to those of Carême and Robert? Shall I speak of official cookery, of ministerial dinners? These are not the dinners to which people go to eat. There especially the cook is more proud of a Chinese kiosk on a rock in coloured and spun sugar, which no person dare

touch, than of a carp à la Chambord treated in a masterly way. Since the days of Cambacérès official cookery has ceased to exist. That which you eat yesterday in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, you will eat to-morrow in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. At the end of the week you recognize that you have merely changed your knife and fork. This poverty of imagination, this absence of research, are unworthy of a country such as ours."

There is no doubt that since the closing of the Café Riche, Maison Dorée, and Café Anglais, cooking in Paris has deteriorated.

The old-fashioned waiters—veterans of the time of the Second Empire—have also disappeared.

Before the war a few were still to be seen, so old that they might have been at Marengo when the historic poulet was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter.

One of the principal reasons for the indifferent fare provided at so-called smart restaurants is the culinary ignorance of the ever-increasing horde of English and American visitors, which of course offers great temptations for restaurateurs to foist inferior dishes upon their clients.

Other reasons are the decay of the old system of apprenticeships and the anonymity of chefs. In old days the names of certain of the latter were well known throughout Paris and even further afield; to-day very few diners ever dream of enquiring who has cooked their dinner, even when it has been found excellent.

There are, it is true, two great chefs who are chevaliers of the Legion of Honour—MM. Escoffier and Montaille —but a number of other excellent cooks work in complete oblivion.

A restaurant, however small or humble, which boasts a first-class cook never fails to succeed, and very quickly too.

Too often, however, the owner, losing his head at the unexpected flow of money into his coffers, does not trouble to keep the cook who is making his fortune.

For a time the public does not find this out, but when it does the place soon empties.

In Paris a restaurant is sometimes the rage for a year or two, and then suddenly loses its patrons, who entirely desert it for no apparent reason.

It was not thus, however, that the Café Anglais, the last of the fine old-fashioned restaurants, ended; till it closed not so very many years ago, old clients continued to dine there. Up to the end the cooking remained admirable, while the dinner and excellent wines were always served in a manner which recalled the refinement and care considered essential to dining in a more aristocratic and more leisured age.

There were no waiters rushing about from one table to the other, no clattering of plates, and of course no band.

A solemn and dignified individual in immaculate evening dress with a black beribboned pince-nez submitted a scheme for dining to favoured clients, the whole meal being a sort of gastronomic symphony unspoilt by any false note.

The plate was silver, and wines were served in delicately cut decanters, to the neck of which a heart-shaped piece of white paper was affixed, bearing the name, date and any other particulars of the vintage to which the contents belonged.

The *personnel* of the establishment, down to the chasseur who called you a cab, had manners such as are said to have prevailed at Versailles—probably a good deal better, for the *ancien régime*, as may be learnt from history, had its lapses.

The great vogue of this café, of course, had been during the Second Empire, when it was the headquarters of pleasure-loving viveurs, who held many a merry supper in the private room upstairs, No. 16, known as "le grand seize."

Readers of Alphonse Daudet's delightful book "Les Rois en Exil" will remember the adventure of the pretty

young lady who, having supped in this cabinet particulier with someone else than her husband, escapes detection by assuming a cook-boy's dress, in which she walks out of the place.

Curiously enough, though the restaurant has been demolished, the patter of feminine footsteps, which once enlivened the old place, may still be heard in the vicinity, for just round the corner of the boulevard in the Rue de Grammont has sprung up "the Frolics," a dining place and restaurant nightly thronged by couples fond of dancing and pleasure.

When the Café Anglais closed its doors several old clients, mindful of pleasant evenings spent in the old place, determined to secure some souvenir, and at the sale which was subsequently held certain pieces of plate consequently went very well.

Véfours, another famous old café in the Palais Royale, once a very celebrated haunt of gastronomists, though almost forgotten, survived till 1920, when its premises were taken over by the Banque de France.

It was opened as far back as 1750, when it was known as the Café des Chartres, and for more than a century was the gathering place of generals, financiers, wealthy strangers, and gourmets of all nationalities. Here M. de la Reynière; Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law; Joseph Berchoux, the poet, author of "La Gastronomie," whose seventy-four years ended in 1839, held their gastronomic parties, calling the chef to their tables and personally directing the culinary experiments which were to be prepared for the following day.

The Trois Frères, another famous restaurant in the Palais Royale, disappeared years ago.

In this noted resort of gastronomy Napoleon dined with Barras and discussed the political problems of France over his dinner. Yet another noted resort was Février's, where Le Peltier de Saint-Fargeau, the Conventionnel, was assassinated by Pâris, a former garde

du corps, at the famous midnight supper on January 20, 1793, the eve of the execution of Louis XVI. Even the memory of the Galerie Européenne has faded away, although in its halls it was once possible to dine—with wine—for less than two francs, and enjoy epicurean delicacies which in a Paris restaurant to-day would cost not less than a hundred francs.

Though prices are now high and complaints as to the deterioration of Parisian cookery general, it is still possible to obtain a good dinner in the gay city.

As a matter of fact, as has been said, pessimism on this subject has always prevailed among the French themselves. Writing in 1866, that confirmed boulevardier, and lover of Paris, Nestor Roqueplan, declared that the French cuisine had lost much of its originality and special characteristics. "We no longer," said he, "find places devoted to the Flemish kitchen, others to the Normandy, Lyonnaise, Toulousian, Bordelaise, and Provençale kitchens." Nevertheless, he admitted that France was still the country where eating was to be found at its best.

Nestor Roqueplan, it may be added, prided himself on never having gone outside the walls of Paris. His definition of the country was "A damp place where raw birds scream."

The type of which he was such a well-known representative, though in a few cases he lingered on into the days of the Third Republic, practically ceased to exist after the downfall of the Imperial régime.

Tortoni's, where the boulevardiers were wont to meet their fellows in the afternoon, has long disappeared—the Maison d'Orée and Café Anglais, where they dined and supped, are but memories.

As for the Aspasias and Phrynes, in whose smiles they basked, tired and weary, with the old maitres d'hôtel who served them, all have gone to that bed in which no sleeper turns.

XI

MONTMARTRE

MONTMARTRE derives its name from Mons Martis, because a temple of Mars existed on the hill in the time of the Romans. Before the Revolution there was, on the summit of the hill, a celebrated convent of Benedictine nuns. As late as 1840 Montmartre was quite rural in character, mostly known for its numerous windmills and guinguettes, the latter of which were much frequented by Parisians, who went to the village, as it was then called, on account of the fine view of Paris to be obtained from the hill. The quarries of Montmartre are famous for their gypsum, or, as it is more commonly called, plaster of Paris. The geological structure of this hill is highly interesting, as the ascending series of strata, from the passage of the *calcaire grossier* into the gypseous marls to the upper fresh water, is easily investigated.

In old days Montmartre was a village famed for its windmills, a dozen of which stood in a semicircle on its heights, whilst three more occupied another position, Of all these, two, known as " le Radet " and " le Blute-Fin," alone survive.

The former dates from 1268, the latter from 1295. Both, which only ceased to work some thirty years ago, are now incorporated in the cabaret known as " le Moulin de la Galette," owned by M. Auguste Debray, whose family have been millers of Montmartre for many generations. The farmhouse which was close by has entirely disappeared.

Among the defenders of " la Butte " in 1814 no one fought with more determination than four brothers

Debray. Three of them having been left for dead, the fourth, in spite of the order to cease firing, still fought on till, hacked almost to pieces, he was caught up in the sails of his own mill and thrown to the four winds of heaven.

The " Moulin de la Galette," where thirty years ago there was much dancing, has always been a favourite resort of lovers, many of whom have left their names inside the old mill, the woodwork of which also abounds in amorous inscriptions.

From the top there is a magnificent view of Paris. On a fine day every palace, church, and public edifice stands distinctiy before the eye, and, interspersed with the foliage of the gardens and the boulevards, the whole forms a prospect at once grand and beautiful.

Corot, it may be added, painted a picture of the " Moulin de la Galette " in 1840.

Mont Valerien, the fortified hill which is such a striking feature of the scenery just outside Paris, is similar to Montmartre in its chemical formation. It was formerly called Mont Calvaire, which name it derived from a chapel consecrated there in 1663, on which occasion three lofty crosses were planted on the summit of the hill. From that time it was respected as a place of religious devotion ; several hermits took up their abode on its sides, and pilgrimages used to be made to it. At the Revolution the custom fell into disuse ; but at the Restoration pilgrimages again came into vogue for a short time. At the Revolution of 1830 the hill and its dependencies were finally taken from the influence of the Church, and subsequently the summit was made into one of the chief defences of Paris. The calvary then removed, being now in the old cemetery behind the church of St Pierre on the " Butte."

Montmartre, in modern days known as a Bohemian quarter mainly devoted to frivolity, has been the scene of serious happenings in the past.

From here in 1590 Henri IV saluted the Parisians with a bombardment, and here too a handful of determined soldiers made a gallant if futile stand against the Allies in 1814.

The real union between Montmartre and Paris took place in 1860, when the wall separating this suburb from the capital was destroyed, and what had not so very long before been merely a village became part of the great city.

It was from the Butte Montmartre that, on the 7th October 1870, Gambetta and Spuller set out in the balloon Armand-Barbès from besieged Paris.

On the heights of Montmartre too, in 1871, were massed the revolutionary cannon, the demand for the surrender of which by M. Thiers led the outbreak of the Commune. Here, too, perished Generals Clement Thomas and Lecomte, who were put up against a wall and shot in the Rue des Rosiers by a mob composed of the scum of Paris. Both these brave men looked death proudly in the face and, never flinching, died like heroes.

Another portion of Paris—Belleville—was, as late as the middle of the last century, almost a village. The side of the hill, which now shelters a teeming population, was then covered with neat country-houses and a great number of guinguettes, where a multitude of Parisians of the working classes assembled on Sundays and holidays.

These guinguettes formerly abounded in the suburbs of Paris and were very popular with the people on holidays. They were originally very poor affairs, and refreshments were obtained at a trifling expense. Among those which were celebrated were the Vendanges de Bourgogne, Faubourg du Temple, Jardin de la Gaîté, Barrière du Maine, the Salon Desnoyez, Barrière de la Courtille, the Ferme, upon the hill of Montmartre, the Ile d'Amour, at Belleville, la Chaumière, Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, le Salon du Feu Éternel, Boulevard de l'Hôpital. When a guinguette adds an orchestra

and a ballroom to its other attractions, it is called a bastringue.

Within the last quarter of a century Montmartre, which had already lost most of its rustic aspect, has entirely changed.

At one time Montmartre was noted for its vines, which produced a wine which people came from afar to drink. As, however, streets of houses spread over the hill the vines disappeared, till only a few, kept as curiosities, were left near le Moulin de la Galette.

For a long time, however, cottages and little gardens survived. It remained for the spirit of the twentieth century, hostile as it is to things picturesque and poetic, to strike the final blow in the vulgarization and destruction of what was once an old-world village dotted over with windmills, cottages and quaint little gardens, whilst cattle grazed upon its slopes. The Sacré Cœur which now stands on the summit is a huge building in the Roman-Byzantine style. In the Campanile is la Savoyarde, one of the biggest bells in existence, cast at Annecy in 1895.

The construction of this great building was decreed by the National Assembly in 1874. The nature of the ground presented a good deal of difficulty, and the church was only consecrated in October 1919.

A still existing relic of the original village is la Rue Norvins, with its old houses and quaint roofs ; another is la Place du Tertre, which at the proper season is rendered fragrant by its acacias. Here is a quaint old cabaret, attached to which is a garden of the style popular when Montmartre abounded in guinguettes.

Another survival of vanished days is the Cabaret du Lapin Agile, in the Rue des Saules, which contains a number of paintings, among which is a humorous composition by Willette, " l'Ecroulement de la Butte."

The Lapin Agile, a strange little place carved as it were out of the very side of the hill of Montmartre just under

the towers of the Sacré Cœur, was formerly a favourite resort of poets, who were wont to recite verse there.

To-day, however, it is rather the haunt of airmen, whose lusty voices have to a great extent eclipsed the impassioned rhetoric of artistic frequenters.

Although still popular with artistic Bohemians it is no longer their especial domain, such as it was when Murger, Villemessant, Daudet, Catulle Mendes, and many other celebrities of the literary world haunted the cafés of the Place Pigalle.

It is only within comparatively recent years that Montmartre has come to be regarded as the headquarters of Paris night life.

The viveurs of the Second Empire never thought of going there in search of amusement; they haunted the boulevards in which were their favourite restaurants, such as the Maison d'Orée, Café Riche and Café Anglais, the last of which closed its doors only a few years ago.

It is at nightfall that Montmartre awakens, though the larger restaurants do not really get into full swing till after midnight has sounded.

The night cafés of Montmartre, such as the Abbaye de Thélème and other similar resorts, have most of them originated from comparatively humble little cabarets frequented by students and artists of small means.

In some cases these places have become popular owing to their walls having been decorated with striking paintings by its artistic frequenters, who, it should be added, disappear as soon as wealthy pleasure-seekers begin to cause the prices to rise.

It was the Chât-Noir which first led the ordinary pleasure-seeker to appreciate the joys of "La Butte." There for a few francs the visitor fond of art and laughter was allowed to participate in the joys of Bohemian life, to hear clever and amusing songs sung by their authors while surrounded by a Rabelaisian atmosphere.

In course of time a number of other cabarets, some really artistic, others merely shams, sprang up.

Montmartre now began to attract foreigners. Soon came the Grand Dukes, who in these latter days have been supplanted by wealthy Americans, after which the ordinary visitor was not long in following.

Naturally the men and women who now flocked to la Butte wanted to sup, and in order to meet their wants elaborate restaurants, blazing with electric lights and equipped with tzigane bands, rapidly came into existence.

Providing first-rate if expensive wine and food, keeping open late, and frequented by crowds of cocottes, these places, the chief of which is the "Abbaye de Thélème," make a special appeal to the wealthy tourist eager to participate in the night life of Paris.

One of the queerest of these Montmartre night resorts was the Cabaret de Néant, in which everything was arranged to give a tomblike idea.

The waiters were dressed like undertakers, while by a peculiar arrangement of mirrors visitors saw their bodies crumble away till nothing but their skeletons appeared to be left.

Heaven, with angel attendants, and Hell, with devils to bring drinks, were two of a number of eccentric cafés, some of which still exist.

At the Abbaye de Thélème English ladies may occasionally be seen, sometimes with their husbands, sometimes with other people's. Austere individuals who when at home are all in favour of Puritan regulations may also often be observed supping at this resort, quite at their ease, though sitting next to the most notorious cocottes. Anglo-Saxon morality relaxes across the Channel.

At the night cafés of Montmartre, naïve visitors, basking in some fair one's smiles in a gaudily decorated room, full of music, laughter, noise and smoke, con-

gratulate themselves that they really are seeing life in Paris.

Though they enjoy it at the time, quite a number go back to their own country full of indignation at the decadence of France, while expressing their satisfaction that their own pure capital, London, can show no such scene of abomination.

As a matter of fact the Parisian night restaurant draws far the largest share of its profits out of English and Americans, who are its principal frequenters. The French do not like paying extortionate prices and therefore go little to such places.

Just before the war, cosmopolitan haunts of facile pleasure had completely dominated Montmartre, where those fond of nocturnal rambles could wander from cabaret to cabaret till dawn.

The war put a stop to all this, and owing to the shortage of coal, the night restaurants were obliged to close down after the Armistice.

The Minister of the Interior, it was said, regarded Montmartre with anything but a friendly eye, and had unofficially expressed his intention of doing his best to curb its Rabelaisian extravagances.

This Minister, however, has now gone, and with increased liberty as to hours, the nocturnal revellers are once more flocking to the " Hill " much as they did before the war.

Montmartre, indeed, bids fair to recover all its old gaiety and independence, while its streets abound in cabarets bearing strange names where " la Chanson Française " may be heard. In March 1921 a joyous cavalcade, presided over by a pretty girl impersonating the " Muse of Montmartre," paraded la Butte something after the fashion of the famous " Vachalcade " of 1897, which contained so many artistic and amusing features, such as the car full of pierrots, designed by the famous Montmartre artist Willette.

Gustave Charpentier, the gifted composer of Louise, also gave his aid to the success of this procession.

In one car were grouped all the prettiest models of Montmartre ; another contained Druids.

The most original car, however, was that of the Sacré Cœur, which in those days was still in course of erection in la Butte.

This contained a large model of the great church surrounded by scaffolding, while from the interior pealed an organ to the accompaniment of which at every halt sang Marcel Legay, who in consequence of his zeal could not speak for eight days after.

The triumph of the cortège of 1897, however, was the car of " La Montmartroise," a pretty girl of whom Léon Durochet sang :

" Son nez mutin, son nez pointu,
Nargue les marchands de vertu,
Qui prétendent lui chercher noise.
Elle veut lancer librement,
Son bonnet vers—le firmament,
La Montmartroise."

The procession of 1921, which, it should be added, was organized under the personal supervision of M. Depaquit, the " maire " of the artists and poets of Montmartre, was not entirely frivolous in its aim.

The laughter of Montmartre on this occasion dried tears at Coincy, a sorely war-worn village in the Aisne (adopted by la Butte), for the impoverished inhabitants of which a collection was made as the cortège passed along.

Montmartre, it is notorious, is anything but Puritan, and most of its pretty girls are, to say the least of it, unconventional in their ideas. According to English novels and books the Parisian grisette (who, as a matter of fact, is an extinct type) lives with her mother, works during the day but goes to cafés in the evenings, where

she consorts with young artists and students. Though fond of dance and song she is a girl of high moral principles, appreciating which, her friends take care to be particular in their conversation, while never attempting any familiarities likely to shock her.

She has a lover, of course, but her relations with him are purely platonic, while his one aim is to make enough money to lead her to the altar, where, in the end, the old curé gives the happy couple his blessing.

Pure fiction! designed, of course, to meet the requirements of "Aunt Jane from Clapham," whose moral susceptibilities we are all supposed to respect. In real life the French girl who passes her life with artists and students is in the vast majority of instances avowedly "unmoral." If she loves a man she will be true to him while her love lasts; when it dies she goes on to someone else. There is no question of her being shocked—even comparatively strict French girls do not understand exactly what the word "shocking," which is so dear to the English bourgeoisie, means.

As for being married, such an idea rarely enters her or her lover's head. Both regard their liaison merely as an interlude of pleasure, which at heart they know is bound to end some time or other. When he does marry, it will probably be to some lady with a dowry who has been found for him by his family. As for the girl, if she has contrived to save, which is often the case, she is pretty sure eventually to find some small tradesman as a husband. With him she will contentedly end her days, carrying on a little business in the provinces.

The ultimate fate of many of this class in Paris, nevertheless, is much of a mystery. One day they disappear, and no one seems to know where they go to. As a French writer has put it, "There is no cemetery for pretty birds."

The 'forties of the last century was the halcyon period of Parisian Bohemianism and romance, when dainty

grisettes and picturesque students are supposed to have led a delightful existence upon nothing at all.

Whether they really did so is another question; in reality there was probably a good deal of discomfort and squalor about their lives.

Béranger started the legend with his poetic eulogy of a garret as an ideal abode for lovers of twenty, while Henri Murger, in his delightful book "La vie de Bohème," further idealized the joys of life as led by irresponsible and impecunious youth.

All the young women in Paris seem to have had a mania for caressing Béranger, who, it is said, found himself obliged to move out of the Latin quarter because the students insisted on pointing him out to their female companions, who in their enthusiasm made a point of embracing him on every possible occasion. This the poet found to be rather too much of a good thing.

Murger, though he painted an attractive picture of Bohemian life in Paris, had a hard youth. As a young man he and a friend lived in the Rue de Vaugirard, the united fortunes of the two amounting only to seventy francs a month.

Sir Walter Besant, writing of Murger, called him "a mere child of the people, pitchforked into the ranks of literature; but never in the smallest degree representing the voice of the people—a simple, sad life, mistaken in its aims, bankrupt in its aspirations, ruined by its follies." Sir Walter did not think him respectable!

This is all very well; nevertheless Murger, who died at thirty-four, earned himself a far more enduring monument than most writers of romance with his delightful creation of Mimi and Musette.

To-day, as has before been said, the grisette is an extinct type, but nevertheless quite a number of the girls of the Quartier Latin and of Montmartre, owing to close association with youthful artists, poets, and musicians, acquire something of her legendary charm.

Verlaine used to tell a story of one of these modern "Mimi Pinsons," who, waking late, found her pet canary dead in his cage.

When she had finished covering its little body with kisses and tears, Mimi began to ponder over how she should dispose of it.

Having dressed her pretty self, she put the tiny mass of feathers almost mechanically into her muff and went out for a walk.

As luck would have it she soon found herself near the Panthéon, and here an idea struck her.

"Go, chéri," said she, "sleep your last sleep with the great men of France," and after a last caress she daintily slipped the golden ball of fluff down one of the gratings of Soufflot's monumental erection.

While many of the models of Montmartre are clever and attractive, the professional cocottes are rarely possessed of charm.

To-day there are no great courtezans like Cora Pearl, Léonide Leblanc, or Anna Delion.

Cyprian aristocracy, like another kind, has degenerated, its place being inadequately filled by a class devoid of culture or tradition.

The demi-mondaines of the Second Empire and early days of the Third Republic were quite frankly priestesses of Venus, and were proud of it. They were, however, treated with respect, and quite a number presided over a salon, for clever men were only too glad to visit a hostess who was intimately connected with literature and art, in addition to knowing political secrets learnt from great personages whose heads not infrequently reposed upon these ladies' pillows.

A number of great cocottes then prided themselves upon being cultured, and kept in close touch with the artistic world.

Verses were often composed concerning these ladies and their doings. The following lines, written on the

occasion of a famous beauty getting a new and gorgeous bedstead, are clever as well as amusing:

"Ton lit est bois de rose,
Il est fait assurément,
Non pour l'époux et la prose,
Mais pour le vers et l'amant."

One of the most celebrated Phrynes of that day was an Englishwoman, Cora Pearl. She outlived most of her contemporaries and died in a state of complete destitution not so many years ago. She was never clever, and in the days of her prosperity was addicted, not only to spending her admirers' money, but actually to squandering it in fatuous extravagance, such as baths of champagne and similar idiotcies.

After the Second Empire had ended in the catastrophe of Sedan a number of the lights of love who had been the joy of the Imperial Court retired into private life. Most of them had feathered their nests, but a few, like Cora Pearl, came to the sad end which is apt to be the fate of such women.

In the Paris of to-day there are tragic stories connected with some of the older female frequenters of the night resorts who after revelling in luxury have come down in the world.

Most of these, however, are foreigners, for the French woman, as a rule, recognizes that her attractions will not last for ever, and in the days of her prosperity makes provision for the future.

As a poor butterfly with tattered wings returns to the flowery haunts of its youth, so worn-out beauties seem naturally to gravitate towards Paris.

Only a short time ago an Englishwoman, who in her day had been a refulgent constellation in the firmament of pleasure and had revelled in every luxury wealth could command, dragged out a wretched existence in the lowest cafés. When the end came the poor thing

would have been consigned to a pauper's grave had not chance discovered her identity to a few old friends, who did all they could to lighten her last moments.

The fierce anti-Puritanism of artistic Paris tolerates no interference with certain of its traditional amusements.

One of the most celebrated of these, of course, is the famous bal des Quat'z 'Arts, an annual revel where artists and their models appear in every kind of fancy costume. Admission for anyone not connected with an atelier is exceedingly difficult, entrance tickets being rigorously controlled.

At one of these balls some years ago a pretty model of the Atelier Rochegrosse, known as Sarah Brown, like Helen of Troy, was the cause of considerable bloodshed.

The dress of most of the ladies attending these balls is usually very light, but Sarah Brown easily outstripped them all. As a result the authorities, contrary to their usual policy, interfered, with the result that a very serious riot, in which quite a number of people were killed, ensued.

The curious thing was that the vast majority of rioters had nothing whatever to do with the ball and would, indeed, not have had the slightest chance of ever being admitted to it.

For some years before the war the bal des Quat'z 'Arts had lost much of the joyous originality which enlivened it in former days.

Its revival, however, after so many sad years will probably coincide with a new lease of life.

Montmartre has always been fond of dancing, and in days before the war the terpsichorean eccentrics to be seen at the Moulin Rouge were the wonder and delight of pleasure-seekers visiting Paris.

Few probably troubled themselves as to the origin of the famous dancing-place, which, as a matter of fact, is of no antiquity, either as a mill or a place of amusement.

It was, however, built upon the site of a once famous

public ball, "La Reine-Blanche" which at one time was very popular with work girls, numbers of whom imbibed their first idea of gay Parisian life there.

"La Reine-Blanche," which dated from 1850, was always noted as a place to which the public went with a real intention of amusing itself, not to see the celebrities of the day.

The oldest public ball in Montmartre was the Elysée Montmartre, which was established early in the nineteenth century.

Originally merely an insignificant guinguette where Parisians went to dance under big trees, by 1835 it had become a well-known and popular resort.

A famous public ball, the site of which is now "La Cigale," was La Boule Noire, at the corner of the Rue Rochechonart and the Rue des Martyrs. Founded in 1822 by a retired courtezan whose boast it was to have known Barras, it only became really popular under the direction of her successor. The latter put over the entrance a huge ball of green glass. It was this ball, grown black from dirt, which gave the place its name.

In its palmy days La Boule Noir was a favourite resort of girls anxious to lead a life of gallantry.

It used, indeed, to be said that the company there mainly consisted of very young men or very old ones dancing with girls who had been ruined and others who were only waiting for an opportunity of meeting the same fate.

At this period all the female inhabitants of the Quartier Bréda were to be seen at this ball, quite a number being experts in the difficult trick of kicking off a spectator's hat while dancing in a quadrille.

Though in its later years frequented by only the lowest riff-raff of Paris, the Boule Noir about 1848 had its hour of fashionable celebrity, the then proprietor having attached a restaurant to it which made his fortune.

Long after this dancing-place had become thoroughly

disreputable the restaurant was used for wedding breakfasts.

It was at the Boule Noir in 1857 that the Lancers were first danced in public.

In its last days, just before 1885, the cost of entrance to this hall was only twopence-halfpenny. The atmosphere was dreadful beyond belief, and the company, consisting of every kind of male and female ruffian, made such a noise with their quarrelling and shouts that the music, loud and blatant as it was, could sometimes scarcely be heard.

It was at the Boule Noir that la Goulue, who created a certain sensation by her dancing in the 'eighties, made her début when quite a girl.

Here, too, the famous Rigolboche first burst upon the Parisian world of pleasure.

In those days the Boule Noir had not sunk to the depths of disreputability which characterized its end, nevertheless the mother of Rigolboche did not approve of her daughter dancing there. On several evenings while the girl was taking part in a quadrille, the old lady made an unwelcome appearance. Rigolboche invariably ran away round the orchestra, always taking care, as a sign of defiance, to throw her petticoats over her head as she made her exit. Directly her mother had gone she was back dancing again. She danced, indeed, with such extraordinary grace and energy that before very long, migrating from Montmartre, she became one of the chief stars of the pleasure-seekers' Mecca—" Mabille."

This open-air dancing-place, the very name of which for more than fifty years symbolized to foreigners the unrestrained gaiety of La Ville Lumière. was in the Avenue Montaigne, and its well-kept gardens were frequented by all the viveurs of the Second Empire.

The master of the ceremonies was Victor Mabille, who treated the lights of love with the pleasant arrogance of a good-humoured sovereign.

The ladies who were most celebrated at this resort besides Rigolboche were Céleste Mogador, Alice la Provençale, Rose Pompon and Marie la Polkeuse, but the queen of them all was Heloise-Marie Sergent "Pomaré"—the Queen of Mabille.

Céleste Mogador, nicknamed "la Vestris en jupons," became Comtesse de Chabrillan, but poor Pomaré one day disappeared, and it is to be feared ended her life in the lowest depths of Parisian frailty.

In the last days of the Second Empire, Mabille was thronged by facile beauties arrayed in the most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, poult de soie, cashmeres and diamonds. There might be seen dandies from the clubs, Senators, Deputies, diplomatists and bankers, English peers and Members of Parliament, millionaires from across the Atlantic, all, together with the Messalines who attracted them, now long gone into the night.

At Mabille, as at all French dancing-places up to recent years, the great attraction was "la quadrille excentrique," otherwise known as the Can-can.

Though generally considered an improper performance by the English who flocked to see it, this was really nothing but an arcobatic dance, the high kicking indulged in necessitating a good deal of practice and training.

For the time being the popularity of jazzing and other exotic forms of terpsichore have banished this quadrille from Parisian resorts. Its tradition, however, still lingers, and in course of time will no doubt lead to a revival.

Mabille was celebrated all over Europe.

In the fifties Edmund Yates wrote:

> In these fine summer nights
> Mabille too invites
> With its excellent band and its glittering lights.
> Ah! once 'twas to me the most brilliant of sights!

Consule Planco, when I was young,
When the praises of Chicard filled every tongue ;
When Bridid, Frisette, and Pomaré were there,
With Mogador, dancing a *can-can d'enfer* !
Now Mogador's dead,
Frisette has fled,
And others, no doubt, have gone on in their stead ;
But I'm warned by stiff limbs and a frizzled head
That vanished for aye is the life I once led,
And my place, when the clock has struck twelve, is bed !

Some forty years ago the famous dancing-place was done away with, the site being wanted for building purposes, and houses now cover the ground on which so many pretty feet have trodden their measure.

If sometimes, says Monsieur George Cain (the gifted author of many delightful books about Paris) the inhabitants of Nos. 51 and 53 Avenue Montaigne are awakened at night by strange noises, the cause must be that some of the lively spirits of the ladies who footed it at Mabille have come back to dance a retrospective can-can on the scene of their vanished exploits.

One of the few surviving dancing-places of a past era is the Bal Bullier, which on December 2nd, 1920, after being shut for six years, reopened, its last revel having been held on August 1st, 1914.

Once again the students assembled in the old dancing-hall where so many of their predecessors had disported themselves.

A huge crowd was present ; but, as is the way of the world, visitors who had known the place in the past complained that things had changed for the worse.

The Bal Bullier, which has been termed the living expression of the Quartier Latin, opened as a ball called " La Chartreuse " in 1838. Visitors were always informed that against its wall Marshal Ney had been shot.

In 1847 the owner of the place sold it to Bullier, who did the place up in oriental style and called it " La

Closerie des Lilas." Berenger went there, and all the ladies, after Jeanne la Belle had offered him a bouquet and kissed him, wanted to do the same. The polka was popular, being then a great novelty, but it was not danced as in ordinary ball-rooms.

The Jardin de Paris in the Champs Elysées which took the place of Mabille has, like that famous resort, ceased to exist, the ground which it occupied having been cleared and added to the gardens which line the splendid approach to the Arc de Triomphe.

The Jardin de Paris never enjoyed the vogue of Mabille; nevertheless over its site still linger the graceful shades of Jane Avril, the supple-jointed Mélinite, immortalized by the genius of Toulouse-Lautrec, and many other frail beauties.

The Ambassadeurs, too, it is said, is soon also to disappear, for rumour declares that the Champs Elysées is eventually to be cleared of all the buildings which have encroached upon it and be restored to its original state of a wooded public garden. The Marigny has become a theatre.

The two other café concerts in the Champs Elysées have already closed their doors, the Alcazar having become what is known in modern Paris as " un dancing," while the " Horloge " is merely a memory.

In the 'eighties open-air café concerts retained many primitive features, being then not fenced in with elaborate barriers or roofed, consequently the audience on a wet night had to put up their umbrellas. The crowd which used to assemble outside could see a good deal of the performance through the trees, while the price of the seats—nominally free—were included in the sum charged for the bock or cherry brandy which were the best things to ask for at these open-air resorts.

To-day a far more elaborate and cosmopolitan entertainment is provided for the delectation of the audience, nor do there seem to be any music-hall stars of the magni-

tude of Paulus, of Theresa, or of poor Demay, a robust and Rabelaisian divette, who was wont vocally to boast of her power of cracking nuts by sitting upon them.

Whatever criticism might be passed upon the songs sung at the Café des Ambassadeurs and at the Alcazar, there could be no doubt about the energy and vivacity displayed by the singers.

Those were days when Paulus, probably the greatest artiste who ever trod the café concert stage, sang the glories of General Boulanger; and Yvette Guilbert, then more or less of a débutante, held her audience enthralled with weird songs of the Parisian underworld.

In winter she sang at the Scala, which reaped a rich harvest from the talent which drew all Paris within its walls.

This music-hall was on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, not far from the Eldorado, where Judic and Théo had appeared.

Here, too, Polin, who subsequently became an admirable artiste, began his career.

On a summer's night there were few more pleasant things than to sit and hear Paulus sing "Le Père la Victoire," which tune, by the way, was played by one of the military bands which escorted the Unknown Soldier to his last resting-place at the Arc de Triomphe.

One of the stars of the café concert during the Second Empire and early days of the Third Republic was Theresa. An English theatrical critic not at all partial to the art of the café concert said: "No actor can see her, no musician can hear her, without marvelling at the rare amount of talent evinced by her." That her sphere of art is a low one—perhaps the lowest—no one can deny, but her pre-eminence in that sphere is also undeniable, and at the risk of shocking some of our readers, we venture to think that many queens of

song now before the public whose names are cherished by lovers of the opera, will find themselves matched and outdone before Mdlle. Theresa meets her equal. In England there are numerous representatives of her faults, but we shall seek in vain for anyone who can afford the least idea of her merits.

Other first-class artistes were Mesdames Amiati and Duparc—both charming singers; Sulbac and Libert, who in his day scored a great success with "l'Amant d'Amanda."

> "Amanda n'a qu'un défaut,
> Elle aime trop les fritures,
> Bullier et Valentino,
> Et les courses en voitures."

The popularity of the café concerts in the Champs Elysées was originated by an individual named Masson, who in 1782 organized open-air concerts on ground not far from the entrance. The famous Musard conducted the orchestra. Masson had been a handsome young man and secretary to the Duc de Berry.

Madame Musard, a handsome woman, who later on, attracted Napoleon III, looked after the financial arrangements.

Eventually Musard assumed the sole direction of the entertainment, the entry to which cost one franc. No ladies were allowed without an escort, for at first the place was run on rather prudish lines.

Years later, however, when the Concert Musard became the Jardin de Paris, quite a different state of affairs became the order of the day.

One of the past proprietors of a café concert in the Champs Elysées distinguished himself by inventing forty new kinds of drinks, all quite different one from the other.

Each of these "American drinks," as he called them, had its own number, and when a client asked for one

the waiter would enquire what is Monsieur's number? Very often people did not understand, when the waiter would bring up an individual dressed in deep black, whom he called the doctor. The latter would feel the patient's pulse and then indicate the number of a drink which he declared would be suited to the case.

On Grand Prix nights, wild scenes used sometimes to take place in the Champs Elysées. Bands of young men used to go and dine at the Ambassadeurs, uproariously applauding all the female singers and loudly expressing appreciation of any personal beauty they might possess. Top-hats were sometimes flattened, but good humour generally prevailed.

Great uproar was however, occasionally created by young men, who had dined not wisely but too well, playfully hurling their dessert on to the stage from the restaurant which faced it.

Thirty years ago, during the first part of the performance a number of ladies, generally in evening dress, sat on the stage, each of whom contributed a song or recitation.

The whole thing was a glorified version of a provincial café concert, but the practice of performers going round the auditorium after their turn and making a collection was omitted.

The second part of the entertainment often included a little piece or ballet, but there was no elaborate revue —the whole thing was old-fashioned and simple, but the songs were always tuneful and frequently clever.

Though tourists made a point of going to these entertainments the mass of the public were predominantly French. Gradually, however, as a more fashionable and cosmopolitan audience became attracted to the café concert, efforts were made to provide a more ambitious entertainment.

A roof was erected over the auditorium, and more comfortable seats were sold as in a theatre.

The ladies in evening dress disappeared from the stage, where elaborate scenery was substituted for the simple set which had satisfied former generations.

As time went on the songs became less and less the mainstay of the performance. One or two stars would go through their repertoire, but the minor singers of chansonettes gave place to ambitious turns and richly-staged revue.

The work-people and small bourgeoisie were crowded out by a more well-to-do audience, and the whole place lost its essentially French character and became a cosmopolitan entertainment such as might be seen in any capital of Europe. The Parisian café concert, with its essentially French spirit, was dead.

XII

FLUCTUAT NEC MERGITUR

THE Bois de Boulogne, besides its many amenities, has an interesting history. Originally it was the Forêt de Rouvray, and at one time probably covered an area three times as great as that of the present woods. Its limits, already decreased, were very largely curtailed by the devastation wrought by the allied armies during the invasion which followed Waterloo.

The name Bois de Boulogne was only definitely adopted in 1417. It originated from the early part of the fourteenth century, when some pilgrims returning from Boulogne-sur-Mer obtained the permission of King Philippe V to build a church (similar to one they had visited on the coast) at the hamlet of Menus-lez-Saint-Cloud, which was re-named Boulogne-sur-Seine.

The church was called Notre Dame de Boulogne, and at the same time the forest near by became the Bois de Notre-Dame de Boulogne.

In those days Paris was but a small city nestling around the towers of Notre Dame, and a journey across the Bois and the expanse of waste ground which stretched towards the Seine, known to Parisians as "the wilderness," was considered a dangerous adventure. After dark, indeed, none but the bold dared undertake it, owing to the footpads lurking to waylay the passing traveller.

Louis XI at one time tried to introduce some order into this district, and Olivier le Daim set to work and hanged a number of criminals who frequented "la garenne de Rouvray" and the Bois de Boulogne.

In 1528 Francis I built the Château de Madrid. An oak in front of the modern restaurant which stands on its site still goes by the name of this king. Louis XIII hunted in the Bois, while during the reign of Louis XV there arose the Château de la Muette.

Later on the Comte d'Artois, in order to win a bet, caused Bagatelle to be built in six weeks.

This charming little masterpiece of the Louis XVI style—"Parva sed Apta," as says the inscription above its portals—was, together with its beautiful park of twenty-four hectares, acquired by the city of Paris in 1904.

The Revolution, besides destroying the Abbey of Longchamp, of which the only surviving vestige is the pretty windmill bordering the racecourse, handed over the châteaux of Madrid and La Muette to housebreakers.

During this period a number of fugitives trying to save their heads from the guillotine lurked in the Bois, among them the Abbé de Salamon, representative of the Pope.

Under the old régime royalty frequented the Bois, and it was here that Marie Antoinette, having taken a fancy to donkey riding, was thrown by a refractory Neddy seized with a desire to roll. The Queen, quite unhurt, remained seated on the ground, laughing immoderately. As soon as she could command her countenance she assumed a mock gravity and, without attempting to rise from her lowly position, commanded that the grand mistress of ceremonies should at once be brought to her side; and when the lady thus summoned stood, in no good temper and with dignified aspect, before her, she looked up and said: "Madame, I have sent for you that you may inform me as to the etiquette to be observed when a Queen of France and her donkey have both fallen—which of them is to get up first."

In long past days there was real sport to be obtained in the Bois.

That charming restaurant, the Pré-Catelan, it is said,

takes its name from an owner of the Château de la Muette —" Théophile Catelan "—who once controlled all hunting in this district.

Not far away was the famous Abbey of Longchamp, founded in 1256. This was destroyed in the Revolution, the only portions which survive being a couple of towers and the gable of a farmhouse, together with the picturesque windmill on the outskirts of the racecourse.

The famous Promenade de Longchamp in the eighteenth century began in the Champs Elysées and wound its course right athwart the Bois de Boulogne to the gates of the abbey itself. Every year during three days in Passion Week there was an incessant cavalcade of princes, nobles, bankers, " fermiers-généraux," strangers of distinction, and the ladies then known as " ruineuses," to Longchamp. The equipages of the grandest dames of the Court of Versailles locked wheels with the chariots of La Duthé and La Guimard and other frail ones, some of whom eclipsed the " grand Dames " in splendour.

In those days horses and hounds were often to be seen in the woodland glades of the Bois. Just before the Revolution, indeed, the Comte d'Artois ran a stag out of the Bois down the Champs Elysées and killed it where now begins the Rue de la Paix.

Even to-day deer exist in the thicker parts of the wood. Their number, however, was lessened during the war, when rough characters killed any they could get hold of for food.

During the summer a certain number of vagabonds practically live in the Bois, which makes it a dangerous place after dark, as they are always ready to spring upon any belated wanderers out of the beaten track.

The green-coated guards who are supposed to assure order have not had their number increased since the days of the Second Empire, consequently the state of affairs which prevails is very much freer than in similar resorts in England, where highly-paid male and female guardians

of propriety are ready to pounce upon too amorous couples from behind almost every tree.

The Bois de Boulogne as it exists to-day may be said only to date from 1853, when the city of Paris, besides increasing its area, which had at that time shrunk considerably to 2100 acres, made the two large lakes, laid out lawns, and planted trees.

In addition to other alterations excellent winding roads and drives were made; the whole place, in short, was thoroughly improved, largely owing to a better system of irrigation.

The Bois then became a fashionable resort, where all the smart Parisian world was to be seen lolling in fine carriages drawn by splendid horses.

Before the days of the motor all the frail beauties of Paris made a point of frequenting the Bois in the late afternoon. Those who could afford it had smart equipages, while their less prosperous sisters appeared in all sorts of vehicles down to the humble fiacre.

"Au Bois de Boulogne," by Aristide Bruant, described this aspect of Parisian life.

"Y'en a des tas, y'en a d'partout:
De la Bourgogne et de Poitou,
De Nanterre et de Montretout,
Et d'la Gascogne;
De Pantin, de Montmorency,
De là, d'où, d'ailleurs et d'ici,
Et tout ça vient fair' son persil,
Au bois d'Boulogne."

Yvette Guilbert scored a very notable success in her rendering of this famous song, the last verses of which are not devoid of the real tragedy of life:

"Ça poudroi', ça brille et ça r'luit,
Ça fait du train, ça fait du bruit,
Ça roul', ça passe et ça s'enfuit!
Ça cri', ça grogne!

Et tout ça va se r'miser, l'soir,
A l'écurie ou dans l'boudoir . . .
Puis la nuit tapiss' tout en noir
Au bois d'Boulogne."

Passing out of the Bois one comes to the fortified enceinte of Paris, which having been adjudged to be no longer useful for defence, is now in process of being levelled to the ground.

In Du Maurier's charming book, " Peter Ibbetson," it may be added, is a picture of the hero sitting on the ramparts which have but recently been built.

Though erected as recently as 1841-45 they are not unpicturesque. This has been recognized by the autho rities, who have decreed that the bastion of le Point du Jour shall be retained as a specimen of urban defence in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Certain portions of these out-of-date fortifications were much frequented by the criminal classes. The ramparts and ditch in the neighbourhood of St Ouen, for instance, were popular lounges for the Apaches of that quarter, who, on fine days, went to the " les Fortifs," as they called them, to indulge in dalliance with their loves.

The affection of a certain class of girl for these men, strange though it may appear, is often great, while a curious sentimentality often pervades the relations between an Apache and his *Marmite*. Ardent love letters, generally, however, containing a request for money, are written by imprisoned ruffians to their sweethearts.

" Embrassons-nous, ma gigolette,
Adieu, sois sage et travaill' bien,
Tâch' de gagner un peu d'galette,
Pour l'envoyer à ton pauv' chien,
Nous r'tourn'rons su l'bord de la Seine,
A Meudon, cueillir du lilas,
Après qu'jaurai fini ma peine,
A Mazas.

Hundreds of these men were shot at the time of the

Commune, and many fell during the Great War, in which not a few are known to have fought with great bravery and determination. Nevertheless the Apache remains a source of serious trouble to the authorities.

The fortifications, now soon to disappear, will merely share the fate of two former walls which were demolished as Paris grew too big to be encircled by them.

The idea of this last girdle of defence was not, I believe, conceived by military experts but originated in the brain of Monsieur Thiers, who liked having a finger in every pie.

Of all his whimsies there was none that had a stronger hold on him than his desire to get his universal competence recognized by everybody. He said of an applicant for the post of director at the Sèvres manufactory, " He is no more made for that post than I am for——," and then he stopped. " Ah, ah, M. Thiers," said his interlocutor, " you find it very hard to say what you could not do." " That's the truth, that's the truth," said he gaily. And the author of the story recalls another anecdote on the same subject. M. Thiers was saying one day of a man raised to a high function, " He is no more suited to that office than I am to be a druggist ; and yet," he added, catching himself up, " I do know chemistry."

In spite of his weakness Thiers was a clever man and a true patriot, whose love for France was very real.

A minor demonstration of this affection was that after 1870, as long as a German soldier remained on French soil, he used only paper with a deep black border.

Strolling up the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne (known as l'Avenue de l'Imperatrice in Imperial days) one gets a good view of Napoleon's magnificent conception, the Arc de Triomphe, erected in glorious commemoration of the Grande Armée, the twelve avenues radiating from it being, I believe, supposed to lead to all the capitals of the world.

The great Emperor never lived to see it completed,

though on the occasion of his marriage with Marie Louise a wooden model was put up on the Place de l'Etoile.

It is in the rays of a setting sun that this great rose-coloured gate of heaven, as Maupassant called it, is seen at its best.

One of the most stirring spectacles associated with this arch was the second funeral of Napoleon when his coffin, on the lid of which lay his little cocked hat and the sword of Austerlitz, swept through it on the final stage of its journey from the Atlantic rock to its resting-place beneath the golden dome of the Invalides.

This took place on December 15th, 1840. It was magnificent weather, and it seemed as if the sun of Austerlitz (of which the day was the anniversary) had risen to render a last homage to the dead Emperor.

Through the glorious arch were carried the flags of the Allies at the Peace celebrations, and beneath it now lie the remains of an unknown French soldier. His interment there, though generally supposed to have originated in England, was first proposed in France by M. André Paisant, a French Deputy during the Premiership of M. Clemenceau.

Though his suggestion was warmly welcomed by the Press and a number of military chiefs, there was so much opposition in certain quarters that it seemed likely to be dropped.

When, however, Great Britain, amidst general acclamation, decided to carry out the ceremony, the French, after some discussion, took the same course, though the religious element which formed so great a feature of the English re-burial was, in order, no doubt, to avoid unseemly controversy, practically excluded. Another reason for this may be that the unknown soldier went to his last resting-place in the same procession as the one which escorted the heart of the uncompromising "anti-clerical" Gambetta to the Panthéon. The body of the Great Tribune, however, is buried at Nice.

When after Gambetta's death his father was besought to allow his son to be buried in Paris, in the capital of his beloved France, the old man, with an obstinacy which was one of his characteristics, sent a curt telegram: "You had him while he was alive; now that he is dead, worn out by your politics, I wish to have him. He shall rest in the little cemetery of Nice, whither his mother preceded him."

Though from time to time Gambetta's claims to being ranked as a great man have been questioned, there is no doubt that he possessed an extraordinary personality.

It even fascinated Bismarck, who, learning from a correspondent that the Great Tribune was ailing, wrote: "Your Gambetta is burning the candle at both ends; that is my opinion. He had much better marry and settle down in the country. Tell him that from me, for after all I rather like him. He is the only man whose intentions I know at the present moment. At least he and I know what we want and, if he has so quickly and unexpectedly raised up France, I cannot be personally angry with him, any more than I can resent his mad dream of reconquering Alsace and Lorraine."

On the left side of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, at the corner of the Rue de la Boetie, there still survives a fine eighteenth-century mansion, now called the Hôtel de Massa, which stands sideways in its own garden. This was built in 1778, and after many vicissitudes became in 1830 the residence of Count Flahaut, aide-de-camp of the great Emperor. Though ostensibly the child of Comte Flahaut de la Billarderie, this gallant soldier was really a son of Talleyrand.

The Duke de Morny, it may be added, was the son of Flahaut, who notoriously was on close terms of intimacy with Queen Hortense. A gallant soldier, charming man, and distinguished diplomat, Count Flahaut gave up the old house in 1853.

He became Ambassador in London during the Second

Empire and resided at 106 Piccadilly (now the St James's Club), another fine old mansion which was originally Coventry House.

Count Flahaut married an Englishwoman, and his daughter became the mother of Lord Lansdowne, who is therefore the great-grandson of Talleyrand.

All the great personages of Europe at one time or other passed through the salons of the mansion in the Champs Elysées or of 106 Piccadilly, Count Flahaut being most popular and well known as a delightful and clever host.

This fine old Frenchman died in September 1870, just in time to avoid seeing the Prussians enter his beloved Paris.

Some of the old records concerning the Champs Elysées are not dull reading.

Frédérici, an officer of the Swiss Guard, who was supposed to keep order there in the eighteenth century, on one occasion reported :

" Monday evening last about 8 o'clock I arrested an Abbé with a negress. He said he was acting as her confessor. I let him go with a recommendation to abstain in future from confessing female sinners under the trees at night."

In 1798 four hundred hairdressers held a meeting as to a rise in their pay ; an officer of the National Guard came up with his men and, after calling the crowd rebels, severely wounded one individual, upon which he was disarmed and taken to the Hôtel de Ville.

Béranger lived in the Champs Elysées, and many other literary men have had houses near by, including Victor Hugo, who had a house in the Avenue Victor Hugo called the Avenue " Eylau " up to the time of the poet's death.

Passing the Rond Point one comes to the portion of the Elysian fields where for generations innumerable troops of small infantry—little children long dead—have played.

The Champs Elysées, indeed, has ever been full of

enchantments for the youthful mind. What frenzied gambling for macaroons used to go on at the bagatelle-boards! What a conquering hero seemed the boy who propelled the ball into the luckiest hole, or who struck the brazen bell, at the tinkling of which a little plaster statuette of Napoleon the Great would rise as if by magic from a silent tomb of gingerbread and lollipops!

A prominent figure in old days used to be the Marchand de Coco—a deliriously exciting beverage, composed of Spanish liquorice and sassafras—dispensed in tin cups by a man who carried the coco reservoir, a sort of Chinese pagoda, adorned with red-cotton velvet and tri-coloured flags, strapped to his back.

Formerly the gardens here abounded in nurses dressed in the characteristic French costume. Since the war, however, their number has greatly decreased, country girls preferring to remain working on the land rather than come up to Paris.

The puppet shows, in which French children take so much delight, have been popular for more than a hundred years. In the eighteenth century "Polichinelle" went through his antics much in the same place as he does to-day, and figured in much the same scenes.

During the Terror, however, as a concession to the prevailing fashion the French Mr Punch was guillotined instead of being hung.

One enterprising proprietor of a puppet show, anxious to be up-to-date, put on the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday. Unluckily, however, he omitted to end his performance by an apotheosis of the "people's friend." This was his ruin.

Denounced to the Committee of Public Safety as "Royalists" who had insulted the memory of the "Martyr of Liberty," he and his wife were thrown into prison, condemned to death, and executed on the 9th Thermidor, only a few hours before the fall of Robespierre, which would have saved them.

Of the many Guignols which formerly existed only three now survive. It is to be hoped that this delightful and ancient form of minor dramatic art will never be allowed to become obsolete.

Quite a literature of little Guignol plays exists. Only recently the writer witnessed a revival during " Le marchand de coups des batons." This was very popular during the Second Empire, being full of fun, life and vivacity.

The merry-go-rounds in the Champs Elysées date from before the French Revolution. The little wooden horses were suppressed for a time in 1777, but by 1820 they were once more flourishing. There were formerly many more roundabouts than exist to-day, several of them having been suppressed, together with swings and other minor amusements, which in the opinion of the authorities took up too much space.

The goat chaises, in which babies delight to drive, date from the Second Empire.

In this part of the Champs Elysées red-coated Highlanders bivouacked after Waterloo.

At that time all Paris might have been called a hostile camp. Blue-legged, black-gaitered Austrians, stumpy men with pudding faces, were to be seen in the Champs-de-Mars and about the Arch of the Carrousel. Lord Uxbridge's troopers picketed their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. The Russian headquarters were in the Place Vendôme. The Prussians held the heights of Montmartre. Disbanded French officers abhorred these foreign invaders, and made no secret of it.

In the Palais Royal, however, the conquerors received the warmest of welcomes, and dashing young subalterns flocked there to stare at the jewellers' shops and the painted " sirens " of the Galeries de Bois ; to lose their money at the gambling-houses, or be cheated out of it at the restaurants. Waterloo was avenged at roulette and trente et quarante, and by the sale to the invaders of many thousand bottles of rubbishy champagne at

twelve francs the bottle. "Rouge gagne!" "Rouge perd!" and "Garcon, l'addition!" were sweeter sounds to the Parisian ear than the "Sauve qui peut!" of Waterloo.

The two imposing groups of equine statuary known as Les Chevaux de Marly, near the Place de la Concorde, were brought from the château of that name in five hours in 1795. Their transport was considered a wonderful feat, and the waggon used is still preserved at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

The Place de la Concorde, which was finally remodelled in 1858, has not changed its appearance for many years. Since peace, however, the figure of Strasburg no longer bears the crape which had veiled it for so many years.

The peace imposed by the Allies upon France in 1814 changed the Rue Napoléon to the Rue de la Paix, which thoroughfare had been constructed under the great Emperor in 1807, through a portion of the gardens of the disestablished convent of the Capucines, to serve as a new and stately approach to the Place Vendôme.

The Tuilerie Gardens are full of charm, and the statuary, old and new, is mainly of a high order of merit. London can boast of no modern statue as fine as "Quand Même," the replica of the monument commemorating the defence of Belfort, erected on the ground where the palace of the kings of France formerly stood.

Nor in a lighter vein have we anything to compare with the delightful memorial of Perrault near the Jeu de Paume, which, by the way, bears on one of its walls an artistic memorial of Edith Cavell.

Surrounded by three charming little girls (who at the proper season are enclosed by a hedge of flowers), the bust of the good old teller of fairy stories smiles at us from a column the base of which is guarded by Puss-in-Boots, who, jaunty and debonnair, wears a plumed sombrero hat, a necklace of mice and a rat hanging from his belt.

I suppose that this is about the only monument to a cat in existence. The sculptor has been particularly happy in the whole composition.

There is much good statuary in the Parisian cemeteries. The monument "aux Morts" in Père-Lachaise, for instance, is a fine work of art. In the same cemetery is Epstein's unconventional memorial to Oscar Wilde. There are many memorials here as well as in the other burial grounds of Paris which deserve attention.

To the student of the great French Revolution the Chapelle Expiatoire must ever be of great interest. This beautiful little chapel, the entrance to which is in the Rue Pasquier, is just off the Boulevard Haussmann. The spot upon which it stands was originally a burial-ground, dependent upon the parochial church of la Madeleine. Here till their transference to St Denis lay the remains of the unfortunate Louis XVI and his queen. In 1793 the ground was purchased by M. Descloseaux and converted into an orchard, in order to preserve it from revolutionary fury, and to keep the bodies which it contained as a sacred deposit till better times. The places of the royal graves were carefully marked out by the proprietor, who, it is said, sent annually to the Duchess of Angoulême a bouquet of flowers gathered from the ground beneath which her parents were laid. At the Restoration the ground was purchased of the faithful guardian, and the bodies searched for, found, and transported to St Denis with the greatest solemnity and pomp. The earth that had contained the royal coffins was carefully collected and placed where the king had lain; the bones of all the other victims of the Revolution that could be found on this spot were also collected and placed in two large adjacent fosses. Over the whole, an expiatory chapel, with suitable buildings adjoining, was erected by Louis XVIII, Percier and Fontaine being the architects. A raised platform containing the earth of the principal

part of the cemetery is surrounded in the form of a parallelogram by two covered galleries on the longer sides, by the chapel and ante-chapel on the shorter. The chapel is in the form of a cross surmounted by a dome in the centre, and having the ends of three arms of the cross terminated semicircularly and capped with domical roofs. The fourth arm is formed by the door-way and a Doric portico. Within are two statues, of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, each supported by an angel; on the pedestal of the former his will is inscribed in letters of gold on a black marble slab; on that of the latter are extracts of the queen's last letter to Mme. Elisabeth. Around the chapel are niches for magnificent candelabra, and bas-reliefs with appropriate designs. The whole is finished with great simplicity and good taste. Beneath is a subterranean chapel, where an altar of grey marble is erected over the exact spot where Louis XVI was buried; and in a corner, about five feet from it, is pointed out the original resting-place of the queen.

The dust of many prominent revolutionists is here mingled with that of supporters of the *ancien régime*, including Charlotte Corday and the thousand gallant Swiss guards who, "faithful unto death," perished on the 10th August 1792.

During the Second Empire there were many complaints of the indifference of the Imperial authorities to everything that came within the domain of art.

A critic of the day said:

"I presume there has rarely been created any man so utterly devoid of the faculties that are required in order to judge of excellence in art as is Louis Napoleon. And, most unluckily, the Emperor's insufficiencies are, in this respect, not made up for by any qualities in the Empress. I do not believe a kinder, better, more charitable, or more unaffected person than Eugénie de Montijo ever lived or breathed; but a more appalling

instance of nullity has rarely been exhibited to the public appreciation than that which is furnished forth by the above-mentioned most amiable lady, It is nullity everywhere—nullity instinctive and intellectual, as well as nullity educational. There is no one single chord in her whole composition that replies to anything beyond her vast amplitude of starched petticoats, or the invention of a new head-dress by Félix! This being the case, it is easy to conceive of what use can be the 'protection' of the throne, as far as art is concerned."

Attacks upon the Imperial régime abounded in the Press in England as well as in France.

"There is now so little to separate us in distance between Paris and London," wrote an English critic, "that insensibly the recklessness of the Imperial Court is finding its way over here. The Emperor, everyone knows who thinks, finds it useful to his policy to encourage profligacy, and the stage in France is only a reflex of the state of morals in the capital. Adultery is King on the Boulevards. Ah! that sounds too horrible. But it is true. Take up the first novel you may lay hands on, or the last vaudeville, and you will see for yourself that this is no exaggeration. The ducks and drakes our neighbours make with the conjugal code set the circles widening until they fall with a ripple on our shores and vibrate into the heart of London life."

Even the charming operas of Offenbach were considered to be improper by the English.

Writing in 1874, Lady Charlotte Schreiber, a clever and highly cultured lady, then on a visit to Paris, said: "In the evening we all went to the Gaieté to see 'Orfée aux Enfers,' with which I was utterly disgusted; what is to become of such horrid exhibitions! I fear their example is contaminating our English stage." [1]

To-day the piece in question is recognized as being perfectly inoffensive.

[1] "Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals," vol. i, page 315.

The truth was that neither nation understood the other. The French view of England was at times grotesque.

From a piece played at the Ambigu in the 'sixties called "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard" one learnt—

1st. That Jack Sheppard discovered a Jacobite plot for the destruction of Westminster Abbey by gunpowder.

2nd. That the Tower of London is situated at Greenwich.

3rd. That George I was in the habit of walking about Newgate disguised as the Lord Mayor of London, and attended by "Sir William Hogarth."

4th. That Jack Sheppard was, in early youth, the heir-presumptive to the British throne.

Directly a monarch is known to be partial to the fair sex his real or supposed love affairs become the subject of universal comment and exaggeration.

This was the case with Napoleon III, as it was years later with Leopold II of Belgium, that astute, clever but pleasure-loving king who, it was said, disliked music, sport, tobacco, and gloves, but liked pretty women.

According to common report he was on the best terms with a fair Parisian, Mlle. Cleo de Mérode, and besides being caricatured in the French press, received the rather witty nickname of "Cleopold."

On the other hand, the story goes that the king had never seen this lady till being one evening at the Opera he said to a famous singer, "Will you please introduce me to the charming dancer of whom I hear so much?" The tenor looked surprised. "Your majesty!" "Certainly," replied the king; "I have never seen her." Cleo de Mérode was introduced to his Belgian majesty and the king very simply remarked, "Madam, I am delighted to see you at last and to be able to express to you my deepest regret if the good fortune which is falsely attributed to me has in any way inconvenienced you. We are far from those times when the favour of a king did not compromise. Besides, I am only a small king."

Napoleon III may have been over-susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, but nevertheless he was a man of intelligence with large ideas.

To be fair to him, he it was who first began the transformation of his capital from a city of insanitary if picturesque slums into the magnificent Paris it is to-day.

The narrow streets of old Paris were infamously paved. There was no foot pavement. The kennel was often in the centre of the street, and down it rolled a great black torrent of impurities fearsome to sight and smell. Even in comparatively modern times there was no gas, save in the Place de la Concorde, in the Palais Royal, and on the Boulevard des Italiens. The remainder of the streets were lit by means of oil lamps suspended from ropes slung from house to house across the street.

A great number of interesting buildings naturally had to fall beneath the pick, but sooner or later they were doomed in any case. Baron Haussmann utilized the sites thus rendered vacant to raise a number of really fine streets and boulevards laid out in accordance with a carefully thought out plan. Had the old buildings survived till a later period the houses erected in their stead would probably have been built in different styles, which would not have conveyed the dignified impression which modern Paris does to-day.

One of the most interesting survivals of old Paris is the " Place des Vosges," formerly the " Place Royale." Here, according to Alexandre Dumas, Athos, Porthos, D'Artagnan and Aramis fought their double duel.

In any case it is a locality haunted by ghosts of the past, and one is thankful that the effacing finger of Baron Haussmann allowed it to remain untouched.

On the other side of the river a whole quarter was pulled down in 1860 in order to make way for the Tribunal of Commerce, Hôtel Dieu, and Prefecture of Police.

The tortuous streets which once covered this site

abounded in taverns and other haunts where François Villon revelled with the ladies whose names he has handed down to us in his delightful verse.

Here, too, existed, up to the 'sixties, the Prado, a famous dancing-hall frequented by all the local lights of love, most of whom were well known by nicknames.

In all probability Louise la Balocheuse, Eugenie Malakoff, Angelina l'Anglaise, and other stars of this resort, were much the same kind of girls as Guillemette la Rose and her sisters, who made such an impression upon the mediæval poet's heart.

Though this part of Paris has been, in the main, remodelled, the Quais, together with a number of old buildings which line them, remain.

The bookstalls have often repaid investigation. In his interesting book, "The Pleasures of the Table," Mr Ellwanger tells of his good luck in this direction. About to leave one of these stalls, the proprietor remarked: "Monsieur perhaps might like to glance at an English work, 'sur l'Agneau,' which came in with some other volumes recently."

The volume in question referred, indeed, to "lamb," and proved to be the excessively rare first edition of "The Essays of Elia" (London, 1823). It was slightly foxed, but otherwise in excellent condition, and contained some marginal annotations in manuscript. On carefully examining the handwriting, Mr Ellwanger became convinced it was that of Charles Lamb—there could be no possible doubt of it. The only writing on the fly-leaf was, "To W. W., from C. L."—the "W. W." presumably being William Wordsworth.

It was at the Quai des Célestins that the youthful Napoleon first landed in the city which twenty years later was to acclaim him as its supreme master.

On the other side of the river the Quai Voltaire commemorates the great writer who died at No. 27, the house of the Marquis de Villette, in 1778.

One of the mistakes made during the Imperial reconstruction was the undue enlargement of the open space in front of Notre Dame and the erection of the huge barracks which face the cathedral's magnificent façade.

Notre Dame is really the soul and heart of France, abounding as it does in souvenirs of notable events.

Here, on the 22nd of March 1594, came Henri IV to hear the famous Mass which, he said, Paris was well worth. Here came the delighted and astonished Louis XIII to thank heaven for an heir born after twenty-three years of marriage. Louis XIV celebrated all his victories within its ancient walls, which at one time were so covered with flags taken by the Maréchal de Luxembourg that the latter was called the Tapissier de Notre Dame.

Here Bossuet pronounced his funeral oration over the Grand Condé, and before its glorious portals, on the 10th November 1793, the revolutionary mob burnt priceless missals and books, while the Goddess of Reason, impersonated by Madame Momoro, was enthroned near the altar within.

For the English this cathedral should have an especial interest, for within its walls Henry VI of England was crowned King of France.

Lassus and Viollet-le-Duc carefully restored Notre Dame in the middle of the last century, when the spire was replaced and the magnificent central doorway given its original appearance.

Though in certain details somewhat drastic, the restoration may, on the whole, be called a success.

The statuary, some of it old, the rest for the most part careful reproductions of figures which had decayed away or been destroyed, is of great beauty and interest. That surrounding the doorways in particular is a delight to the lover of art.

A number of damaged statues, which have been copied, are at the Musée Cluny.

As has before been said, the erection of the barracks opposite Notre Dame was an architectural error, the style being quite unsuitable to the site.

A curious thing about these barracks is that the imperial eagles perched near the roof are all defective—the heads, roughly hacked off during the Commune, having never been replaced. The statue of Charlemagne, near the Cathedral, is another innovation of an unsatisfactory kind.

On the other hand, the Gothic sacristy, erected on part of the ground formerly covered by the archbishop's palace, is not unpleasing. The palace in question, which flanked the river, was destroyed by a revolutionary mob in 1831. Apart from its architectural and antiquarian interest, Notre Dame has been rendered doubly dear to lovers of the picturesque, by reason of Victor Hugo's great romance.

Esmeralda, her sinister lover Claude Frollo, together with the weird hunchback, Quasimodo, are figures which will ever be inseparably connected with the old Cathedral. Though the interior has been stripped of much wonderful ornamentation and statuary, owing to the vandalism of revolutionary mobs, there is still a good deal to admire.

A unique and beautiful feature is the wonderful statue of "Notre Dame de Paris," which stands against the south-east pillar of the transept.

The work of some fourteenth-century craftsman, the image in question originally ornamented the chapel of St Aignan, which has long ceased to exist.

From 1818 to the period of the restoration of Viollet-le-Duc it occupied a place in the doorway of the "porte de la vierge."

Its present position however, could not be more appropriate—there is something very striking about the pose of the body and the expression on the face.

It is such artistic relics of the past which cause one to

realize the spirit of the Middle Ages, when the clergy were wont to call in the aid of painters, sculptors, and artists in stained glass to render all the beautiful stories of the Old and New Testaments. Thus it was that the cathedrals gained the name of the Bibles of the Poor.

Aloft on the towers of Notre Dame are perched a number of grotesque figures called " chimères," the most striking of which is " Le Stryge," a horned and winged demon with a contemplative and contented expression, who, his head resting between his hands, looks out over Paris.

The figure in question has been immortalized by Meryon, whose etching shows " Le Stryge " with ravens flying around him, symbolical, it would seem, of the dark and evil deeds the echo of which reaches him from the human ant-heaps below.

The tocsin of revolution has often sounded in those uncouth ears. He heard the " Wacht am Rhine " sung by the victorious Germans on their triumphal entry into Paris, and the " Marseillaise " which, from French throats, answered it from the other side of the river.

Forty-four years later the nearing thunder of the invaders' guns left him as unmoved as the triumphant salvo which in 1918 announced the victory of the Allies.

The long period of sorrow and suspense was over—to-day " Le Stryge " broods once more over a city full of life, loving, and joy.

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